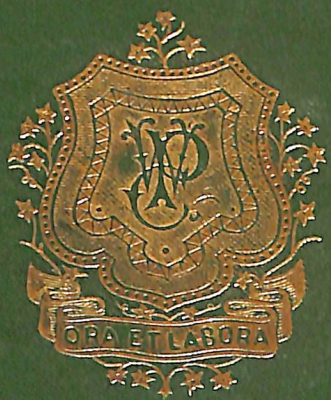

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THE

Guide to Holiness.

EDITOR:

DR. WALTER C. PALMER.

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GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JANUARY, 1879.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

On this happy New Year's morning we are again permitted to assemble in thought, the many thousands of the readers of THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS, and in our imaginings clasp you each by the hand, while we mutually exclaim, A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all the lovers of Jesus, and readers of the GUIDE.

Swift-winged memory has gathered within its compass loved ones, throughout the length and breadth of our own land and Canada, and from far beyond the seas—Australia, India, China, New Zealand, Africa—with whom we have been communing. What the result of these communings shall be, will only be known when the "mighty angel that stood upon the sea and upon the earth, and lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth forever and ever, who creaated heaven and the things that therein are, and the earth and the things that therein are, and the sea and the things which are therein, that there should be TIME NO LONGER."

As an earnest of the result of such communings, a beloved ambassador of Jesus, whom we had never seen before, stated at the last Tuesday Meeting, that he had been led into this "Land of Rest" by having a copy of the "GUIDE TO HOLINESS" given him, that had been published fifteen years before. By reading it he was not only guided into the King's Highway, but was led into the ministry.

It is certainly worth something to be living just now. Jesus said, "many prophets and kings have desired to see these things which ye see and have not seen them." The time has come which was referred to by the evangelical prophet: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—Isaiah, 35 : 1. Our dear departed Bishop Janes had some appreciation of the value of the present time. In addressing his ministerial brethren he said: "It does seem to me that an hour of ministerial service on earth, is worth more than an age of beatitude in eternity. I do feel that the opportunity to promote the eternal destiny of one spirit, is worth more than the felicitating ourselves a whole cycle of time in heaven. There will be an eternity after that cycle is gone; but oh, when time is gone, the opportunity is lost! the occasion passes away,

and can never be recalled. The opportunity of taking one with us up to enjoy that eternity is ever beyond our reach! Let Cleopatras dissolve and drink diamonds if they will; let prodigals squander their inheritance if they will; let kings give away crowns if they will; let worldlings kill time if they will; but let the Christian minister use every inch and every moment of it, in fulfilling the great mission to which his God has called him."

New time, new favors and new joys lead the way to new resolves. Shall it not be a question with us of paramount importance, Have we the endowment of power that will qualify us to improve every valuable moment of 1879 to the glory of God? Holiness is power. God hath said, "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, then shalt thou be as my mouth." We know it is the will of God, "even our sanctification." He has written it that we might believe it.

In the language of the one who for so many years, by the appointment of the great Head of the Church, gave counsel and direction through the pages of this magazine, we would transcribe her loving words: "Dear fellow-traveller in the King's Highway, let us as individuals ask ourselves, Do I begin this year with a clean record? Does the purifying blood now touch all the past? Are no lingerings of doubt weakening my purposes, in regard to the future, which I desire and intend shall be doubly mighty for God, if spared during the year. To such we would, in the Spirit's power, say,

Come! come again with the fresh-born year;
Begin anew with holy cheer,
With high resolve, all firm and true,
The heavenward race again renew;
Jesus alone be the watchword now,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

For the Guide

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. C. HUGHES.

A Picture of Holy Consecration.

"The name of Jesus is a store of all that heart can need,
Enfolding every precious thing—fruit, blossom, leaf, and seed!
He spends his time most worthily who seeks that name to know;
Its ocean fulness riseth still as ages onward flow."

The Literature of Christian Holiness, and oral teaching, concerning the great doctrine and experience, which are so abounding in these modern days, have called into use many expressive terms. One of these, which is quite generally employed, is—"*The Higher Christian Life.*" It has met with many pleasant tokens of acceptance. To this we offer no objection. One of the hopeful signs of the period, in connection with the revival of Scriptural Holiness, now progressing, is a prevalent disposition not to cling tenaciously to any specific terminology, but rather to seek after the substance, the *essence* of the theme, *the living Christ*, who is indeed "the Alpha and the Omega."

If there could be held at this opening of the New Year, a grand convocation of the lovers of this blessed theme, representatives of the several denominations, and the question were propounded, How would you, with the greatest simplicity, in a *sentence*, express what you mean by Christian Holiness? how many voices would be ready to exclaim, "Jesus, Jesus, JESUS,—Jesus *only*—JESUS, in His *fulness*?"

That is it, depend upon it. Divesting the subject of all verbal superfluities, it comes down to one word, JESUS—in its high significance,—JESUS, IN the fulness of personal realization—mightily revealed to our consciousness by the Holy Ghost.

Under this conviction, we have felt moved, as we trust by the Holy Ghost,

to invite the readers of *The Guide* to accompany us through the Gospel Picture Gallery, while we attempt to show you some pictures of

THE CHRIST-LIFE.

And, *first*, we have, "*A Picture of Holy Consecration.*" This picture is graphically presented by Luke in his gospel. Jesus was twelve years of age. According to Jewish custom, his parents went up to Jerusalem to celebrate the feast of the passover, Jesus accompanying them. Having fulfilled the law in attending upon the solemn festival, they entered upon the homeward-journey. For a whole day they had thus traveled without discovering that Jesus was not in the company. When the discovery was made, much to their surprise and grief, they retraced their steps with all possible haste towards Jerusalem. After a three days' search, "they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." The exultant words of old Simeon were already in process of fulfillment: "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of of thy people, Israel." The light of the world's great Teacher was upon His immaculate brow, and flashing from His youthful eye.

His sorrowing mother—who can tell the depth of her maternal sorrow during those days of painful absence?—chided him, yet with a mother's tenderness, saying: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

His answer—beautiful, expressive, memorable—unfolds to us our *Life-Picture*, a picture of holy consecration. "He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? *Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?*" He seemed to be surprised that they should regard His absence as a strange affair, as though He expected that they would have been conversant with His life-work, with the fact of His high commission. Now, this language of the blessed Christ conveys very important lessons to us.

1. *The early period of His consecration.* It was in the beauty and tenderness of youth. Great care was bestowed by Jewish parents upon the early religious instruction of their children, that they might from their earliest years be consecrated to the Lord's service. The Jewish Rabbins, it is said, have ever observed a very strict method in the instruction of children, according to their age and capacity. At five years old they were called "*sons of the law*," to read it. At thirteen they were called "*sons of the precept*," to understand the law; then they received the Passover as a sacrament, (for even children did eat it, as a remembrance of their deliverance out of Egypt,) and then also they were purified. At fifteen years old they came to be "*Talmudists*," and went to deeper points of the law, the Talmudich doubts. In the fidelity of those early instructions a deep and broad foundation was laid, so that in following years true loyalty might be displayed to their national religion. May not Christian parents learn a lesson here—a lesson concerning their obligation to have their children carefully and thoroughly instructed in the principles of the New Testament Scriptures?

Jesus, however, in this early consecration, was acting not so much in obedience to the instructions of His earthly parents, as in response to His heavenly Father's voice. The voice from heaven, all authoritative, loving, potential, summoned Him to an engagement in His Father's business,—and all His powers, physical, intellectual and spiritual, leaped forward in instant, joyous consecration. And His youthful faculties thus consecrated were divinely empowered, so empowered, that in their first exercise among the doctors in the temple, "all

that heard Him were astonished at His understanding." What a scene of beauty, life and moral glory would Zion now present, if the "children of the Church" were thus in the following of Jesus, all their powers laid on the altar of consecration to their "*heavenly Father's business*"—and thus consecrated, empowered for sublime moral exercise!

2. *The intelligent character of the consecration.* God's business, to be successfully accomplished, requires a consecration upon the highest possible plane of intelligence. It will not do to enter upon such a service with rashness, or blind impulse. It must be with elevated thought, accurate calculation, nice discrimination.

The consecration of Jesus had these marks of superior intelligence, made thus at twelve years of age. Remember, beloved, that the spirit of infinite wisdom filling the youthful mind of Jesus, may now so animate and pervade a youthful being, as to invest it with supernatural beauty, and give it marvelous power. Look for it! "The promise is unto you and your children." The dispensation is all aglow with high expectations!

We note three marks of unmistakable intelligence in this consecration on the part our adorable Exemplar: 1st. The unity and loftiness of its aim —simply, solely, "the Father's business,"—no other voice, or rival claim touching his ear, coming from earth or heaven;—God's will, God's work, —only, all the time—from youth to ripened age. 2d. The place of consecration,—the Temple. "One thing will I seek after," writes the Psalmist, "To inquire in His Temple." "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee." The temple, with its altar and sacrifices and songs and heavenly communications, is the place of holy, of intelligent consecration. 3d. The converse sought—among the doctors, the authorized expounders of the law, —both hearing and asking questions, indicating a readiness both to receive and to communicate the truth, by every practicable method and agency.

3. *The absorbing character of the consecration.* Speaking after the manner of men, the prompting of this youth of twelve years, would have been to keep near the parental side. There were great crowds going up to that Jewish festival—he might easily be lost. This accounts for the long search ere his anxious mother found Him. But none of these difficulties moved Him. The voice of heaven was potential, supreme, all-absorbing —mightier than all the tender stirrings of filial love. No earthly voice, however charming, for a moment took captive His youthful susceptibilities— no apparent difficulties, however formidable, awakened a fear in His youthful breast. With a steadiness of purpose, and intelligence of action, and a sublimity of moral ardor, which challenge our admiration, He flung himself into the divinely-ordained arena, and entered upon His life-work.

The Picture is before us, the picture of holy consecration. Shall we as intelligently, constantly, perseveringly, do our life-work? Shall we? A thousand voices of God's great universe echo, *Shall we?*

—Just as the dove trembles at the approach of the hawk, and the young calf shudders at the lion never seen before, so innocence shrinks instinctively from what is wrong by the same divine instinct.—ROBERTSON.

—Heaven itself, although it be a fertile land flowing with milk and honey, can produce no fairer flower than the rose of sharon; its highest joys mount no higher than the head of Jesus; its sweetest bliss is found in His name alone. If we would know heaven, let us know Jesus; if we would be heavenly, let us love Jesus.—SPURGEON.

For the Guide.

JUBILATE DEO.

MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

Oh, heart of mine! give forth thy New Year psalm—
Let "Jubilate Deo" be thy cry!
Lift up thy song on high,
And bless His name who holds the passing years;
Who giveth life, with all its smiles and tears,
Its loves, and hallowed griefs—the precious things,
Which bear us heavenward on their changeful wings.
Glory to God above!
Glory to Christ, whose love
Hath brought all comfort and salvation nigh!
And to the Spirit sweet,
The Holy Parable!
Upward, oh heart, then let thy praises fly!

Glory to God on high!
Be this thy matin cry;
Thy noonday chant, thy vesper hymn at eve;—
And let "Thy Will be Done,"
In sweetest cadence run,
Thro' every harmony thy thought shall weave.
So, be thou strong, my soul,
While this new year shall roll,
Its changing seasons to the great white throne;—
Strong in His holy might,
Walking in His pure light,
Till thou shalt count eternal years thine own.

NEW BERLIN, PA.

COMPLETE VICTORY.

[Through the kindness of Mrs. Bishop Hamline, we are permitted to publish a letter written by a beloved ambassador of Jesus, giving an account of the steps by which he entered into the land of rest.–ED.]

"Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the worlds foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth shall pass away."

My soul is happy in God this morning. I have just closed a memorable season of prayer; memorable, because my joy is now full. My past unfaithfulness has rendered my present capacity small; but I wish here to record it to the praise of the ever blessed Trinity—my "life is now hid with Jesus in God." O, how sweet those words! How full of meaning! Delightful thought—"Jesus Christ in you the hope of glory."

I cannot say I love God with an angel's strength of affection; nor is it required. Nor can I say I love God as much as the dear friends in Jesus whom I am now addressing. But this I will say, in great humility, I believe I love God *with all my heart.* And what more does the Lord require? This much He has promised—for it is all of promise,—through Christ, I "will circumcise thine heart, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul."

It will be a week to-morrow, since I have especially engaged for this good work. Long had I yielded to that common device of the devil—you must wait till you are better, before you can exercise faith for great blessings. This I knew I had already done for weeks and months, and yet was, as ever unprepared. How, then, thought I, am I to be any better? By faith, was the Spirit's answer. What can faith do for such a poor, sinful, defiled, stony heart as yours? I was enabled to answer,—faith can do all things; yea, though I am dead, yet through faith I shall live. I went to God with a determination to claim every promise of His Word as mine. The struggle with unbelief was strong indeed. Again and again would I seem to lay hold, and then would I relapse into doubt. Again and again did I with violence press for that kingdom which is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Yet my progress was slow, and had I been governed by the experience of many others, I would have yielded my confidence. I endeavored to consecrate all my powers, my entire being, to God. I reviewed with shame their long perversion. This was forcibly impressed by reading the Lord's Sermon on the Mount. The first object of my faith seemed to be a "death to sin;" that all my past sins should be blotted out, and its slavish and reigning power forever broken. For this I confidently looked to God through Jesus Christ in the present

tense, with all my seeming coldness and more blindness. Faith was triumphant. The power of sin was broken. I believed, not because my emotion was deep, or desires vehement; but because God had promised. I felt Jesus Christ infinitely desired this very thing—to forgive sin and destroy its power. He came into the world; and now as all things were ready, I could not, I dared not doubt that henceforth I should have power against sin. There was a measure of joy, I did not, however, feel that living to God I so much desired. I did not have those outgoings of soul after God, in holy joy and praise, which others had experienced. I felt the approval of God, but not His love. Satan suggested, Can God love such a poor, unworthy, sinful, disobedient creature? He loves, replied I, whatever Jesus loves. He accepts what His Son accepts. It is true, God does not approve me as I have been in days and weeks and months gone by; but He approves me as one who, through the blessed sacrifice for sin, attempts to draw near to Him. Again Satan would suggest, It may turn out that you are not saved from sin. I replied, If I am not, I will be; so that thou, in either case, shalt be disappointed. Thus I continued till the present morning—with watchfulness and prayer, still looking for something more.

In the meantime, the thought was often impressed upon my mind—there is another object of faith, a living to God. "Reckon yourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God." On this point my faith wavered. I referred to the promises of God. I read the first part of Mrs. Palmer's work, especially the fifth and sixth chapters. I gained some light and encouragement, seeing it was my duty even here to be "strong in faith, giving glory to God;"—to dare to believe God even now. I bowed before the Lord,—I gained access to His presence. Again I brought all with me to the altar—the powers of mind and body, time and talents, my wife and child, as far as I had control over their destiny. But this much I knew, all things over which I had direct influence were upon the altar, to be the Lord's forever, and wholly His.

While thus waiting, that sweet passage was suggested for my necessity, "Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord; and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you." A question arose, Have you done this? God was my witness that this separation had been going on for some days, and now I said, I am before the altar to claim the promise. But when? The promise says, "I will receive you." It is future. But, thought I, it is only future in view of the performance of the conditions, but present to "every one that believeth," when they are fulfilled. Then it is *for me*, for me *now*. Then those other words in close connection were the means of complete victory: "As God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them." Faith said, I have fulfilled the condition; this promise is mine—is *mine*, is mine *now*. Then how sweetly, how gloriously did God enter my soul to dwell in me. I looked for self, poor, sinful obtrusive self. It was gone. How could it reign where God reigned. And now, how delightful the sensation! "Not I, but Christ liveth in me." I am no longer to have the appropriation of my powers. God dwells in me to give them direction, to teach my lips to speak His praise, my eyes to see His glory, my ears to listen to His voice, my hands and feet to do His will, my imagination and memory to be exercised in His service, my emotions to be incited by the breath of His Spirit, my desires drawn out and controlled by His power, and my affections centered supremely upon Him. Yes, glorious state; He who lives in me can keep, and He will do it, so long as by the exercise of a living faith, "my life is hid with Christ in God." Now, what words are those

before unappreciated, "round about you as a wall of fire, and a glory in the midst." Though not scriptural, yet very significant. What light beams upon that passage, "Glorify God in your body and spirit which are his," If God is in us, dwelling in us, how can it be otherwise? The heavenly light within will shine out through every power and faculty of the soul. They become but conductors of the glory that fills the inner temple. How clear the expression, "Glorify God in your body." The physical powers are under certain laws, so called by a cold philosophy, but which religion teaches us to regard as the manifestations of the power and wisdom of God. If we obey these, God is glorified. But if God is within us, if our bodies are the "temples of the Holy Ghost," these will all act in accordance with His will, to the continual praise of the Creator, and the happiness of the creature. If the heavens declare the glory of God, why not our bodies, since by entire consecration to God, they are brought as absolutely under His control as the rolling spheres. But I must stop,—though but just entering the first court of the glorious temple of holiness, I see and feel far more than I have place or ability to express. I feel we are now one in spirit as we have never been before; so I know you will pray for your brother in Christ, that his faith fail not.

—The question, What is meant by intercession? being asked in a Sunday-school, one of the children replied, "Speaking a word to God for us, sir."

—When some of the courtiers of Philip the Good would have persuaded him to punish a prelate who had used him ill, he declined, saying,—"It is a fine thing to have revenge in one's power; but it is a finer thing not to use it."

For the Guide.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RICH INHERITANCE IN THE PROMISES.

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

In a recent Tuesday Meeting at Dr. Palmer's, a statement was made by a lady that the Bible contains 31,000 promises, and that each promise has 31,000 sides. Placing them in the kaleidescope of faith, and turning it over and over, their richness and beauty appear in endless variety.

We find them suited to every case and every circumstance in life,—perfect in their adaptation to every need of our being, at all times and in all conditions.

I thought, what an exceedingly

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE!

And how true in the experience of every child of God. Well may the Apostle call them "exceeding great and precious promises." As we look at them again and again, we can but wonder and adore,—exclaiming, Surely the great all-wise and all-loving Father must be their author; for they are "*stamped with the seal of high divinity.*" No human mind could have devised them; no finite capacity could have framed expressions of such an infinitude of wisdom, power, love and blessing as are comprised in—

GOD'S PROMISES.

Oh, wondrous words of Gospel truth!
Sublimely sweet,—divine;—
Riches of God so infinite;
A vast, exhaustless mine!

The Christian's own inheritance,
A legacy from heaven—
Immense in its unbounded wealth—
To God's own children given.

The "Promises—*exceeding great*
And precious,"—beyond price,—
Contain unmeasured stores of bliss—
Not found beneath the skies.

And every faithful, loyal child
May boldly say they're mine!
Through Jesus they belong to all
Who do the will divine.

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

BIBLE KEY-WORDS.—"I WILLS."

"There is a lamp whose steady light
Guides the poor traveler in the night;—
'Tis God's own word! Its beaming ray
Can turn a midnight into day."

The opening of the New Year calls upon us to tread anew in life's varied pathways. Perplexities and uncertainties, to a greater or lesser extent, will environ us, in every day's experience. How cheering, then, to have an authoritative voice, even the voice of our God, speaking to us, and saying, in vital connections, "I WILL." And as the language of *certainty* is upon Jehovah's lips, as the party of the first part to the covenant—so must it be on ours, as the party of the second part.

GOD'S "I WILL," IN PURPOSE.

SABBATH, JAN. 5.—"I will, be thou clean."—Matt. 8 : 3.

Here is the great "I WILL" of Divinity concerning humanity, in beautiful, authoritative expression. The words and acts of Jesus are God's will revealed to us. He is the living transcript of the divine mind. A beautiful incident elicited this expression. When Jesus had delivered His inimitable sermon on the mount, "as He came down from the mountain, great multitudes followed Him." A sorrowing leper came and fell down at His feet, worshipping Him. His cry was, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." What marvelous faith! Had he ever seen Jesus, or known of His healing a leper? No! Yet, he believed. The response of the Master was inspiring, it was life-giving: "*I will, be thou clean!*" The mighty HEALER touched him, showing that He was proof against contagion, that He was the omnipotent Master of the situation. Immediately his leprosy was cleansed.

Beloved, the prolific thought of the period, that which looms up before us at the threshold of the year, in eternity-reaching proportions is, PURITY. The stricken leper, as a prostrate worshipper at the feet of Jesus, is an accurate type of man's moral condition, everywhere. The sententious reply of Jesus to his implorings shows the all-comprehensive design of grace. It is the unfolding of heaven's plan in a sentence. Ours is the leper-like grasp of faith, the work of a moment, —Christ's, is the all-comprehending touch, and the accompanying outflow of virtue, also the work of a moment, —the consummation, instant, joyous, grand—PURITY! Let this be the basis fact of this first of January, in each individual experience, and the possibilities of the year are glorious, yea, immeasurable. Beloved, make haste, to have Christ's great "I WILL" verified in your soul, if not already inspoken.

GOD'S "I WILL" IN PROMISE.

SABBATH, JAN. 12.—"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

"With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation." 91 Psa. 15–16.

God's great "I WILL" is here in promise—in promise upon promise. Four times does the authoritative expression occur in the two verses—and in connection with other members of the passages by implication.

With such a cluster of promises, we do indeed see the rainbow of God's faithfulness stretched across the moral heavens, at this beginning of the year.

To whom does God give this bright series of "I WILLS?" The context answers. "*He*" who says of the Lord, not with his lips only, but with his heart, "He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in him will I trust." Again, "*He*" is described thus: "He hath set his love upon me,"—"He

hath known my name." Reader, can *you* look into this Bible mirror and behold your image—is this your character? If so, rejoice.

Look at the cluster of promises! Do you expect to have need of prayer this year, will you have occasion to call upon the Lord? Undoubtedly, you reply; daily, hourly need I shall have. Well, here is a promise for you: "He shall call upon me, and I will answer him." "The prayer of the righteous availeth much." He will answer in direct inner communications—by providential allotments and combinations—by angelic ministries—by visions of the night—or, by other agencies. Remember, the "I WILL" is behind the promise. Do you anticipate any trouble this year? Most assuredly, you say. No year, no day is without it. Here is an "I WILL" for that: "*I will* be with him in trouble; *I will* deliver him, and honour him." A three-fold provision here: God's presence in trouble,—God's deliverance *in*, or *from*, trouble, in either case, glorious,—and personal honor, resulting from trouble, as in the case of Daniel, or the Hebrew children, in Babylon. Well, here is certainly a gold-mine, with three rich veins running through it. We can delve there. Bring up the precious ore, and be rich—who can tell how rich?—richer far than Astor or Stewart.

Do you desire life, for laudable purposes, chiefly to glorify God—to train up your children "in the admonition of the Lord"—to win souls—to leave a bright impress upon your generation? All these desires are laudable. You shall be gratified up to the full measure of the divine will. Some live a long life in a very short number of years—they carve out an immortality quickly. Christian living is a life-preserver, as promoting health.

Do you desire to see God's salvation? More than aught else, you quickly reply. Well, we have another, a crowning "I WILL" on this line: "*I will* shew him my salvation." What is God's salvation? In a word, it is "CHRIST." So, the venerable Simeon esteemed it, when he took the infant Savior in his arms, saying, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" The sight of Jesus was salvation. So with us—the sight of Jesus on earth, by faith, is salvation. O, the joyful sound! The sight of Jesus, the King in His beauty, in glory, is salvation, in eternal manifestation. Beloved, make God's great "I WILL" yours, in time and in eternity.

SECOND PART.

We have heard God speak on the first two Sabbaths of 1879, now is it ours to reply.

A RESPONSIVE "I WILL."

SABBATH, JAN. 19.—"I will wash my hands in innocency, so will I compass thine altar, O Lord:"—Psa. 26 : 6.

"Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy."—Psa. 43 : 4.

Great moral contests, relating to life and destiny, are half fought when man says "I WILL"—especially if it be said under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and in absolute dependence upon heavenly resources for the consummation. In the absence of the latter, it is an unmeaning, spiritless, abortive utterance.

How may we wash our hands in innocency? We are in a world of sinners—they wash their hands daily, hourly, in waters of pollution. But, we are to "keep ourselves unspotted from the world." How? Simply, by putting on the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the purifying fountain where we may wash, both our heart and our hands. Our heart being washed in the cleansing stream, we shall have clean hands, hands of innocency—being not willing so much as to *touch* "the unclean thing"—the abominable thing which God hates, *sin*. What then? Then may we compass the

divine altar—with songs of praise, with uplifted prayers, uplifted in confidence, "with holy hands, without wrath or doubting." Compassing the divine altar—our altar is CHRIST, we come even "Unto God our exceeding joy." "Just like the priests of old, who, while the sacrifice was offering, walked around the altar, and probably, the offerers likewise did so at some distance, denoting a diligent regard to what was done, and a dutiful attendance on the service." We, however, under the New Testament dispensation, occupy vantage ground. We need no human intervention, no priest, except our High Priest, who appeareth for us in the holy place. Every saint is a priest, himself, to offer up spiritual sacrifices—to compass the altar with exceeding joy, and receive joyous tokens of the acceptance of God.

Reader, is this your voluntary, joyous, *whole-hearted* utterance at the opening of the year,—"*I will* wash my hands in innocency, so will I compass thine altar, O Lord." If so, the beginning is hopeful—the unfoldings of the days, successively, are full of promise.

"I WILL" IN ACTIVE LIFE.

SABBATH, JAN. 26.—"But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity."—Psa. 26 : 11.

The "I WILL" of the previous Sabbath had reference to the *washing*—this, to the *walking*. Observe the noble personality of the utterance, its manly independence. "But as for *me*." Some, alas, too many! regulate their conduct by popular sentiment, or, popular action. And, they are lost in the crowd. He who would have his life God-ward, *sublimely* God-ward, must act in his true personality under personal convictions, which are by the inspiration of the Spirit of God, —daring, *for himself*, to be right and to be true. One of the noblest of Bible characters, upon whom God put exceeding honor, JOSHUA, once said, amid a thousand conflicting interests: "But as for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord." That "WE WILL" settled his life-destiny—it covered him and his house with eternal splendors. So also with Daniel. "Dare to be a Daniel!" But where should the good man "*walk in his integrity?*" First of all, in his own house—ruling his own house well. God has peculiar respect for such well-regulated households. Next, in business—being true, unflinching, at all times—amid all temptations to swerve. In this maintenance of integrity, God will be glorified—His smile enjoyed—a contented mind realized, which is a continual feast—our whole life be luminous—our eternity glorious.

For the Guide.

THE REPROACH OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

Give me the thorns!—they pierced His brow,
He wore no crown of flowers!
Low at His sacred feet I bow
Who knew life's darkest hours.
His were lone watchings in the wild,
Long fasts, and midnight prayers;
Shall I, who call myself His child,
Seek rest from toils and cares?

He had not where to lay His head!
No pillow soft I seek!
His path of pain be mine to tread—
His cross the prize I seek.
His glory is my only joy,
His will my only peace,—
His praises shall my songs employ
Till life and time shall cease.

All scorn was on His holy head—
All sorrow was His lot;
Ne'er fell such tears as those He shed,
By all His own forgot.
Can I forget His garden woe
Who died on rood for me?
Ah soul! to weep and die with him
Is life's best boon for thee.

NEW BERLIN, PA.

—He lives long who lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than His promises, if He takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a lesser value.—FULLER.

For the Guide.

STRANGE FIRES.

ABBIE MILLS.

The leaves had fallen. Their freshness no longer pleased the eye, nor did their shade invite the weary to rest. But they still had a mission. As they lay on the frost-stiffened grass, they seemed like the cover the mother spreads over the little ones when their eyes are heavy with sleep.

But my neighbor saw no beauty or wisdom in this arrangement. To her, dead leaves were only litter to be rid of. So she raked the intruders together, and soon they were all ablaze; and the winds scattered the ashes hither and thither.

God warms our hearts with His love, and they are like trees full of sap, in their spring-time freshness; and when some worldly blasts would chill the soul, He has provided for us a covering, that under His feathers we may be safe.

But a voice whispers, "You look so oldfashioned. You need rest. Be social." And so the tempted one is clothed, but not with God's Spirit. Instead of the warm breathings of gracious desires, the fires of worldly pride and envy begin to burn afresh, and thus strange fire is offered upon that heart-altar, so lately consecrated to God. Spiritual joy is consumed. The streams of peace are beginning to dry. The soul is in trouble, and the world's merry-making seems like a laugh at its calamity. But if the one who feels this aching void has feared the Lord, and served his own gods, so many other Church members have done the same, that confession, in their presence, seems out of place; and so the ashes of blissful hours, once enjoyed, are left undisturbed, and if some breath fresh from heaven visits that soul, it is difficult to find the spark that proclaims grace still alive.

One says, "My harvests have been abundant. I will eat and drink and be merry." His tables are loaded. He urges his dainties upon his friends—while there is no demand for food,—while he shuts his eyes as poverty approaches, and the song of revelry in his halls drowns the cry of want. His "set" call him bountiful, but it is a fitful fire that glows about him. The soul-light burns like a taper ready to die.

Strange fires are followed by great loss. Who would sit down quietly and let the fire of an incendiary burn, while a sure extinguisher might be had for the asking? Yet in the salvation revealed in the Gospel there is a help for us in the hour when the flesh wars against the soul, raging like the prairie fires of autumn. The Holy Ghost's counter-fire will stop the raging of depravity, and having consumed all the dross and tin, will keep the soul aglow and full of life. He comes not only with fiery baptism, but as a Comforter to abide with us forever. And walking in His light and warmth and comfort, there shall no strange gods be found in the soul. The sparks of strange fires may fall all about us, but they will find nothing to kindle upon. While filled with the Spirit the evil one hath nothing in us.

—Joy is the happiness of love; it is love exulting; it is love aware of its own felicity, and rioting in

riches which it has no fear of exhausting; it is love taking a look at its treasure, and surrendering itself to bliss without fear of foreboding.—Dr. J. Hamilton.

For the Guide.

THE LAST HOUR.

IRA S. LOCKE.

(*Continued from Page 175.*)

Let us now briefly consider some of the agents which tend to close the heart to spiritual influences and to make the last hour a time of remorse.

The power of early irreligious instruction and surroundings cannot be properly estimated. The bad example of worldly professors is responsible in a great degree. But among the agents which are perhaps more directly personal are—1. Ambition. The effort to secure worldly prosperity is often the occasion of losing hold of divine assurance, and when the last sad hour comes, all the wealth accumulated, all the glory acquired, would be joyously given up, and tortures unknown cheerfully endured, for a single ray of God's love and an assurance of divine forgiveness. Said the Hon. Francis Newport in his last illness, while looking at the fire,—"Oh, that I was to lie and broil upon that fire for a hundred thousand years, to purchase the favor of God, and be reconciled to Him again! But it is a fruitless, vain wish; millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my tortures than one poor hour. O, eternity! eternity! Who can properly paraphrase upon the words—'for ever and ever!'" And Cardinal Mazarin declared,—"Were I permitted to live again, I would sooner be the humblest wretch in the ranks of mendicants than a courtier." How insignificant the wealth and glory of the world appear when we are ushered into the presence of eternity.

2. Vanity. This agent industriously fills our minds with unwarranted fancies which are destructive to their peace; prompts to acts which the conscience disapproves, and constantly opposes the efforts of goodness and truth and justice. It is like a small weed in the garden,—if not speedily destroyed it will seed and spread and choke the plants.

3. Pride. A Christian must ever be humble. The Pharisees were surprised that Jesus ate with publicans and sinners, and skeptics question His Messiahship because He chose His disciples from the lower classes. Pride would establish caste,—humility unite all in a common brotherhood. Pride hardens and closes the heart,—humility warms and expands it. Such is the difference between humility and pride. Avoid pride.

4. Self-conceit. This is very mischievous. It is a chief cause of division between friends. One thinks he has great will-power, and others must bend before it; another, an extraordinary talent, a wonderful judgment, a keen perception, or a something unusual, which others must recognize. All this is very unwise, for by it friendships are sundered and ties broken. But this is not all. Self-conceit bears the same relation to humility that pride does, and where it exists there is little room for love and grace and peace.

5. A loose tongue. "The tongue

is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell."—James 3 : 5–6.

In conclusion, the necessity of firmly established religious principles, of well-ordered lives and godly conversation, of the constant assurance of divine forgiveness, and that we are meriting His approbation in all our acts, cannot be too carefully considered. We wish to be happy and joyous here; this is the only way our object can be attained. And when we come to the closing scenes of life and feel our feet slipping from under us, the world receding and life expiring, when we are on the confines of another and an eternal world, we shall want a strong arm to lean upon and a Friend to guide who will never forsake. What will life have been worth if we miss the prize held out to the faithful and the redeemed? Life—endless life, love—matchless love, communion with the saints, fellowship with our dear relatives and friends, and the never ceasing presence of Christ, our Redeemer, our Savior, our Friend.

Dear Lord Jesus, quicken Thy work in our hearts, we pray Thee, and make us wholly and completely Thine; and when the last hour comes, our eyes close on the earth and the world recedes from our feet, may Thy love support us, Thy presence cheer us, as we are conducted by Thee over the dark river into the eternal paradise of the redeemed. Amen.

For the Guide.

"JESUS GIVES REST."*

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

Wildly the winds in their furious sweep
Toss my frail barque on life's billowy deep,—
Pillowed my head on the dear Savior's breast,
Sweetly I'm proving that "Jesus gives rest."
"Jesus gives rest."

Toiling wearily day after day,
Feeble and faint in this rough, thorny way,
Oft would my spirit be sorely depressed—
Leaning on Jesus, I find perfect rest.
"Jesus gives rest."

Ever I'm walking so close to His side,
Under His wings I securely abide,
Sheltered from danger—O, how I am blest!—
Trusting in Jesus, my soul is at rest.
"Jesus gives rest."

When, in the dark, not a step I can see,—
Tenderly Jesus then whispers to me,
"Fear not, I'm with thee." Then to His dear breast
Clinging the closer, I find blessed rest.
"Jesus gives rest."

Let the rude tempests beat hard on my soul;
Let the dark billows all over me roll;
Infinite Love is my refuge and rest,
Sheltered in Jesus, I'm perfectly blest.
"Jesus gives rest."

* Words of Rev. H. Belden in Tuesday Meeting, at Dr. Palmer's.

For the Guide.

PRECIOUSNESS OF JESUS.

S. M. PALMER.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

May it not be said, He is precious exactly in proportion to the strength of our faith, or belief, or trust, or reliance—for sometimes one and sometimes another of these words, so nearly alike in meaning, enable the soul to grasp and use the precious key that unlocks the treasures of heaven.

Fathers, mothers, children, husbands, wives and friends, are precious just as we have faith, trust, reliance, in and on them;—in what degree they are so, a moment's thought will sufficiently show.

Is it any wonder, then, that to some Christ is not particularly precious? They have so little confidence in what He has promised to do for them. Exactly as though some friend had made us great and precious promises, but we only half believed he could or would fulfil them.

In a certain company of the army, during the late civil war, were quite a number of backsliders, which doubtless led the ungodly orderly to say, "I don't believe Jesus Christ does a great deal for some folks."

The Lord Jesus becomes precious to us according to what He has done for us—or more properly, according to what we will allow Him to do for us. For "this is the will of God, even your sanctification." If we will allow the Master to accomplish this great work in us, He will become to us, according to all testimony, doubly precious.

It is absolutely impossible for an unconverted man to know the preciousness, the bliss, the ecstacy, the sweetness of the new birth.

"The gladness of that happy day,
O, may it ever, ever stay."

So it ought. I must digress a little to call attention to the deplorable fact, that this gladness by some means does not stay long in many instances. In many—let us hope in the majority of cases—it does not utterly depart; but in many cases it is undeniably soon lost. Do I speak to such an instance? Would to God I could whisper in your ear that there was no need of this, and it may speedily be remedied. Some mistaken notion, or stumble, or thrust of the wily adversary, may have clouded your sky. In any case, fly at once—again to the dear loving arms that first encircled you. O, believe they are outstretched to again enfold you.

To digress again. A word to those who say the advocates of holiness make too light of the first work of conversion. It is just as impossible to attain to this second grace, without the first, as to build a house without a foundation—absolutely impossible. It is possible for some, and probably some do, make some mistakes in this latter change as well as in the first—but, as Mr. Wesley remarks, it is a harmless mistake, and argues a good deal of grace. The disastrous mistake in either case, is to stop still where they are; to endeavor to stand still, whether they are converted or more fully saved, or whether they are mistaken as to the change having been accomplished in either case,—for when one is mistaken as to the change wrought, if they will push right on, they will unmistakably very soon find themselves where they wished to be; whereas, if there is a stopping and standing still, it does not seem to make much difference as to the attainment. The fine gold becomes dim, the light speedily goes out,—there is a relapsing back into the previous condition—if unfortunately it is not into a worse one.

Instead of making light of justification, the advocates of a further definite change, honor and magnify that of conversion, by building thereon, and raising the structure to a higher height. They more fully affirm the preciousness of Christ in conversion, by becoming more fully His—by making

Him more precious to them—attaining to a faith, and trust, and reliance, very far in advance of that enjoyed in their first experience.

How one finds his faith to have grown when he gets upon this "high level." How wonderfully susceptible of growth is faith! Mr. Muller declares that he has got where he can as readily and confidently ask for millions as he could formerly for hundreds.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." Unspeakably precious is the first taste—that the Lord is gracious.

Most earnestly let the young convert be impressed with the fact, that this blessedness is designed to remain, and that all the time there is more to follow.

O, what a different spectacle would the Church and the world present, if every young convert had been taught to "leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on unto perfection." Christ would have become so precious to the Church that it would have been invulnerable—the Church would have been so exemplary that the world would have been long since saved.

—A beautiful incident in the life of President Lincoln illustrates the law of kindness. Walking one day with his secretary, he stopped at a little shrub, and looked into it; then stooped, and put his hand down through the twigs and leaves, as if to take something out. His secretary said to him, "What do you find there, Mr. Lincoln?" "Why," said he, "here is a little bird fallen from its nest, and I am trying to put it back again."

For the Guide.

THOUGHTS.

M. A.

Some people live in such close partnership with the Lord Jesus, that they never undertake anything alone.

So that the evil did not come in his day, said Hezekiah to the Lord. Human nature like, only let him have ease and rest in his day, and the reward of his mistakes to come on those after him. Friend, did you ever have that feeling,—a desire to be saved from the bad fruit of your own doings, that some one else might bear it?

The instant we come into relation with Christ and His people, we are elevated, no matter how low and mean our outward circumstances. We have the seal of the heavenly family upon us, and our record is on high in the Book of Life. Only keep the inward testimony of this heirship clear!

Although Hezekiah shrank from the merited punishment of his vain show in parading his riches before the covetous Chaldees, yet, he did noble deeds for Israel, and spoke so comfortably to the people who feared the Assyrians, that they "rested themselves upon the words of Hezekiah, king of Judah." We can be saved from a mixed life of good and evil, by the entire renewal of our hearts in the image of God, so that we may have His abiding counsel with us in all our emergencies and extremities. Isaiah received the answer of Hezekiah's prayer for him. So it is with us sometimes, that a sympathizing friend gets the answer for us and the difficulty is settled. God speaks by whom He will in this our day also.

For the Guide.

INVOCATION.

BY KATE SUMNER BURR.

Lamb of God, so meek and lowly,
Sin-atoning victim Thou;
Jesus, Savior, pure and holy,
Hear us while in prayer we bow:
Thine we are,
Jesus. Savior, bless us now!

Lamb of God, once bleeding, dying,
Now exalted on Thy throne;
On Thy merits we relying,
To Thine arms for refuge run.
Thou hast died,
Thou canst save and Thou alone.

Lamb of God, be ever near us,
Guard us from each fatal snare;
Let Thy presence guide and cheer us,
May each heart Thine image bear.
Saved and blest,
May we all Thy glory share.

WALWORTH, N. Y.

PRECIOUS GEMS.

—The great secret of the success of Harlan Page was, that he always aimed at the conversion of some individual; wrestling in prayer with God, and in affectionate entreaty with the sinner, till he saw his wishes realized. By following this plan, though he was in humble life, active work, and often in deep poverty, he lived to see more than a hundred brought to God as the fruit of his zeal and intercessions.—HOWES.

—Now who is like that royal King crowned in Zion? Where shall I get a seat for royal majesty? If I could set him as far above the heavens as thousand thousands of heights devised by men and angels, I should think him too low. His love hath neither brim nor bottom; His love is like himself: it passeth all natural understanding. I go to embrace it with my arms; but it is as if a child would take the globe of sea and land in his two short arms. Blessed and holy is His name.—RUTHERFORD.

—In defiance of all the torture, of all the might, of all the malice of the world, the *liberal* man will ever be rich; for God's providence is his estate, God's wisdom and power are his defence, God's love and favor are his reward, and God's word is his security.—DR. BARROW.

ONE FOR EACH MINISTER.

We have entered upon a New Year. Will you allow me, dear doctor, to ask each reader of the blessed "Guide," Have you done your duty, your full duty to this blessed magazine, in canvassing for subscribers, especially for this year, 1879? In addition to the good to be accomplished directly by its circulation, the generous publisher offers premiums, contemplating the diffusion of most excellent books, which, introduced to some circles, may exert and influence to the latest generation. Have you noted these offers on the cover of the magazine? If not, give them immediate attention.

ONE FOR EACH MINISTER—that is the suggestion which I would drop into the ear and heart of every reader of these pages, at the present time. Does *your* minister receive it—has he the benefit of its stated reading? If not, can you not afford to send it to him—or, if that is not practicable, can you not procure the money from some friend of holiness in your vicinity who has the means? Who can estimate the good results that may follow in his ministry? And, might not some of the friends of the cause who have *abundant means*, do a great work for God

this year by subscribing for *one hundred copies*—or, for enough to supply a Conference, an Association, or Presbytery. Think of it, pray about it, and if the Lord gives an affirmative answer to your prayer, ACT QUICKLY. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

A CONSTANT READER.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. REV. JOSEPH SMITH.

How many households have been entered by death during the year of seventy-eight? In our home is found one "vacant chair."

February 11th, 1878, it was recorded on earth, A. Matilda, wife of Rev. Joseph Smith, had "passed away," and as the "Guide" has come to us all these months, bearing her name, sadly we have said, "Our mother is not, the Lord hath taken her."

We feel unable to give a fitting tribute of love to the memory of such a mother, and will simply attempt to show the wondrous power of divine grace to maintain the Christian amid the vicissitudes of this life, and to disrobe death of its terror.

Early in life she sought the Savior, and from that hour consecrated all to His service. In England, her native land, she was appointed leader over a class of young people, who evidenced their love, and appreciation of her service. And as S. S. teacher, and tract distributor, she sought to lead those she thus mingled with to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

In the year 1844, united in marriage to her now bereaved husband, she removed from Europe to America. After spending a few months in Massachusetts, they went to Waterbury, Conn., and there made their home. Concerning the years there passed, we find this record in her diary:—"I have spent thirteen years in this place, and many good times have I enjoyed with this people. I have had it in my heart to live and die with them, but the Lord has called me to go forth with my dear husband into His vineyard to labor.

In the year 1858, our father entered upon the life of the itinerant, and our mother from that time devoted her energies more assiduously to the blessed work of saving souls. As she reviewed the twenty years thus improved, she said: "If only for the pleasant friendships formed, and the thought of enjoying them through all eternity, they more than compensate for all the trials. The joy exceeded the sorrow."

Very shortly after entering our last appointment, disease laid its hand upon our dear mother. Palpitation of the heart, to which she had been subject frequently, now became permanent. "No hope," was pronounced by physicians. Wishing to know her condition, it was told her. She replied, "I thought so." For eight months she lingered just on the borders of the grave; any moment might be the last. And in these moments of untold suffering, how religion sustained! "Oh, I trust the will of the Lord will be done in me, and through me, and by me. I have been thinking of that passage. All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come I am waiting." Such was her language. At another time, she said: "The Lord seems to be sparing me for something, perhaps till Arthur yields to be saved." He was her only son, and the subject of thousands of prayers. The Lord did spare her for this, and she never ceased during the few remaining months to praise the Lord for this "crowning blessing"

The last night of her life, after recovering from a struggle which we knew not but would end her sufferings, she turned toward one of the watchers, and said,—"If toward the last I shouldn't be able to speak, remember all is well, all is well." Again adding, "How blessed it must be for any one to gain their heavenly home after so many weeks of suffering. I shall be glad, I shall be glad."

Many are the words of comfort that are treasured up by those who had the care of her. But we leave the unfinished record of earth, till the Books shall be opened, when every man's work shall be made manifest.

"Of all the pious dead,
May we their footsteps trace,
Till with them in that land of light
We dwell before Thy face."

MRS. JOANNA MAXFIELD.

Mrs. Joanna Maxfield was born in the State of Vermont, March 4th, 1799, and died in Sycamore, Ill., June 26, 1878, in the 79th year of her age. In the year 1816, in the State of Ohio, she and John Maxfield were married, and lived together in holy wedlock for nearly a half century, when he was taken from the companionship of earth, to the society of saints in heaven.

At the age of sixteen she embraced the religion of Christ, and ever after maintained her position as a faithful and devout servant of Christ. In the year 1837 she and her husband moved into DeKalb Co., bringing their certificates of membership in the M. E. Church, and joined the first class formed in this place. This class was composed of the following members: Edward F. White, leader; Mary White, (the only surviving member,) Mark and Mrs. Daniels, Peter and Mary Walrod. The addition of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell to the class gave great hope to the infant society, and subsequent history confirmed both their expectations, for they gave both their means and presence to sustain the institutions of the Church. She and her husband were constant in attending upon the social worship. Mother Maxfield was in feeble health, but when she could, would be at the place of worship; and in the quarterly love feasts she gave no uncertain sound, but her testimony was such as to satisfy all that she had deep scriptural experience, and, it is said, would often move the whole assembly by the touching and tender recitals of communion and fellowship with God.

Mother Maxfield was possessed of fine social qualities, and these she retained to the very last; she often referred to incidents of her past life in such a way as to charm a whole circle. She was a great admirer of flowers, and never failed to cultivate them. Even down to the last summer she planted and re-planted the usual number, flowers so bright and beautiful they seemed to reflect the smiles of heaven. To her they spoke a universal language of "Peace on earth and good will to man." This one trait developed a feature in her character that all her friends love to speak of, viz.: Her unselfish devotion to the happiness and welfare of others. There was in her a self-forgetfulness, and an ever thoughtful solicitude of the wants of others, that made her home a happy place for children. On each returning Christmas she would be especially careful to send a present, and always the children expected something from her.

The crown of all her virtues was her piety. It was simple, heart-felt, holy obedience to God,—repose in the blood of Christ. And in this she lived and in this she died. Of five children only one survived her.

"Spirit, thy labor is o'er,
Thy work of probation is done;
Thy steps now bend to the untrodden shore,
The race of immortals begun."

BRO. A. R. T. BEAR.

To the memory of this, our dear brother in Christ, we wish to pay this last tribute of respect and love, and record in the pages of the "Guide to Holiness" another testimony to the praise of our Redeemer, is that He doth not leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him. Bro. Bear was afflicted with consumption, and died Nov. 1, 1878. In witnessing His suffering, and God-given patience, we felt great encouragement in trusting and praying to the same tender Jesus. We feel that it is but right to record this instance under our own eyes, to encourage others to hold fast.

While morning and evening, and with every remembered breath we prayed, Lord bless Bro. Bear to-day—the testi-

mony of those who visited him was, He is failing, but O, He is so happy. May the same blessed peace follow his bereft family, and especially his lonely wife. He was joyous even durirg the last hours, and our prayer in looking on in contemplation was,

"O for the death of those that slumber in the Lord;
O be like those my last repose, like those my last reward.

SPRING HILL, KAN. H. S.

Editorial.

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

We hail with grateful emotions the commencement of another year. We know not what will be its unfoldings. One thing is certain, God will be in the future as He has been in the past, and with David we may exclaim, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, my fortress, my high tower, and my deliverer, my shield and he in whom I trust." "This God is our God forever and ever, and He will be our guide even unto death." The poet says,—

"'Tis well to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they've borne to [heaven;
And how they might have borne
More welcome news!"

Nothing could be more proper with the commencement of a New Year, than that new resolves should be made to glorify God, to the utmost of our ability. Perhaps at no time in the history of our nation, could it be said, that so many who entered upon the year 1878 with high hopes, amid affluent surroundings, are now bereft of all. Riches have taken to themselves wings, and flown away, and their former possessors, despoiled of all earthly treasure, are indulging in sorrow that worketh death. Others, who began the year amid dear, heart-felt loved ones, have suddenly been bereft, and their fondest earthly hopes blighted. How many precious ones, whose lives were so mysteriously entwined with ours, has the angel of death transferred to the shores of immortality, making earth poorer and heaven richer!

But in all God is good. If He takes our treasures to heaven, it is that our hearts may be there also. We may rest assured that it was the very best thing that infinite love could do for us. And then, as if to stop all tearful questionings, He says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Where is the Christian who, in reviewing the past, does not exclaim, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?"

Dear reader, would you have the year 1879 signalized in your experience, as the one in which you made the entire consecration to God, and obtained the ordination to bring forth fruit, and the anointing that will make your work in the Lord abiding?

Do you say, Yes? Then let this be the occasion of your obeying the instructions so lovingly expressed by the Apostle,—Romans xii. 1, 2: "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your mind, that ye may PROVE what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

We would suggest that you consecrate yourself to the work of SOUL-SAVING. What can be more God-like than this work of love? It was for this that your Savior left his home in glory, and made himself of no reputation. Though He was rich, yet for our sake He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich. "I am a King's daughter, and my Father is rich, and He has given me the key to all His treasures, and tells me to help myself. I am going to heaven a millionaire; I don't mean to go poor." Thus exclaimed a true heroine of the cross, who was numbering the years of life's probation, in well-directed efforts to win souls. "I asked the Lord to give me at least two souls a week, and up to this time He has done it." So said this earnest, wise aspirant after the gain of godliness and heaven. When the summings up for eternity are made, "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father, with His holy angels; and then He shall reward every

man according to his works." When the balance sheet is made, Daniel gives the result thus: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and forever."

BAPTISMS OF FIRE.

The baptism of fire, for which you are so anxiously longing, must be of divine inspiration. In direct answer to the Holy Spirit, the ardent desire has been begotten; and is not this an assurance that God intends to give it to you? Surely, it is the privilege of the believer to lay hold, at once, upon the exceeding great and precious promises. They are the purchase of the Redeemer's blood, and are therefore included in our purchased inheritance.

May we not ask,—Is there not a way by which, as workers together with God, we can do something toward putting ourselves in an attitude, whose inevitable result will insure the baptism of fire? Can we not bring all the tithes into the store-house, and thus open the windows of heaven?

It is greatly surprising to know, that the types and shadows of the Old Testament Scriptures are all intended to make tangible to our perceptions something far more excellent, under the present dispensation, as set forth in the New Testament. We need not say that we Christians "have an altar whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle.

OUR ALTAR IS CHRIST.

The moment we present our bodies a living sacrifice to God through Jesus Christ, it is holy, acceptable to God. Who would dare to doubt this explicit declaration of Scripture? "He that believeth not, maketh God a liar." What a fearful alternative! Surely, "the altar sanctifieth the gift;" that is, makes it virtually God's property.

But we seem to hear you saying, It is the baptism of fire I want. Yes, and it is this want we have in view in writing thus. Let us refer to Abraham; when God was about to make an everlasting covenant with him. He brought the sacrifice as commanded, and laid it upon God's altar. Did it become virtually the Lord's property? The moment it was bound to the altar, it was as fully the Lord's as if it had at once been taken up to the throne of God in heaven.

Abraham did not watch that offering as his own, but as the Lord's property; it was therefore he so sacredly guarded it from the touch of pollution. He used and watched it, as set apart for holy purposes. It was as truly the Lord's before the fire descended as afterwards. Abraham was not required to bring down the fire. That was God's work. But God always does His part of the work. He is faithful and true.

Suppose Abraham had done as some people do; that is, taken the offering from off the altar, because the fire did not at once descend. Had he done this, never would his name have been written as the Father of the faithful. While he kept the offering on the altar, before he saw the fire descend, he manifested his FAITH in God's acceptance. When he saw the consuming process, faith was lost in sight. But let it be remembered, it is FAITH that honors God.

These are the teachings of the late Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, and she adds: "You will permit me to say to the glory of God, that I have tested these teachings of the Word of God experimentally. Over thirty years ago I bound the sacrifice to the altar as a whole-burnt sacrifice, to be continually consuming in holy service. A few hours after, while engaged in self-sacrificing duty, acting on the principle that all the powers of body and mind were a living sacrifice, I felt the consuming energies of the Divine Spirit through my whole being. I trust that the power of that baptism of fire has never been lost. Glory be to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

As further testimony, in the last paragraph that her busy hand ever wrote she says: "Thus far my trials have been triumphs. Every new conflict has furnished an occasion for a new victory. And now, in praise of the faithfulness of God, I wish to say, that just the lesson that the Lord

taught me in that eventful hour, thirty-four years ago, when He said, 'I HAVE CHOSEN THEE AS A SIGNET,' has been most graciously fulfilled. While he revealed to me that I should have great trials, He also assured me that I should have great triumphs. So great and continuous have been the triumphs of truth, in connection with the precious theme of holiness, that my life has been one great psalm of Glory to God in the highest!" Still later, in answer to a question, she replied: "I am in the valley, without a shadow, trusting in Jesus; yet, oh, so weary! Oh, I would so like to go! But Thy will not mine be done. The light of the eternal day has not yet dawned. I thought it would have dawned before this."

News Along the Line.

THE WORK AT ONGOLE.

Missionary Editor Gracey, in the Northern Christian Advocate, mentions the following marvels of missions:

In 1853 a missionary, his wife and a native preacher, visited Ongole, 77 miles north of Nellore India, and were reviled and stoned.

In 1865, twelve years after, that missionary and another visited Ongole, and the second missionary remained and resided.

In 1867 a church was organized at Ongole with eight members.

On March 15, 1878, the little church numbered 110, and the missionary says that he was not baptizing any, but 1,500 from near and far requested baptism.

On June 16, 1878, after careful examination conducted through months, Mr. Clough, the resident missionary and his native assistants, commenced baptizing the persons clamoring for it. One day they baptized two thousand two hundred and t venty-two (2,222).

Between July 6th and July 16th, they baptized 5,429.

Between June 16th and July 31st, they baptized 4,791, and still the work goes on. It would not now surprise Mr. Clough if the revival continued till twenty thousand were taken into the church. These are not Europeans nor backslidden Christians, but natives hitherto heathen and idolators.

A GREAT AWAKENING.

It is wonderful news, says the "Independent," which the secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel communicates to the English papers. He says that "in the east of Tinnevelly, in seven months, more than 16,000 natives, hitherto unconvinced by the preaching of the gospel, have sent in their names to Bishop Caldwell and placed themselves under instruction for Christian baptism; and the movement is still going on there and spreading out in neighboring districts. Village after village is laying aside its heathenism and seeking admission into the fold of Christ." The secretary gives no detail of what he properly describes as an unparalelled event. Bishop Caldwell made four evangelistic tours last year, and the English did handsomely in relieving the famine sufferers; thus inspiring the eternal gratitude of the Hindus. These, the secretary suggests, are "secondary causes."

THE Northern "Advocate" estimates that thirty thousand Hindus have renounced idolatry and become professed Christians in India, during the year 1878.

THE GREAT INDIAN REVIVAL.

The "Examiner and Chronicle," speaking of the great ingathering in India, says: "The wonderful work of God among the Teloogoos seems the more wonderful the more is known of it. Upwards of a year before the great ingathering came the missionaries saw the evidences all around them that the harvest was coming. But they wisely deferred baptism until the proofs of genuine conversions multiplied; and it now appears that a very large proportion of the nearly 10,000 converts baptized last summer had been cherishing hope in Christ, and honoring their new calling for months before. Signs of yet larger ingatherings abound.

CHINA.

In China, thirty Christian denominations are at work, and the number of Christians

is increasing six-fold every ten years. There are two thousand five hundred missionary stations in India, near two thousand of them under the care of native laborers, while Christians are increasing by more than a hundred thousand in ten years.

NINE Chinese converts were baptized in Oakland, California, Nov. 14, by Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson, and also a Chinese woman and her children, at our Mission in San Francisco.

NORWAY.

Presiding Elder Olsen writes from Arendal, Norway, October 8: "Sinners are converted, and the people of God go on in the way of holiness. The preachers are blessed in their work, and we pray for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit among us, so that a multitude may be 'turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.' It seems as if these our prayers are about to be answered, as in several places there is more earnestness among the people of God, and there is a shaking among the dry bones. In Arendal we had a glorious time last Sunday. After preaching we called for mourners, and our altar was crowded with peace-seeking souls; the Lord blessed us abundantly. The preacher who labors here has a ready entrance among all the people.

ENGLAND.

The December number of "Penuel" a very excellent Monthly Advocate of Scriptural Holiness, published in England, among requests for praise, says:

"For great blessings which have attended the labors of our brother George Warner. At South Shields over one hundred professed conversion, and joined the Church, and many believers obtained heart purity. At other places also churches have been moved, and souls saved. Hallelujah!

WEEK OF PRAYER, 1879.

The Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States makes the following suggestions for the observance of the Week of Prayer:

For the Sabbath, January 5th, as a subject for the pulpit: "Christian Union."

Monday, January 6th—Thanksgivings for the blessings of the year past, and prayer for their continuance.

Tuesday, January 7th—Prayer for the Church of Christ, its ministers, its growth in grace, and its enlargement.

Wednesday, January 8th—Christian education: the family, the young, colleges, seminaries of learning, Sunday and other schools; Christian Associations of Young Men and Young Women.

Thursday, January 9th—For nations: rulers and people; for peace and religious liberty in the earth.

Friday, January 10th—The Press; for a blessing on publishers, and editors, and authors; the cause of temperance and other social reforms.

Saturday, January 11th—Home and Foreign Missions and the conversion of the world.

On Sabbath evening, January 12th, it is suggested that public union meetings be held for prayer, praise, and the presentation of the object and work of the Evangelical Alliance.

Revival Miscellany.

It is a cause of thanksgiving that the blessed outpourings of the Divine Spirit are being realized in many places of our beloved Zion, and the prospects for a large ingathering of souls are encouraging. It is true, considering the many laborers in the field, and the large amount of capital invested, the returns have not been as we could wish, or had reason to expect, but enough has been accomplished to keep the heavenly choir continually engaged in praise, for they rejoice over one sinner that repents. The weekly report from our exchanges of the conversion of sinners and sactification of believers, if gathered monthly, would more than fill the pages of our magazine. To God be all the glory!

There are, however, hindrances to the universal spread of this glorious work. One of these a brother gives thus: "We are here in the battle, and have planted the blood-stained banner on the enemy's

works. We are drawing rations from heaven, and our communication with headquarters are good; and we are obeying orders from Jesus. And when we get LOVE beyond KNOWLEDGE, then we will get the victory. A great many of us have knowledge and light, and we commence to whip and drive; but our LOVE must get beyond knowledge, and not find too much fault with our brothers and sisters." It is written, "God is love." Religion is love. "All the law is fulfilled in one word, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

The Rev. M. M. Dunn, Senatobia circuit, North Mississippi Conference, writes Nov. 5: "We are very well and have been all the summer and fall. Not a member of my charge has had the yellow fever, though several of them live in Senatobia. I have filled all my appointments. I have had a revival at every church in my circuit, resulting in one hundred and one conversions."

There have been nearly 3,500 accessions to the Church South, in the bounds of the North Carolina Conference this year, the fruits of revivals.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The protracted meetings of the M. E. Churches in Washington, with the exception of Hamline, have ceased, after a long season of religious interests. It is estimated that seven hundred persons have been converted in these Churches since the close of the Washington Grove Camp-meeting in August last, and nearly all these have joined the Church.

BALTIMORE, MD.

A brother writes: "The work of the Lord is greatly prospering in the lower counties of the State, where, since the war, we have been only dragging out a miserable existence. Calvert circuit, Bros. Gill and Belt, reports some two hundred conversions, many of them heads of families. West River, Bros. Muller and Jones, about 100 conversions. Many additions are reported from St. Mary's and Charles Circuits. The meeting at Woodberry resulted in the salvation of some 160 persons; and the hearts of Brothers Neal and Nicholson are rejoicing with their people in the prosperity of Zion. Madison Square, Franklin Street and East Baltimore have been very greatly increased by additions, while other churches have been edified and built up in the faith.

Two hundred and ten persons have professed conversion during the meetings conducted at the Madison Square M. E. Church by Rev. Thos. Harrison.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Brother Thomas Stevens writes to us, Dec. 8th, 1878, concerning the labors of Rev. William Winans—otherwise known as the Sailor Preacher—of New York City.

He commenced a Temperance Reform work five months ago, in the coal mines district and lumber region. A great revival of religion broke out—an old-fashioned work—the most thorough and deep that has ever been known in this country. He preached holiness to the church. 25,000 have signed the temperance pledge, and over 1,000 have been converted to God, and a great many sanctified wholly. This is a remarkable work, and is spreading all over this country among the lumber men and coal miners. Many are so overpowered by divine influence, that they lose their strength and become as dead men, lying unconscious for many hours, and come out shouting the praises of God. A great many Roman Catholics have been converted. This work of God seems general; thousands are being awakened. The people come from several miles around, and there is not room in the church for the multitudes that crowd to the meetings. Sometimes there are five meetings going on at once—night and day. The hardest and most hopeless cases are reached by the power of gospel truth and saved through the precious blood of Jesus.

A GRACIOUS revival is in progress among the students at Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa. President Gray writes, The indications are that every student will be saved.

A GREAT revival is in progress at the Woodberry Church, the Rev. J. St. Clair

Neal, pastor. This church is beautifully located in the rear of Druid Hill Park. About one hundred persons have professed conversion.

We are having a revival of great power at the Pine Run appointment on the West Elizabeth charge. Already between sixty and seventy have been converted and fifty-six have united with the church on probation. The end is not yet. S. M. B.

During the late session of the Seventh Day (Baptists) Adventists at Battle Creek, Mich., revival meetings were held with wonderful results, the number of conversions often reaching one hundred in one day.

According to the latest statistics of the United Brethren in Christ, there are forty-five Conferences, and a membership of 152,231, a gain the past year of 3,468.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

OCEAN GROVE EXPERIENCES.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

PURITY IS POWER,

said a servant of God. Without purity, the Church is weak and powerless."

An aged Christian man was dying, who had been active in the Church, and who had long professed entire sanctification. A Christian brother asked him, "Have you any message to send to the Church?" Said he, "Tell them, without purity of life, profession is only a stumbling-block."

Mrs. C—— spoke of the multitude of hungry souls who were looking to Christians for help. She said, after she had spoken at the surf meeting, a lady from Long Branch came to her and entered into conversation, expressing her intense soul-hunger. She had wealth and culture, and everything the world could give; adorned with elegant attire and glistening diamonds. But she said, "I want God. Nothing I've ever possessed has ever satisfied me. I have craved something more than earth can give. It is all insipid—all worthless. I want that which feeds the soul—that which I heard you speak of as your own experience. Tell me all about it, and how I can get it. Oh, I'm longing to know!" Mrs. C—— showed her the way to Jesus, and she left her an earnest seeker and evidently not far from the kingdom of God; and soon after received a letter from her, stating that she had given herself to Christ, and found rest for her soul. This narration elicited remarks on the subject of

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

Had Mrs. C—— not become fully consecrated to God, and received heart purity, she certainly would not have been willing to speak at the surf meeting, and Dr. Stokes would not have asked her to speak before that multitude, under those circumstances.

Had she not spoken, that hungry soul would not have come to her seeking help, and consequently might never have learned the way of salvation.

This suggests the importance of all Christians being baptized with the Holy Ghost, as an enduement for usefulness. And how tremendous the thought, that God holds every one of His children responsible for what they might accomplish, if filled with the Spirit. He commands us, "Be filled with the Spirit;" and shows His desire that we should have this divine enduement, by all the teachings of His Word, and by the drawings and illuminations of His Spirit. And if we fail to come up to the divine requirement, and as the result of that failure, do not accomplish the work He has given us to do, how fearful will be our condemnation! If the entire Church were clothed with power from on high, what would be the result?

Overwhelming thought—God holds the Church responsible for the world's salvation!

Mrs. Palmer said she knew of nothing in Bible teaching but following the Lord fully. The whole tenor of God's Word, from beginning to end, sets forth a whole-hearted service, an entire surrender of body, soul and spirit to Him.

Who will surrender now to God?—she asked. Who will now say,—Lord, I sur-

render myself to Thee, to be wholly Thine forever.

One after another arose in rapid succession, saying, I surrender now to the Lord, to be wholly His. All over the room, in every direction, the words were uttered by full hearts and weeping eyes—I surrender! The blessed hallowing power of the Holy Ghost came upon the assembly with a melting influence, and many souls felt its sanctifying power. It was a meeting never to be forgotten. Tears streamed from many eyes as we sang—

"Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine!
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be Thine;
Thine entirely, Thine entirely,
Every power and thought be Thine!"

A sister spoke of her strong desire for a deep work in her heart, of which she had a conscious need. It was a work of thorough purification, extending to the very thoughts of the heart. This was a work she felt to be of infinite importance. It was not enough to have the words right and the life right, but the thoughts must be right. "As a man thinketh so is he." The Psalmist said, "Clease thou the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit." And that our thoughts may be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, we are taught by inspiration. This is the thorough work the Church needs. Then would she be clothed with power.

POWER FROM ON HIGH

was the subject of one of the morning lessons. Many Christians had expressed earnest desire of power for greater usefulness. They had expected to receive a baptism of power at Ocean Grove. That was their chief object in coming here. Sister Palmer, in connection with the lesson, spoke of an incident illustrative of the subject. She said that in conversation with Bro. Shipman, she asked him to give his views on the passage, "Strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." Bro. S. said: "Suppose Mr. L., who has a number of employees, says to one, 'Go and set the men to work, I will be there soon.' Mr. L. remains talking to us an hour or two, then goes to his place of business, and finds all hands idle. He enquires, What is the trouble? Why not at work? The answer is, We have no power. Mr. L. says, I sent a man to put on the steam. He goes to the engine-house, and finds the man toiling and sweating, almost ready to die with his efforts to start the machinery, endeavoring to do himself that which would require sixty horse-power. Mr. L. says to the poor, almost dying man, Why don't you put on the belt? Oh! I did not think of that. He puts on the belt, and all is moving directly."

Faith is the belt which brings the soul into connection with the power divine,—and without faith, we are as powerless as the machinery without connection with the engine.

A brother said he thought the one who was in connection with the Source of divine power would receive it as he finds work to do, and he is ready and willing to do it. He once had charge of a threshing machine which was propelled by steam power, and the power was put on as it was needed. A bushel of grain could be threshed every minute, if the full power was put on. But, if the grain was put into the threshing machine in small quantities, and by a slow process, less power was wanted. In order to the highest degree of success in rapid threshing, the machine must be rapidly and steadfastly furnished with grain; and in order to do this, there were hands in the grain field reaping and gathering sheaves,—others loading the wagons, and conveying it to the place of threshing. The one must hand the sheaves to the man who feeds the machine, and so all are diligently at work to accomplish the object; and then the power is put on as it is needed. If the steam power were on when there was no grain to be threshed, it would tear the machinery all to pieces. No power was needed if there was no work to be done.

So, God would only put the power on us when there is work for us to do, and when we are ready to do it. He don't give power in advance of the work. It comes as we work and no faster. We don't receive power to no purpose.

MY SWEET REST.

[We are permitted to encroach on private correspondence, and give to our readers a part of a very interesting letter, hoping that by its publication others may be allured into the "Land of Beulah."—ED.]

DEAR MRS. PALMER;

We are still lingering here by the sea. Summer has swept by like some rare bird of song, in swift and beautiful flight, and the autumn, with its golden September and delicious October days, finds us loathe to leave a spot so hallowed by the memory of what has come to us here.

My precious husband, with myself, will ever thank God for this, THE summer of our lives. My birthday came while we were in your cottage by the sea, and as if in honor of the event, old Ocean had a grand field-day. The waves were on full dress parade, and came marching on in their blue uniforms, with their white nodding plumes, to martial music—the roll of the drum Neptune beats, and the whistle of the fife old Boreas plays. It was the best birthday of my life, and I did not wonder that the forces of nature joined me in that grand Te Deum of my heart.

The years of my life came at my call, and as I looked into their faces, scanning each one curiously, I came to three grouped together, standing a little apart from the rest. A sad-eyed group they seemed to be, and over them was draped a heavy pall. To outside seeming they repelled, and yet as I drew nigh to greet them, my heart strangely warmed. They greeted me as none others did, and beneath their dark robes gleamed the pure silver, the blessed lining of my Father's make. My years of sorrow! As I look back from my sweet rest in God to-day, how I do thank Him for that blessed group of three. I name them Grace, Mercy, Peace.

But I am thinking of the NOW of my life. Truly we come by a way we know not, yet we are led straight to the end,—that is God! He is the beginning when we don't know it, and He becomes the end of all our hope and love and desire; that we do know, praise the Lord!

We came to Ocean Grove, my husband thought, to spend three weeks in July, and here we are still. For months before I came, the deep cry of my soul was for conscious purity. I knew I was an honest, sincere, accepted child of God, but I needed some power in my life to steady it, for greater service to Him. "By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth; I sought Him but I found Him not."

As I attended your precious morning meetings, in the Tabernacle, and heard you and the Doctor tell of rest of soul every minute, never a quiver of self in opposition to the will of God; a life of consistent devotion, with neither waver of will nor desire of the flesh, which might bring you into condemnation,—I felt, (and prayed it, too), "Lord, if this be true, and I cannot believe that Thy children testify falsely about the matter,—I want it, too! And I wanted—you know how I wanted—so I did nothing for days but seek for it; sought it with tears, while my heart and my flesh cried out for the living God.

I had come to that place where I was thoroughly disgusted with my own effort, and distrustful of my own self; for when I sometimes thought I had entirely overcome, some secret, lurking foe would suddenly take me by surprise and discourage me almost into a disbelief of the power which completely overcomes, the last and least remains of the carnal mind. Self was so subtle; when as I battled with it, I thought I had conquered, and it was under my feet, it would give its old hiss of sin in my heart, and down I would go in the mire of unbelief again. I was like this sea—sometimes as smiling as an infant, as blue as the sky, as placid as a lake; then again, tempest tossed, and like its waves I could not rest. Dear Mrs. Palmer, you became as one of God's angels, sent to me, just at the time most needed. You proved to me that my will was in the way—that the only rest I could hope for was in a complete and full surrender of my will. Then I was afraid of the commitment. I reasoned thus: Suppose I take the step of

confession of my need and should receive this grace, could I always keep it? Maybe I'd take it to-day and give it up to-morrow. It would be worse than ever. And then, suppose His will was pain, shame, bereavement, loss; could I be willing? Oh, the shrinking of the flesh from such tests. But the blessed Holy Spirit was teaching me, and one day it breathed this prayer through me,—"Lord, send Thy Spirit as a lighted candle to search through and through all the secret places of my soul, the labyrinths there I can never fathom. I can scarce comprehend all the meaning of its cry, all the desire of its infinitude; but all I know and all I do not know I give to Thee. Search me and try me even as by fire." Just as I had prayed this, a voice seemed to whisper, "And the knife." I sprang from my knees and ran out of the room. I could not say—the knife. All day I struggled, and at evening-time I went into my room, down on my knees on the floor, and there Satan and I had the conflict of my life. He knew if my will was yielded up; if I chose the knife and God, he was vanquished. Now I see how subtle he was. I voluntarily said "the fire," and that is the worst, but he brought up this other, and I fled panic-stricken. Hours of agony passed over me. I seemed to see myself bruised, wounded, stricken. I stood beside the grave of all earthly hopes; I became an invalid; wealth fled, and I suffered the pangs of poverty. Oh, the anguish of those hours, as I lay moaning—"Not the knife."

Only that one test and see how strong my will. But the hour when I must leave the room came, and I felt that as I went out from that room so would my destiny be decided, and I could not go out without my God. Every power of my soul cried, "Lord, help me; I choose Thee. Come as Thou wilt; only come." And my will then indeed came into captivity, and was obedient. And there I did fully commit myself to His keeping, for joy or grief, for ease or pain, with life and friends; and that other commitment came easy then. His promise, that He was able to keep me from falling and at last to present me faultless before the presence of His glory, and that too with exceeding joy,—was mine, and I laid hold upon it with a faith-grip that will never unloose, I believe, until it is fulfilled. My will was surrendered, the commitment made. My gift was on the altar, and their I quietly left it.

For days I had no special manifestation of power. I just knew I was all the Lord's. You were teaching me to breathe quietly then, just breathe as my natural lungs, unconsciously. Oh, what you did for me every step of the way! I can truly say you are interwrought with every fibre of this new life, of which every day is a sweet and strange surprise. And then, believing fully, laying hold of every promise given me for the fullest salvation taught by Christ, and Paul,—how rich and full becomes my spiritual life. How graciously God poured of His Spirit upon me; what joy dwells in the innermost secret place; what peace abounds, so deep down, even if the "storm sweeps over the surface, they cannot touch the depths."

"And so God's angel stands at length within my arms,
White robed and fair."

And I am just praising the Lord every minute; not loud, with the tongue, but "soft, sweet and low." The Dove-Peace coos in my deep heart. This bright, blessed, closed summer has been my grandest step heavenward. The Bird has gone, but its dropped plumage make bright my soul's home.

The weather here is magnificent. I wish you were with us. There is a something in air and sea and sky I have never felt before, a softened radiance, a tint of color, a dash of heaven on earth, and I'm so happy! I say it over and over, softly, to myself,—I'm so happy, I'm so happy! There isn't a place in me that is not touched by some soft hand. There isn't a place in me that is my own, and whoever owns this soil of my soul must be a wonderful Being, for instead of the thorn has come up the fir tree, in whose branches sit and sing the birds, Faith, Hope, Love. Instead of briers has come up a myrtle tree full of blossom and fragrance. That must be a wonderful gardener, thus to pull

and dig and kill the poisonous weeds which grew in such profusion, and make instead a flower-garden, where the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley blend and blossom. No wonder I say I'm so happy—the ploughing, the breaking up of the fallow ground; the subsoiling, the digging, the spading, the uprooting, the planting,—now has come the blossoming time.

My chief delight is in the service of God, my greatest joy to do His will; my highest aim to go where I can to do His work to the best advantage. So this birthday found me a consecrated woman—soul, body, brain, heart, mind, spirit, all choose Him. I WILL to be HIS, and so long as my will, that fearful power, is His, Satan himself cannot take me out from His keeping. My precious husband is with me in it all. Oh, how sweet is our talk about these things; our conversation is indeed in heaven.

"The joy of the Lord is ours,
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day."

Thus for three months my peace has been as a still, silent, ever flowing river—not a moment of disturbance. Will it last? I sometimes ask. Then I remember, I have no to-morrow—moment by moment—and still it flows. So

"I know that the Hand that is leading me
Can hold me to the last;
And the strength of the arms enfolding me
Can ever hold me fast."

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

IN a very touching preliminary sacramental address, at the opening of the Methodist Conference in Montreal, Rev. Samuel Coley, the delegate from the English Wesleyan Conference, used, with good effect, this touching personal incident:—

"One day he saw his boy looking at him; and drawing. He inquired what he was doing, and was answered, 'Oh, pa, I am drawing a picture of you!" He looked at the picture. It was not a very complimentary portrait, but he knew that if his boy had as much skill as love, it would have been a wonderful picture! He did not tear it up in anger and throw it away. He saw the love in the strokes, and said, 'well done;' he would not have said 'well done' had his boy been an artist engaged to take the portrait with such results. Christ looks at the love in our strokes and says 'Well done.' How He looks upon the work we do not know, but He sees it as a father sees his son's best and loving efforts."

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by singing the 498th hymn:—

"Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down."

Requests from Del., Penn., Ill., and elsewhere, were presented, and Rev. Mr. Morehouse, followed by Dr. Palmer, led in prayer.

Sister Palmer then read a part of Rom. 10, remarking: Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, saving us not only from the guilt and condemnation, but also from the inbeing, from the love of sin. And who does Christ thus save? Is it not every one that believeth? It is not now as under the old covenant. "The man that doeth these things shall live." How does the righteousness of faith speak? Is it not as just read, "Say not in thy heart who shall ascend up into heaven, or who shall descend into the deep," to bring Christ to us; do not think it, do not imagine that anything more is to be done. It is only to accept that which is already done—that which is presented to us for our acceptance. The Word is nigh thee, within our reach; easy to be understood; we have been familiar with these blessed truths from our childhood, but have we accepted? Have we believed with our hearts, and confessed this great salvation with our mouths? She earnestly entreated every timid, fearful soul to surrender themselves fully to Christ, and believe—trust in Him for present and full salvation, assuring them that whoso-

ever believeth shall be saved. Her heart was continually rejoicing in this conscious salvation.

Dr. P——. Paul was desirous that his brethren should know of this great salvation. He says, that they had a zeal, but not according to knowledge. They were ignorant of God's righteousness, and yet were zealous to establish their own righteousness. It is to be feared that there are some men in our day who are more zealous for their own opinions, than they have for the cause of Christ, and have no hesitation of acting the part of that servant mentioned in Luke 12 : 45, who went to beating his fellow-servants. Jesus, in His message to the Churches, did say to one, nevertheless, "I have something against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." The backslider may generally be known by his fault-finding spirit. He may have light, but love is gone. Let us be careful to keep a living Christ within. We must continue to be lowly in heart to copy after our pattern, which is Christ. Jesus has made ample provision whereby we may walk with Him in newness of life, and be made even here meet for heaven. It is cause of thanksgiving, that He is raising up new witnesses to the power of the blood to cleanse from all sin.

THE ALTAR SANCTIFIES THE GIFT.

Sister Lois Smith, while listening to the Word, had received new light upon it. When she first sought Christ, the language of Job was hers, "O, that I knew where I might find him!" When seeking for a clean heart, she kept saying, "O that I could go up or somewhere to find Christ!" Some persons have an idea that they must read a great many books, and do a great many things before they can have the testimony that they please the Lord. At the time that she was convinced that it was her privilege to be cleansed from sin, she had been going over the various points of consecration, but did not apprehend the way till she heard a sermon on the text Go on to perfection. Afterwards, in class meeting, she rose and said, as if soliloquizing, "They say 'the altar is Christ,' and the Bible says the altar is holy and sanctifies the gift. I know that the gift is poor and mean, but the altar is holy and I know the gift is sanctified." She resolved to retain this position till convinced of her error. While waiting for the testimony the words came, "Now are ye dead to sin and alive to God," and she has since been reckoning herself dead, and had the blessed testimony of the Spirit.

Bro. Nichols. Jesus says "I sanctify myself that ye may be sanctified through the truth." Jesus sanctified himself unto death, and when we are as willing to live for Him as He was to die for us, we shall be sanctified. It is God's will. The difficulty is with our wills, and our pride and selfishness. Let Him have your entire being, and He will take it and stamp His image on your heart. He was heir of a king and would not exchange places with any earthly monarch.

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

Rev. George Woodruff had been discussing with a friend, the subject of eschatology; but the friend asked him if he had read up on that subject, and he replied that he had read everything for thirty years past, and if there was any point in speculative theology that he had looked into, it was that. It came to him to say now, that he thought less of theology than of Christ. He was out of conceit with theology or any fine points that embarrassed the freedom between him and Christ. He thought dogmas or long drawn-out statements so entangle us as often to hinder our coming to Christ.

The people that Jesus helped did not know much, only that they wanted help. What did blind Bartemeus know about the pedigree of Christ? We want to apprehend a present Christ, and take hold of Him. He had given up tiring himself with questions, and sat down in His presence and rested; walked with Him and was made strong thereby; if there is anything for him to do, he placed himself under the philosophy of His teaching. He was entangled with Churchism, but he would give up what he valued more than life—all the Methodism

there was in him—for Christ. His family was dearer than Methodism, but he would give up every other love for the love of Jesus. O, that Christ may help us to help others.

FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE.

Sister Cassie Smith did not get farther than the first verse of the chapter read. "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they may be saved." We represent God's Israel, and are present not to discuss the subject, but to accept the salvation purchased by the atonement of Christ. She formerly looked upon this subject of full salvation as a religious accomplishment which she could either accept or let alone, but now she felt the weight of responsibility that rested upon her, and that without it she would fail to glorify God.

If Christ died for us, we cannot lightly turn aside from the fact that He will hold us accountable for all that is offered us. While she was praying with a sister, the thought came, He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for His name's sake; not that we may have a happy experience, but that we may glorify God. If it is for His name's sake, can we refuse to follow where he leads? Let us submit and follow Jesus fully, and then we shall possess the goodly country. When she came to the point of wholly following the Lord, Satan buffeted her, and confused her, and about the last temptation was that many people that professed holiness did many bad and ridiculous things. She said, "I believe in this truth, and if there is not a living exponent of it, I believe the almighty power of God is able to make even me an exemplification of His power to save." So she just gave up and was saved. Let us look to Jesus to-day; it is not our faith but Jesus that saves us. If she had not followed the light given her, she would have backslidden and her soul been lost. Many are rushing by us and are lost because we are not living as near Christ as we should. Will not the blood of some souls be found on us, if we do not accept the provision made? Let us accept of Christ that we may be a power in the salvation of others.

KEPT THROUGH TRIAL.

Sister Denler, instead of looking back at the past, consecrated herself anew every morning, and led a one-day life. She thanked the Lord that she had been kept through trial, which was a greater thing than being kept from trial. Our Gethsemanes will look like diamonds when we get to heaven.

ALL FOR JESUS.

Bro. McNamara, formerly a R. C. priest, said that he had studied theology for sixteen years, but the best theology he had ever learned had been in this room. It is not theology, but systems of theology, that is wrong. Theology itself, or the science of God, is taught here. Referring to a remark that had been made, he said the Church can never put us out—the Church is in the soul and Jesus is the Bishop. He had excommunicated the whole Church from him for Jesus. He who had been a priest in Brooklyn and elsewhere, and had preached transubstantiation, and had given the bread to others as the real body and presence of Jesus, never felt God so intimately near as when last partaking of the communion. May God help all to receive the full salvation. E. J. C.

Children's Department.

For the Guide.

MY NEW YEAR.

M. R. D. D.

The year that opens the gateway,
And brings the Master's call;
Is the New Year I am waiting for—
The happiest year of all.

For then I shall see my Savior,
And feel the clasp of the hand
That is leading me through the earth-life,
Up to the heavenly land.

Yes; He who through tangled pathways
Has guided my weary feet,
Will still be there beside me,
When I walk the golden street.

Above the sound of the harpers,
And the angels who rejoice.
I shall hear the sweetest music
In my Savior's loving voice.

Perhaps, in the joy of His presence,
I may not think or care
To ask the why or wherefore
Of crosses hard to bear.

But His words of comfort are with me
As on my way I go;—
"The things I do ye know not now,
But hereafter ye shall know.

After days of patient working,
He will give sufficient grace,
To behold His wondrous glory—
And look upon His face.

The year that opens the gateway,
And brings the welcome call,
Is the New Year I am living for—
The happiest year of all.

For the Guide

MAKING CALLS.

M. R. D. D.

It was snowing slightly, but Mrs. Morton put on her waterproof and went out making calls. To-morrow would be the New Year, and stormy weather or poor health had kept her in-doors for several days. "I must tell some of my old time Christmas joy, before the Christmas days are wholly past," she said, "and as I have only time for one call, I will go to see Mrs. R."

If Mrs. Morton had expected to find poverty and misery, her expectations were more than realized; for both the home and person of her neighbor were repulsive. She had been weeping, and traces of tears were still upon her cheeks. One dirty, ragged child was clinging about her neck, and two more were playing in the corner.

"I dropped in to wish you a Happy New Year," Mrs. Morton said, after a little talk about the children.

"I thank you for your good wishes, as well as for your kind present. We are not often remembered in this way, and sometimes I am tempted to think God has forgotten us."

So the way was opened to Mrs. Morton to tell the "old, old story," that she so loved to tell,—the story of God's blessing and mercy; and she found an eager listener.

"The first happy day of my life was when I felt that my sins were forgiven."

"Oh, Mrs. Morton, that must be a happy day, indeed; but I am so wicked, it seems like expecting too much, to think that God will pardon my sins. Years ago I had a praying father, and went to Church and read the Bible, but now it is poverty and care and sin. No one ever speaks to me of better things, and I was feeling so discouraged just before you came, thinking how the New Year would go on just like the old."

But the New Year was better than the old, for Mrs. Morton's words of encouragement had pointed her toward the right, and though the poverty and care still remained, there was a steadily increasing hatred of sin.

And the New Year seemed better to Mrs. Morton, too, for having some one to help.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of $5.00 for the sufferers by famine in China, from H. A. S., Hebron, Ill.

In this connection, it may be proper to remind our friends that for the past year we have been sending 25 copies of the "Guide" to our Missionaries in India, a gift from the lovers of holiness. Shall we continue to send them another year? Let those who are disposed please reply in a generous contribution.

Book Notices.

WHAT SHALL I READ?

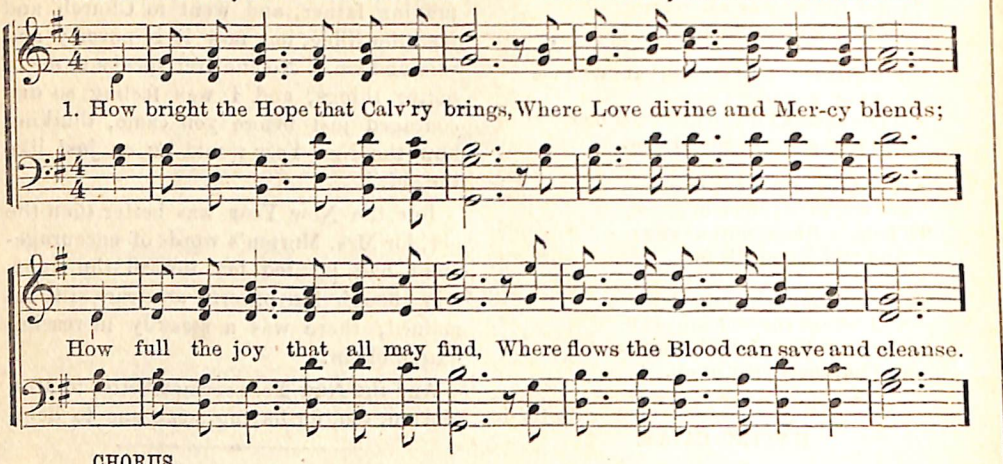
A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT ON BOOKS. New York: Nelson & Phillips, 805 Broadway.

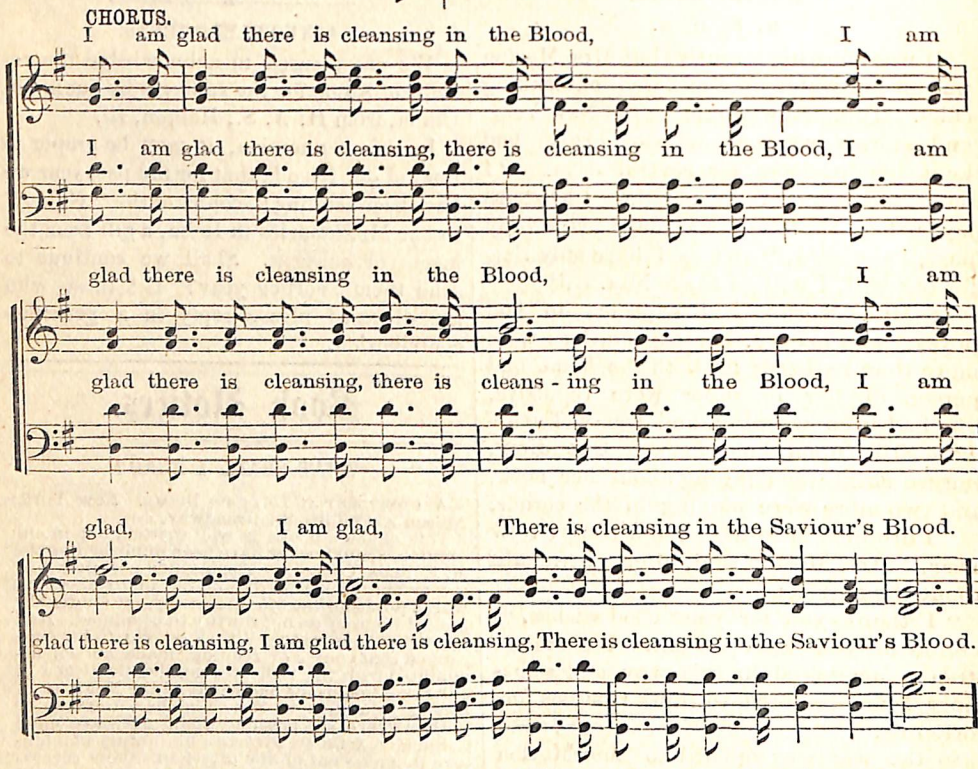
This chat on books is well written, but in our opinion, should never have been published by the M. E. Book Concern. The author certainly had a very limited knowledge of the many excellent works published at 805 Broadway, or studiously passed them by as not worthy to be named. Had the "judicious mother" that is said to have arranged that course of reading, made herself acquainted with the rich biographies published at our Book Rooms, or had she read the Memoirs of Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, Carvoso or Father Reeve, she possibly would not have gone to Sheldon & Co. to advertise his library of eighteen memoirs out of the fifty-four others recommended, and perhaps the novels named would have been far less. We do not blame our Book Agents, as amid the multiplicity of their cares they could not be expected to read the manuscripts of books; but the General Conference have appointed their editors to attend to these matters, and as Mr. Wesley's doctrines have been called in question, and now our literature and publishing house put in the shade, we will turn it over for investigation and work for the next General Conference.

For the Guide.

I AM GLAD THERE IS CLEANSING.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Harmonized by ALICE HARTSOUGH.





2 'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go,
And wash its sins and stains away;
Who gives up all—who comes by faith,
This cleansing finds without delay.

3 Speak, speak to Zion's burdened ones,
Lead, lead them up to Calvary's Mount;
The want of aching hearts is met,
'Tis cleansing in Redemption's Fount.

4 Why need we struggle on in self,
We cannot make one black spot white;
'Tis Christ's own Blood, and that alone
Can change and cleanse the heart aright.

5 I come! I come! and glad I am
That Jesus calls the lost and vile,
There thousands have a cleansing found,
I'll heed the Saviour's welcome smile.

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GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

"COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS."

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

Oh, blessed fellowship divine!	1 John, 1 : 3; Acts, 10 : 41.
Oh, joy supremely sweet!	Acts, 2 : 28; John 14 : 24.
Companionship with Jesus here	Luke, 24 : 32.
Makes life with bliss replete:—	Matt. 17 : 4; Luke, 9 : 29–32.
In union with the Purest One,	Eph. 5 : 30; John 17 : 23.
I find my heaven on earth begun.	1 Peter, 1 : 8.
Oh wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime,	John, 15 : 11.
I've Jesus with me all the time!	Matt. 28 : 20.
I'm walking close to Jesus' side,	2 Cor. 6 : 16; Gen. 5 : 24; Gen. 6 : 9.
So close that I can hear	Isa. 30 : 21
The softest whispers of His love,	Num. 11 : 17.
In fellowship so dear,	1 John, 1 : 7.
And feel His great almighty hand	Isa. 41 : 10–13.
Protects me in this hostile land.	John, 15 : 19.
Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime,	
I've Jesus with me all the time!	
I'm leaning on His loving breast,	John, 13 : 23.
Along life's weary way,	Jer. 35 : 21.
My path illumined by His smiles	
Grows brighter day by day;	Prov. 4 : 18.
No woes, no foes, my heart can fear,	Isa. 51 : 12; Ps. 37 : 2.
With my Almighty Friend so near.	Ps. 119 : 151.
Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime,	
I've Jesus with me all the time!	
I know His sheltering wings of love	Ps. 91 : 1; 57 : 1; 63 : 7.
Are always o'er me spread;	Ps. 91 : 4.
And though the storms may fiercely rage—	Ps. 89 : 9; Matt. 14 : 24.
All calm and free from dread—	John, 6 : 20.
My peaceful spirit ever sings	Phil. 4 : 7.
"I'll trust the covert of His wings,"	Ps. 61 : 4.
Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime,	
I've Jesus with me all the time!	Isa. 35 : 10; John, 17 : 24–26.

Scripture References arranged by MRS. COL. LOWE, of Xenia, Ohio.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Temptation.

"Watch, for the time is short;
Watch, while 'tis called to-day;
Watch, lest temptations overcome;
Watch, Christian, watch and pray!"

The first Adam was tempted—so also was the second Adam. The first Adam was overpowered by the tempter—the second Adam overpowered the tempter. The first temptation and its direful result covered humanity with darkness and woe—the second lifted the race into light and victory.

The scene of the second conflict is before us for consideration. The record is given by Matthew in his 4th chapter.

Jesus had received His great ordination, ordination to His life-work. Baptized of John in Jordan, a double divine attestation was given to His high commission. The Holy Spirit, descending upon Him in the form of a dove, beautifully symbolized His personal character, and the character of His kingdom which He proposed to establish upon earth. Purity and peace, in either case, were the chief characteristics. The Eternal Father, speaking out of heaven, acknowledged Him as His "beloved Son," challenging for Him the faith and homage of the world.

Now, His fidelity to this high commission was to be tested. The satanic power was unloosed—the antagonizing forces of the realm of darkness were upon Him. The conferment of Eden honors and Eden-bliss, was immediately followed by the sharp and relentless conflict with the subtle serpent. The entrance of the second Adam upon the splendors of His earthly kingdom, contemplating the restoration of Eden-light and blessedness, was quickly followed by the terrible conflict with the subtle adversary. It were difficult to determine whether this quality of the fallen angel, *subtlety*, was more acutely displayed in the Eden contest, or, in the wilderness assault upon the Beloved of the Father. While the heavenly proclamation, "*This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,*" was yet reverberating through earth and sky, Satan set himself, "with hellish malice full," to put the declaration to the proof. "Is this Jesus indeed the Son of God, the Son of God with power? I will demonstrate it to be an idle declaration," said the infuriate chieftain.

Let us survey the scene. The circumstances favored the assault. For forty days and nights the Son of Man had tasted no food. His exhausted nature was well exposed to the fierce attack of the foe—it is written, "*He was an hungered.*" The solitary place selected was favorable to the evil design, the solitariness of the wilderness.* It is said that evil demons delighted in these spots of solitariness and desolation. Satan was allowed to have the clearest field imaginable for the putting forth of his prowess. In this we see the overmatching wisdom of God. There, in the wilderness, the attack was made. "Jesus was tempted of the devil." It was a veritable temptation, the hottest in which he ever engaged with humanity, in this person of the second Adam. Temptation literally means, "*to stretch out*, or try the strength of." This was his hour and his power—he brought all his combined forces to bear upon the work of stretching out, and trying the strength of his antagonist.

Mark! the question at issue was the *sonship* of Jesus, as proclaimed by the Father. Now, as the Son of God, it was justly inferable, that He should be pre-eminently favored of the Eternal Father in certain respects, three

*Probably between Jerusalem and Jericho. The sternest and most desolate mountain region in all Palestine. The ridge called Quarantania (in memory of the forty days) is the highest in Judea. An almost precipitous wall of rock twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the plain.

especially, and to these Satan applied his searching tests.

1. As the Son of God, the beloved of the Father, Prince of the royal family of heaven, He was supposed to have royal provision. Contrary, however, to all legitimate conclusions in this respect, this Prince of the royal family of heaven was found here in an earthly wilderness, positively without bread, "*an hungered.*" "How is this?" inquires the crafty potentate of darkness. "How is this that *thou* art here without bread, starving? Well, if this emergency is indeed upon thee, and thou art really vested with power, it is easy for thee here in the wilderness to make proof of thy *sonship*, 'Command that these stones be made bread.'"

No temptation could have been hurled at the Son of God, more subtle, virulent, or apparently overmastering.

And yet see, how quickly and effectually hurled back. "*It is written,*" said Jesus, "the sword which is the Word of God," at once leaped from the scabbard—and, skillfully wielded, put to flight the adversary. "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,"—teaching, as one writer says, "that man's life is not shut up in bread, but hangs on the sovereign will and good pleasure of God."

Matthew Henry here remarks: "The great thing Satan aims at, in tempting good people is, to overthrow their relation to God *as a Father,* and so to cut off their dependence upon Him, their duty to Him, and their communion with Him. The good Spirit, as the comforter of the brethren, witnesses that they are the 'children of God;" the evil spirit, as the accuser of the brethren, does all he can to shake that testimony. Outward afflictions, wants and burdens, are the great arguments Satan uses to make the people of God question their sonship; as if afflictions could not consist with, when really they proceed from, God's fatherly love."

The hunger of Jesus in the wilderness, indicative of the greatest lowliness, gave occasion to demonstrate, in the sublimest degree, the sonship of Jesus. As Lange remarks, "It was the Lord's object to smite the devil, not by majesty, but by humility." So it may be with us, our poverty in the wilderness may be our highest riches, and enable us, like our Lord, to make full proof of our sonship.

2. As the Son of God, the beloved of the Father, Prince of the royal family of heaven, He was supposed to be peculiarly under divine protection. Foiled in the first attack most signally, but not discouraged, Satan aroused himself to a new assault. He put the question of "*sonship*" again to searching test. "Surely, as the Son of God, thou must be specially under heaven's protection; will the Eternal Father see thee in peril and not rescue thee? Undoubtedly not." Taking Him to the pinnacle of the temple, he said, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Alford says here,—"The general opinion, that our Lord was placed on Herod's royal portico, is probably right. That portico overhung the ravine of Kedron from a dizzy height, so as to make one giddy with looking down, as described by Josephus."

Observe here what a sudden transition is made in the presentation of the temptation, from distrust to presumption. And see too how adroitly the adversary makes use of the very weapon by which he had just been so ingloriously defeated, *the Word of God,*—showing his ability, as it is declared of him, "to transform himself into an angel of light. Bishop Hall remarks: "What is this I see? Satan himself with a Bible under his arm, and a text in his mouth? Having

felt the power of the Word, he now tries it." But, like many of his earthly allies of our day, he used the Word to suit his own purpose, leaving out important qualifying clauses. He quoted the promise to the Son of God, keeping the condition of the promise in the back-ground. "They shall keep thee, *in all thy ways.*" This latter clause was left out. We have no assurance of protection except in the way. Deviating therefrom, we are utterly exposed. We are surely on the line of deviation when rash precipitancy siezes us. Jesus had a short way of dealing with the foe, by his Scripture reference. "It is written," said Jesus, (and when He makes a divine quotation it is with resistless emphasis) "*Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!*" That was an unanswerable Word,—the adversary for a second time reeled back in discomfiture.

Saints, your adversary will seek to lead you, like your Lord, to some dizzy pinnacle, and have you cast yourselves down. Your escape from the foils of the destroyer lies in the skillful use of the two-edged sword. Meet him with, "*It is written,*" and you are conqueror.

3. As the Son of God, the beloved of the Father, Prince of the royal family of heaven, it was fitting that He should have a throne and dominion. For the third time Satan tested the sonship of Jesus. He led Him to the brow of an "exceeding high mountain," showing Him "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," —"in a moment of time," it is said in the parallel passage. How this was done, I am not careful to inquire. The permissory power was afforded Him. God was, by this satanic ministry, throwing upon the canvas a sublime picture for the ages to admire —Jesus in temptation—Jesus more than a conqueror in temptation! We are now looking at it and are entranced in the contemplation.

Standing upon that mountain summit a brilliant prospect was opened—sovereignty and dominion in measureless extent and glory. "All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me!" Thy Father has given thee no throne, no dominion, no glory,—I will supply the lack."

Temptation was now at its height—the climax was gained—a triple advance of satanic subtlety and might demanded the immediate and complete overthrow. It was time now for the demonstration of Christ's sonship to reach its climax. The authorative word was spoken,—"*Get thee behind me, Satan!*"

Instant, overwhelming defeat followed that omnific word. The record is made up for after ages to read:—"*Then Satan left Him!*"

Saints of the Lord, so it may be with you. Temptation is your inevitable allotment. The first Adam in Eden, the second Adam in the wilderness, attest this. Remember, temptation is not sin—yielding is sin. As Jesus foiled the adversary in every subtle advance, so may you. Jesus has been tempted that He might succor the tempted. Meet the foe in *His strength* and victory is sure. Ministering angels will come flying over your path, bringing heavenly supplies, upon which you may regale yourself after each exhaustive conflict.

HIDDEN MANNA—AN EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. GEO. D. WATSON.

"And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another: It is manna: [or what is it?] for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which Jehovah hath given you to eat."—Exod. xvi. 15.

To him that overcometh [see 1 John v. 4] will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."—Rev. ii. 17.

I write this only for the purpose of ministering grace to others, and glorifying Christ. Called to the Christian ministry from my earliest

recollection, I sought the Christian religion several times from my tenth to my eighteeth year; but I was not converted, because I wanted sin more than I wanted salvation. On the 12th of August, 1863, while in the midst of deepest sin, I suddenly determined to repent. The next day, while seeking Christ with my whole heart, I found conscious forgiveness and peace with God, at which time my call to the ministry was revived and intensified. I began preaching in the summer of 1866, and joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1868.

At the National Camp-meeting at Oakington, Md., 1870, under the influence of Rev. Alfred Cookman and Dr. J. F. Chaplin I gave myself more fully to God. I walked in steady, clearer light for several weeks. But when I returned to my Charge, and confessed and preached perfect love, having no one in full sympathy with my experience, and meeting much persecution from the older Church members, I abandoned the profession, and very soon found my faith unsteady and less definite. I then descended from a restful to a toilsome Christianity.

From that time on, the great hidden bent of my soul was intense, intellectual application. That book which would most extort brain sweat, became my delight. I had hours of sweeet communion with God, but they were unsteady, and I had a great deal of soul twilight. I loved to preach; enjoyed a revival; felt much enthusiasm in all the interests of my Church; felt at home only in Christian society; and was often thrilled with the harmony and grandeur of Bible truth. What, then, was the matter with my life?

I felt my whole life to be one unending will-struggle; that my volition was kept in a strain as if pushing itself through the piled-up duties of each day. My years were filled with crumbled resolutions to be more courageous, industrious, Christ-like, etc., as if Christ-likeness came by will-power! I felt anxious about my work and my success. For years my motto was "hard work," with a double emphasis on the "hard." I felt that disappointment, trouble, sickness in my family, etc., was often rather hard to be endured. When the burden was heavy, I would weep and feel rebellious alternately. I was often impatient toward men, especially professed Christians. I too often allowed myself to become vexed at the inconsistencies of my Church members.

I lived every day knowing that my heart and will and life were not up to the Bible standard; and there were whole chapters, and many verses of Scripture which I did not experience. Even when I regarded holiness as only a growth in grace, I knew that those who professed perfect love had an experience that I had not. I suffered much from melancholy. An unkind or unfavorable criticism, or an apparent neglect, would often cause the deepest gloom. As the result of all these, I grew very tired. My soul and body seemed to ache with weariness. I grew tired of myself.

From these experiences I was led to the following advancing steps: a deep desire for heart rest; I found my mind lingering upon the calmness of Christ's life, the fact that Christ was never hurried,

never over-crowded, and never excited, until I longed to have His freedom from anxiety and His heart rest. I thirsted for some deep, affectionate friendship. My soul was drawn out very much in prayer, and I grew very teachable. I saw as I had never seen that "whatsoever was not of faith, was sin."

December 1, 1876, at midnight, after an hour of prayer, I felt a willingness to turn my body, soul, and spirit over to the will of God, absolutely and eternally, without any reservation. Instantly many suggestions were presented to my mind, some of them absurd, but I answered them all positively and immediately. I had never felt that my cigar was a sin, but that night when Jesus whispered, "Will you abandon your tobacco, that your body may be my clean temple?" I answered immediately, "Yes, Lord." Then Jesus whispered, "Will you go anywhere on earth that I may send you; will you suffer willingly and without a murmur anything that I may send in your life; are you willing to be just as holy and spotless as I want you; knowing that the experience of entire sanctification is so little understood and so much opposed by many ministers and Church members, will you in the face of all this, stand before the ministry, the Church, and the world, and confess me before men as your complete sanctifier; will you never preach a sermon or undertake anything without seeking especially to please me; will you freely consent to die at any time, in any place, and in any manner that will glorify me?" To all these inner whisperings, I added with a melted heart, "Yes, precious Jesus, I am entirely thine; do as Thou wilt with me and through me, now and forever." I then fell asleep. Next morning, Saturday, December 2d, I awoke, finding my appetite for tobacco nearly all gone, and my mind set against it; I also felt very calm and peaceful, but did not regard it as the result for which I was seeking.

The only remaining step was faith. A meeting for Christian holiness was held in my Church that afternoon, and in that meeting I repeated in my heart the limitless consecration of the night previous, and at the same time I determined to claim, accept, and confess Christ as my Sanctifier and limitless Savior, then and there. I knew that my consecration was entire, and so I found that faith was easier than I had ever known before. I was not seeking a baptism of joy; I was tired of myself, and simply seeking to get myself consciously out of my own hands and entirely into the hands of Christ. I had but little concern what God would do in me or for me. I simply determined that my consecration and faith should be entire, and then let the matter rest.

THE FULFILLMENT.

My work in this process was done; for Jesus distinctly says our work is to believe on Him; now came the work of God in me. When I sank down in an act of heart-trust on Christ's complete saving power, everything within me became quiet and still. The rest of my soul was imparted to my body. "His rest shall be glorious" became a reality. The long battle of will, all anxiety, all per-

sonal ambition, worry, and care, were annihilated. All my care was literally cast on the Lord.

I remained in this state of mind from Saturday to Monday afternoon. I had spent a season in prayer, reading chap. i. of 1st Peter, when the Holy Spirit applied the eighth verse to my heart with unutterable power and glory. The spiritual resurrection power spoken of by Paul in Colosians iii. and Romans vi. 5, was a matter of consciousness. My conversion was powerful and very sweet, but this was positively "unspeakable and full of glory."

I had a distinct consciousness that Jesus made my heart pure. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," was fulfilled in my heart. I was not aware of anything in my soul but love. I knew that all prejudice, all spirit of criticism, all intellectual pride, all impatience, and everything like self-seeking, were washed away. The Bible was wonderful and powerful; I found the life of holiness all through it; found that God gave us present tense promises, and the words of inspiration entered my mind with a luminous flash.

Christ's indwelling was a matter of positive faith and much assurance. There is nothing in my experience that is not found in the Word of God. The 35th chapter of Isaiah and 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians has become my experience; and I know that my precious Savior, by the Holy Spirit, has done this work in me. Severe temptations have beset me, but I betook me to prayer, retained a steady faith in Christ as my complete Savior from all sin, and have even felt that I would rather lie down and die than displease Him. It is not me, but the Christ in me; and the life He pours through my nature is absolutely wonderful.

This is not a transitory blessing, for my repose on God is as steady as the roll of a planet. It is not wild enthusiasm, for I can find a text of Scripture to justify every sentence in this article.

You may have your theories of this subject, but laying aside all quibbling, is this your experience?

In your honest heart do you not believe that this is the experience which the Apostles and New Testament exhibit? Do you want this light and experience? Will you say that Jesus is not able to give it to you?

Instead of this perfect love being the exception, ought it not to be the ordinary and wide-spread experience of ministers and Church members?

Now unto him who is able to wash you whiter than snow (Psa. li. 7), to make you kings and priests unto God by His blood (Rev. v. 10), to sanctify you (Jude 1), to keep you from falling, and to present (Jude 24) you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy (Jude 25), to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. AMEN.

—Hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life! for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty, which beget inclination to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in.—STERNE.

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

BIBLE KEY-WORDS—"NEVERTHELESS."

A FOOLISH WORD COUNTERBALANCED.

SABBATH, FEB. 2.—"For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes; nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplication when I cried unto thee."—Psa. 31 : 22.

How many foolish things are said in haste. Even good people are not wholly exempt from this folly. The Psalmist is an example. Once he made a rash declaration concerning his fellow-men—he said in his haste, "*all men are liars.*" Here he is on record as having made a rash and foolish utterance concerning his God: "*I am cut off from before thine eyes.*" This too in full view of a thousand proofs of God's love, and unfailing watchcare. In the verse preceding he uses this joyous language, standing in striking contrast with the doleful words before us: "Blessed be the Lord: for He hath shewed me His marvelous kindness in a strong (or fenced) city." A song of triumph in one verse, and a wail of despair in the next. How like the experience of many who name the name of the Lord,—such alternations of light and darkness, such lamentable fluctuations! There is a better way,—a purer, steadier, happier way. Happy those who have learned the art of trusting, *ever*—in light and shade—in storm and calm.

"*Nevertheless*,"—ah, here comes in our "key-word" in the passage. It opens to us God's gracious overrulings of human frailties. "*Nevertheless* thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee." The mercy of the Lord compassionates human weakness, even the hasty words of His saints, intercepting them ere they have wrought out their evil purpose. Many a time has He interposed, in the midst of our rashness, to extract the poison of our words and to prevent the mischief which might otherwise have ensued. Better, however, that we should have a divine equipoise of spirit, leading to a more careful weighing of our words, saving us from these records of folly.

FAITH IN GRAND EXERCISE.

SABBATH, FEB. 9.—"Nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net."—Luke 5 : 5.

Our key-word here in this passage shows us, in the back-ground, faith utterly prostrated—in the foreground, faith in grand exercise, under illustrious sanctions. The Gospel scene is on the sea-shore. Simon and his fishermen-associates had toiled all night and caught nothing. Jesus appeared on the scene of action in this emergency, confirming the proverb, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." First of all, He sat down, and taught the people out of the ship, for "much people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God." His lesson of instruction being ended, turning to Simon, He said,—"Let down your nets for a draught!" The disheartened fisherman replied, "Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing." They had washed their nets on the bank of the lake, and were preparing to go home, lamenting their ill-fortune. How gloomy the prospect! Just like us, oftentimes—an empty vessel—a useless net—plenty of fish in the sea, but alas, none to be caught. An inward feeling of despondency, and a crying out, "*It's no use!*" Many a day's experience like that is crowded into human life, even saintly life, everything looking dark and forbidding—the temptations to cast away confidence well-nigh overmastering.

But, hark! a voice of authority and love and power is heard—it is the voice of JESUS! He steadies the faltering nerves, awakens new life, im-

parts a marvelous inspiration, arouses to heroic action. So with Simon. The illustration is pertinent. His great "*Nevertheless*" in this connection is grand. The voice of Jesus cast ill-success into instant oblivion, and started all the forces of his being on a new line of action. The issue nobly justified the faith and the corresponding action. Learn then, beloved, that safety lies in following implicitly the Word of Jesus, even though mountains of difficulty intervene, or unrelenting seas lie stretched before us. The great "*Nevertheless*" of faith, leaping up in the heart, and suitably expressed, will give certain victory.

TIMELY COMFORT.

SABBATH, FEB. 16.—"Nevertheless God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus.—1 Cor. 7:6.

One of the most precious designations given to God in Holy Scripture is, that He is "the God of all comfort." Heathenism has no such view to present to the blinded worshippers of false gods. They are comfortless, positively, everywhere, *comfortless*. Not so with the saints of the Most High. They have access to boundless sources of comfort, in all life's tribulations.

The context contains a graphic and sorrowful picture of apostolic experience: "We were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears." In saintly life now, this experience is often duplicated. What then? Is the pressure unalleviated, is the cup unmixed gall? No! blessed be God. The great "*Nevertheless*" comes in with its train of relief. "Nevertheless God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus." Mark well this language, "God, that comforteth those that are cast down." Saintly annals are all aglow with illustrations. Think not, then, if cast down—(it may be suddenly, with even terrible force, so that the prospect of rising is apparently effectually cut off)—that you shall not rise again, the God of comfort takes cognizance of the extremity, and will quickly respond, in the boundlessness of His compassion. "*By the coming of Titus*,"—ah, He has many a Titus to send forth on errands of comfort. The appointed messenger comes with buoyant step, and glad countenance, and ringing words, well-laden with heavenly cordials.

"*And not by his coming only*."—No! The Holy One of Israel is not limited. Consult carefully this seventh verse, and see how all-comprising, how exhaustless are His stores of comfort.

Beloved, say with Spurgeon, "Let me lay my head on the bosom of Jesus, and I feel not the distraction of care and trouble. If my God will give me ever the light of His smile, and glance His benediction, it is enough. Come on, foes, persecutors, fiends; ay, Apollyon himself; for "the Lord God is my sun and shield." Gather, ye clouds, and environ me, I carry a sun within; blow, wind of the frozen North, I have a fire of living coal *within;* yea, death, slay me, but I have another life—a life in the light of God's countenance."

ENTIRE RESIGNATION.

SABBATH, FEB. 23.—"Nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt."—Mark, 14:26.

Jesus, our adorable Redeemer, is here in a posture of entire resignation. He was in Gethsemane, prostrate on the ground, pressed to the earth by the ponderous weight of the world's guilt, drinking the cup of agony, His whole immaculate nature groaning under the unparalleled terrors of the hour. His sensitive nature cried, for the moment, "Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me." But, in an instant, the significant, all comprehending, wide-reaching, "*Nevertheless*," was upon His adorable lips. All His faculties, human and divine, were in the expression. It is significant of

perfect resignation, amid "the hour and power of darkness," when the forces of earth and hell were in marvelous combination, if haply they might swerve the Son of Man from His redeeming purpose. But, not one hair's breadth could they move Him from the Father's footstool,—His great heart of love rendering Him sublimely loyal to the ordination of heaven, and to the great interests of humanity.

The lesson of Gethsemane is golden,—it should be engraven upon our mind as with the point of a diamond. What is it? It is this: As Jesus, our living Head, assumed such a posture of lowly and entire submission, under this *world-pressure*,—so should we under life's heaviest exactions. But can we, poor, timorous, frail, trembling creatures—if so, how? We may, by having the now living Christ enthroned within us. Ah, then, in the darkest hours, amid the bitterest experiences, we may say, as did the adorable Jesus, "*Nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt.*",

Like an humble Christian who was very ill, who, being asked whether she wished to live or die, replied, "*Which God pleaseth.*" "But," said some one standing by, "if God were to refer it to you, which would you choose?" "Truly," said she, "if God were to refer it to me, I would even refer it to Him again." Happy woman, triumphant woman—happy, yea, thrice happy, all who are in such a case!

For the Guide.

THE BIBLE.

M. ANNESLEY.

No doubt but common sense is a divine gift, and God deals with us in a common sense way more plainly than we recognize. All his exercise of measure for measure is plain dealing, as man in justice requires and expects.

We are too apt to mystify Bible truth, and not be willing to receive the plain instruction as we read; as he that runs may read, and also understand by the light of the Holy Spirit, which is ever attending the Word, while the honest mind is ready to pick up the crumbs of instruction here and there, as holy words are applied to the heart. We can take in but a little at a time, as we have often found, after having the mind well steeped in six or seven chapters, as Luther used to do; yet considering that portion has been so sweet and precious all throughout its perusal, we are left in such a state as to read it all over and over again, because it is divine; and new beauties and new strength still remain to cheer us onward. And a week hence we may glean in the same corner of the field with a lap full of ears of wheat.

Therefore, no other book is like the Bible, for it has an abiding divinity which has ever, and ever will attend its reading and study. A little child sits down with the big Book on his lap, and for an hour will ponder over the narratives or teachings, and will lay it down reverently as the sweetness of its truth has affected his heart. Can he explain to you the meaning of this effect on his mind? or tell you all its meaning to his soul? No; but something will occur in his little life that will wonderfully bring out the words of Jesus, or David, to his knowledge, so the truth will be sealed upon his heart; and thus, day by day, the precious Word instructs and guides him, and saves him from Satan's tares.

Let the Bible only have its way in the world, as God's own Book,

and we need not fear all Satan's attacks upon it, for to-day it has a power and sway in the earth it never had before in a day that is past. Then let us pray that the continually descending Spirit may apply its reading to the heart and conscience.

For the Guide.

PRECIOUS WORDS OF PROMISE.

MRS. I. M. HARTSOUGH.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Peter 1 : 4.

Oh, what precious words of promise,
Christ hath given in His Word,
Full of love and heavenly wisdom;
Elsewhere such are never heard.

Do our sins appear before us,
Reaching almost up to heaven?
If we make a true confession,
He will speak them all "forgiven."

Are our hearts unclean, polluted,—
Sad effect of Adam's fall?
"Blood" divine hath power to cleanse us,
And it freely flows for all.

Do we "labor, heavy laden,"
Are we sore oppressed with care!
"Rest" the blessed Savior offers,
If we come to Him in prayer.

Do we meet with persecution,
Tears of anguish caused to shed?
"If for righteousness we suffer,
Happy are ye," Christ hath said.

Do temptations gather round us,
Trials are we called to face?
All who ask in faith—believing,
Shall receive "sufficient grace."

Do we have great tribulation,
In the world, defiled by sin?
Tender words of consolation!
"Peace" we all may find in Him.

Are we near the chilling river,
Do the billows heave in view?
Leaning on the arm of Jesus,
He will lead us safely through.

Do we dread the great hereafter.
Fear the Judge upon the throne?
"Perfect love" will give us "boldness,"
He will not condemn His own.

Blessed Savior! dear Redeemer!
Thanks and praise we give to Thee,
For thy precious words of promise,
Glory Thine forever be!

FORT DODGE, IOWA.

WHAT IS YOUR TESTIMONY?

PHOEBE PALMER.

God's people, of all ages and of every religious community, are individually bearing some sort of testimony, either for or against the faithfulness of God. And that testimony has been, and still is being recorded. Yes, there it stands written out; not only known and read of men, but open to the searching eye of God and angels. However insignificant we may appear in our estimation, yet the testimony we may have given in, or the future of our lives may present, has been and will be recorded.

The Book of Lives has been written up from the first ages of the world, and will continue to be written up till the remotest period of time. Not a single act or word but has been recognized by the recording angels; and it is thus by the minutia of life that the general testimony of life will be made up, when the judgment is set, and the books opened.

Little did ABEL, whose short but righteous life glorified God, imagine that the brief history of his life was being written up by more than angel-pen, and thus to be an open an ever-speaking testimony to the millions of deathless beings since born into the world. The taunts of his sinning, envious brother were borne with in secret. But he endured it as seeing the Invisible. The Invisible was looking on him; and noting down his righteous course, gave the influen-

tial testimony of his short life to the world, and there it stands written out in living, ever-speaking characters, in that holy Book of which God himself is the Author.

The summings up of good Enoch's life, though so briefly told in the words,

"ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD,"

how inspiring was the testimony! Though the age was degenerate, and he lived among men as a man, with his sons and daughters surrounding him, yet he walked with God three hundred years. Little did he think while he was struggling on amid temptation and surrounding pollution, careful to keep himself unspotted, and walking with blood-washed garments for a long term of years, that a divine hand was taking down the testimony of his daily life, for the benefit of all succeeding generations. The same might be said of

ABRAHAM.

Little did he think when he was taking his first steps in faith, by journeying to a land that he knew not, that the testimony of his faith and obedience in thus following God blindfolded, was being inscribed with an immortal pen, and handed down to posterity as a model testimony.

And thus we might refer to Isaac, Jacob, and all the truly good of every age. But let us for a moment refer to the testimony given by

CALEB AND JOSHUA,

in company with the ten who went with them to spy out the land. The ten probably thought they had a right to promulgate their opinion. We may imagine that they were not insincere in testifying that they were not able to go up and possess the land.

What, then, made the difference between Caleb and Joshua and their brethren that went with them? It was this,—the two *believed* God, and with their eyes fixed on His promise, testified accordingly. The ten, instead of believing God and trusting in His power and faithfulness to give them the land, looked at the strength of their enemies and their *own* weakness, and imagining they had a right as men to speak out their own thoughts, testified according to their belief.

But how little did they imagine that the gaze of the upper and lower world was upon them! How the Holy Spirit was grieved! How the angels, who are ever in sympathy with God, were grieved! as the testimony was noted in heaven, "They believed not God, neither trusted in His salvation." And what a jubilee there must have been in the lower regions, when they saw that this army, six hundred thousand strong, were, through the effect of the testimony of these ten men, to be turned back to wander in the wilderness, till they should be consumed!

Will it not be well to ask every one reading these lines, WHAT TESTIMONY IS NOW BEING RECORDED OF YOU? Is it that we are well able to go up and possess the land, or does the record of your daily life and conversation testify before the world that we are not able?

"Now, Father, let the gracious showers
Descend, and make me pure from sin,
Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst and make me clean."

For the Guide.

"HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE."

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

It would seem that every one who has been made a partaker of the grace that bringeth salvation must be intensely desirous to bring others to Jesus, and would be willing to make great sacrifices to save immortal souls.

AN INCIDENT SUGGESTIVE

was related in a meeting, concerning the late Mr. Vassar's conversion.

When he was a young man, a pious friend of his who was deeply concerned in regard to his conversion, repeatedly and urgently invited him to attend revival meetings in the place of his residence, but without success. He then offered him the present of a new pair of boots, if he would go with him to one of the meetings. Accepting the proposition, young Vassar went to the house of God, was awakened and converted. His subsequent devoted and useful life is so generally known that it is unnecessary here to dwell upon it; but that act of his friend should be held up for the imitation of Christians throughout the world.

The account of this incident recalled to my mind one of a similar character, related to me by Judge Monroe, of Mount Holly, N. J., father of Dr. S. Y. Monroe, of the New Jersey Conference. A man whose long and useful life was a great blessing to the world, and whose memory as my beloved class-leader for nineteen years—is fondly cherished.

The circumstance occurred in his youth, during his apprenticeship to the hatting business in Philadelphia. He had been converted in old St. George's Church, and was an earnest and happy Christian. Faithful in recommending to his shopmates the heavenly treasure he had found, they ridiculed and persecuted him. His repeated invitations to attend the revival services were treated with derision and contempt; but so earnest and persistent was the young convert to save his companions, that he offered to pay them for attendance at the meetings; believing that if they could be brought within the reach of the Gospel which had saved him, they also would be saved. His proposition to give them each fifty cents if they would go with him to Church, was accepted. Repeating this many times would have been a serious sacrifice to the young man, for his means were very limited; yet he was so intent upon their salvation that he was willing, if need be, to spend all he possessed, if he could bring them to Jesus. But the desire of his heart was accomplished the first time they listened to the blessed truths of the Gospel. Both were awakened and converted, and both became active and devoted Christians. One had been a Roman Catholic, and going West soon after his conversion, was eminently useful there; became a minister—was connected with one of the Western Conferences, and some years after was sent as a delegate to the General Conference at one of its sessions in Philadelphia, when Judge Monroe met him, to his great joy, as an ambassador of the Lord Jesus.

Could there be a better investment than those made by Vassar's friend and the young hatter? If

such a spirit should prevail among Christians, would there be any lack of means for the extension of Christ's kingdom in our own land, or in heathendom? How long would it be before the world would be converted?

For the Guide.

SOUL REST.

REV. J. P. ANTHONY.

Rest is an element man needs and under proper circumstances can appreciate. Sin produces unrest,—"the wicked are like the troubled sea that cannot rest." Many others who do not call themselves, wicked are murmuring, fretting, uneasy, complaining, and surrounded with carking cares; hence they know nothing of the blessedness of a rest in Christ that is quiet, free from disturbance, in repose and reconciliation with God, enjoying peace and satisfaction. Rest is not stupor, sloth, dullness, or recklessness, but it is that state brought about by a living, strong faith in Christ, and commits itself and all its interests into His hands, and feels perfect security therein.

Faith must make God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Bible, and heaven *real to us*, before the soul can enter into rest in full confidence. Then the soul does not depend on surroundings, or a bright sky, but it has sunshine in the heart. It is free from fear and realizes safety in trouble, afflictions—in the lion's den or in prison, yet easy and safe; nothing to annoy. A soul at rest has also an all-sufficiency in all things, so that it knows no want. Every longing is satisfied. Every desire is met in Christ. It has also centralized affections. Love does not rove about from place to place, but is centered on its God. Delight, fear, friendship, all poised on Jesus.

Such a soul admits of no Monday of broken rest, to admit a world of confusion and worry. No disturbing or distracting element is admitted to this heart. Glory to God, the writer has been permitted to enjoy this happy experience for years, and he would invite all readers of these lines to come and see and taste for themselves.

"When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possessed!
I taste nnutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest."

For the Guide.

TWO YEARS IN THE BEULAH LAND.

L. S. FOWLER.

This beautiful moonlit evening,—this 14th of November is a blessed anniversary. All day long my Shepherd has led me into green pastures and by still waters, turning my soul to praise and thanksgiving. Retrospecting the last two years in the Way of Life, I am led to glorify God whose grace has kept me, whose hand has led me, and whose blessed benediction of love has brought an abiding peace to my soul.

Two years under the light of His countenance! What has earth to equal these precious months in the Beulah Land?

"I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing [complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear."

How hath God exalted us in privilege, to invite us to abide in Him,—to bid us to His feast of love! When such a feast is prepared for those who will, shall we

not all open wide the door of our hearts and bid the blessed Jesus come in?

He says, "If any man will open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." Oh, that the numbers may daily increase of those who, "leaving the principles," go on to that perfection of faith and love, which is a fitting symbol, as it is a foretaste of heaven.

Much that the world calls pleasure must be relinquished, in order to reach this state of grace. Many sacrifices will appear to be the price of peace, and the way will seem so narrow, but when we have come to the valley of decision—when our souls have indeed hungered and thirsted to be cleansed from sin, and made fit temples for the indwelling Spirit, no thought of sacrifice will tempt us to stop short of the being "filled." We shall so see our emptiness of all that would recommend us to God, that we shall cry,

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

All we can bring is a broken and contrite heart,—this God says He will not despise. And surely this as well befits a Christian of twenty year's standing seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as the penitent sinner seeking pardon—each must come as "a little child."

Coming to God in His own appointed way, faith takes Him at His word, the Spirit enters the temple, and as all the being is infused with the glory of His presence, and thrilled with the bliss of the joy He brings, where is the pain of sacrifice—the dread of the narrow way? They shrink into the merest insignificance, they pale before this divine radiance; they are absorbed in this glory as the dewdrop is absorbed by the beams of the sun.

God is not a hard master—He does not demand the giving up of all that we mortals delight in. He allows the use of all innocent enjoyments, imposing self-denial only of those pursuits and pleasures pernicious in their tendencies and results, and of these the enlightened conscience at once disapproves, and for these the sanctified soul loses a relish. It has indeed become a verity in our experience that "God fills all the room in a believer's heart;" God's gift of himself meets all the soul's demands. Thenceforth love drives our chariot wheels, and in allegience to Him whom our soul delights to honor, we find our joy—"the bliss of knowing Jesus."

YALESVILLE, CONN.

For the Guide.

REST.

IRA S. LOCKE.

An increasing interest is being manifested in religious circles on the question of the Second Advent. The interest is not confined to theologians, it is shared by all denominations. The wide distribution of the Bible; the successful preaching of it through the whole world by devoted missionaries; the wonderful results of the preaching, especially during the last half a century, in the conversion of many heathen nations to Christianity; the prominence given to the question by eminent theologians, ministers and Bible students; the conviction widely felt that most of the prophecies have been fulfilled, and their

seals removed,—all these are regarded by some as evidences of the speedy re-appearance of our Lord; and by others, of the near approach, if not the actual presence, of the last things.

It is to be hoped that the present prominence of the question may incite increased interest in the grand themes of the Bible, and especially of personal salvation and consecration. For while it is well to contemplate the possibilities of the hour, the re-appearance of Christ, and the end of time, it is far more important that men be quickened to the necessity of individual preparation. This is the great object of religious teaching, and all topics are to be studied with this object in view. To have the heart pure, and filled with the love of God, and imbued with His Holy Spirit,—the life conformed to Christ's own example; to obey His commands, to observe His precepts, to feel the constant assurance that we are His and He is ours,—this is the great end. For one thing is certain: we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.—2 Cor. v. 10.

When personal consecration has been made and holy living attained, then by the strong, the other topics may be contemplated. Would we reign forever and ever with the redeemed? Then we must never cease to so live that we may be accepted of Christ. When in doubt as to the propriety of a contemplated act, we should pray. When tempted or tried, pray. When in sorrow, we know that God does not willingly afflict; and when the world goes wrong and our worldly prospects seem blighted, are we not assured that even a little sparrow is not forgotten before God, and that the very hairs of our head are all numbered? "Fear not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." Surely the Christian has every reason for encouragement, for there is no possible contingency in life that God has not provided for, and all the way along, He will watch over us and care for us; in our last hour comfort us, and when the world and its cares are over, He will make us unspeakably happy in an eternal world of bliss. Oh, what joy there is for the Christian! What high hopes, what exalted ambition, what brilliant prospects! "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."—Matt. x. 22. "And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Peter v. 4. "A crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give him at that day."—11 Tim. iv. 8.

Is not this worth striving for? The hope of the Christian, what can equal it? His ambition, what so exalted? His prospects, what so brilliant? To have the heart filled with rejoicing, to possess the constant sweet assurance of God's love and approbation,—surely religion is good to live by, its comforts are blessed to die by. To have our life hid with Christ in God is to dwell with Him through all eternity.

Salvation full and free,—let it be the first object in life to secure it, and having secured it, let not the

witness of the Spirit be lost; but let a watch be constantly kept, and every avenue of weakness defended. God is just, and His mercy endureth forever; but let it not be forgotten that we are commanded to *watch*.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

SHE HATH FALLEN ASLEEP.

Affectionately dedicated to Mrs. Laura C. Andrews, on the death of her mother.

BY MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

She hath fallen asleep! it is well,
  She hath thus lain her life burthen down;
Long years did she bear the stern cross,
  But it fitted her brow for the crown.
She may have forgotten e'en now.
  That ever earth taught her to weep.
Let us say while in sorrow we bow,
  It is *well* she hath fallen asleep.

She hath fallen asleep! fold the robe
  O'er the meek heart so pulseless and still;
She hath gone to her Father and ours,
  And our grief is His glory and will.
The rest which He gives His beloved,
  Is hers, untroubled and deep,
And because we so loved her we say,
  It is well she hath fallen asleep.

She hath fallen asleep! it *is* well,
  She will not be weary again;
We will lie down beside her ere long,
  Then why should our weak faith complain?
We shall claim on the morn of our rising,
  Victor palms which the seraphim keep—
Oh! what glory will crown the beloved,
  In Christ who have "fallen asleep."

MRS. MARY SNELL.

Departed this life Nov. 14th, 1878, near New Lexington, Perry Co., Ohio, Mrs. Mary Snell, in her 73d year. The summons was sudden, yet it found her willing. Death had no terrors for her, and though our hearts are greatly saddened by the absence of one we so much loved, yet we know that our loss was her eternal gain, and that her praises were only hushed here to join the angelic host above.

Early in life she sought and found her Savior, and united with the M. E. Church, and lived a life of faith and prayer. She loved her Savior supremely, and all that was pure and lovely, and was greatly beloved by all who knew her. She was a reader and a lover of the "Guide to Holiness." She leaves a husband and four daughters and one son to mourn her departure. One daughter and one son preceded her to the heavenly land. She leaves many endeared friends to mourn her departure. In all the relations of life she was exemplary; her daily life was an illustration of Christian purity and love, and her death has brought deep sorrow and anguish to the hearts of her relatives and friends; but the greatest comfort in their affliction is the assured hope, that she has attained to a bright and glorious immortality. Her health for several years was feeble, but her trust was wholly in the Lord. She lived a holy life, and in death was triumphant.

"Servant of God, well done!
  Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle fought, the victory won,
  And thou art crowned at last."

ROBT. SNELL.

MARY CATHARINE INSKEEP.

Died near Greenland, Grant Co., W. Va. Decemember 21, 1878, aged fifteen years. After a brief illness of five days, she passed away, with a smile of heaven's own glory on her countenance. Before she departed, she said she was going home, and said, "Tell all my relatives and friends to meet me in heaven." W. W. INSKEEP.

THANKS.

Many thanks to our friends for the noble efforts they have made to extend the circulation of the GUIDE. The success which has crowned their efforts is gratifying, both to themselves and to us. We hope the canvass will be continued through the month of February. The records of the Post Office at Station D, in this city, show that only one other house deposits in that office as much mail matter as we do. Our tracts and books are scattered all over our country, no doubt doing great good.

Editorial.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS SAVED!

"Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not."—Jeremiah, 33 : 2.

Shall we call as invited, and ask for the mighty things of our Almighty God? With such a promise, may we not ask and expect the greatest revival ever witnessed? What say you, brethren of the ministry and laity, to the accession of hundreds of thousands to our ranks this year? What say you, daughters of Zion? Let every one of our large division of God's sacramental host take this question to the closet, and ask, What may I individually do to make this year a thousand-fold better than the last? When the walls of Jerusalem were being reared, every man was required to work over against his own house. A beloved ambassador of Jesus said last Sabbath, that "The normal state of the Christian, is red-hot for saving souls," and Jesus has said, "I would that ye were either cold or hot."

If each member who has accepted the Gospel invitation should begin at once to diffuse the grace, by extending a persuasive invitation to that unconverted relative, neighbor or friend, would not the immediate result be an increase of grace in his own soul? If this course is energetically and prayerfully pursued, before one week is passed, you will find that your revival has most gloriously begun. Grace, mercy, and peace will be multiplied to all who will thus personally engage in inviting sinners to Christ.

Some may commence urging the invitation, feeling that they themselves have received but a small portion of the bread of life, but we will hope that there are but few, whose names stand on the Church records as volunteers in the service of the Captain of our salvation, but have received a portion of their heavenly bounty, however small. So important is this giving the invitation, that Jesus says, "Let him that heareth say, come." The Spirit is ever saying, Come! If the Bride, that is, the Church in her individual membership, was ever saying "come," how soon would thousands hear the Gospel invitation, who now are saying, "No man careth for my soul." The walls of Zion are to be reared, and unless every man work over against his own house, the work will be delayed.

The great work of subduing the world to Christ is the work of the Church. As the army of the living God, she is called to marshall herself under the banner of Christ, for this work. Each Church, as a division of the army, is placed under the command of one whom the Holy Ghost hath made overseer. Strange that the idea should have obtained, that he who is placed over them in the Lord, should be called to endure all the close fighting, by way of bringing sinners over from the ranks of the opposer!

If thus, by divine authority, the Church, in its individual membership, may be brought up to the help of the Lord, how soon should we behold thousands won over to Christ! Oh! if we might but see the individual membership of the Church thus engaged; by her holy activities she would be known as a living Church of the living God. Such would be the accumulating elements of power and grace, that the design of God in raising her up would speedily be realized; the world would be reformed, and scriptural holiness spread over all lands. Then should we behold her "coming up out of the wilderness, looking forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

A revival of grace in the soul is the immediate result of efforts to revive others. Where is the man but would feel his own soul drawn nearer to Jesus, by an attempt to bring a wanderer to Jesus, the Friend of sinners? The returns of grace are, in fact, immediate. The spark of love to Christ, though it may indeed be small, as it emanates from the heart of the humble believer, and finds its way to the dark, polluted heart of the wayward sinner, courses its way with more than lightning speed back, in unsullied rays of ten-fold

splendor, to the lowly heart from which it issued.

Grace to be retained, must be used. The smallest particle is a precious, priceless trust, purchased by the blood of Jesus, and can only be retained on condition that it be used. The bestowments of grace do not begin to multiply, until the intrusted gifts are actually brought into use; and then they multiply in the hands of the recipient as rapidly as did the loaves and fishes in the hands of Christ's early disciples. The faster the process of breaking to the multitude, the more rapid the diffusion of blessings to others, and the reception of grace to the heart of the diffuser. "Give, and it shall be given," is the unalterable axiom of grace.

HONORABLE SERVICE.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. "His work is honourable and glorious; and his righteousness endureth forever."—Psa. 111 : 2-3. "Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee; therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life."—Isaiah 43 ; 4. The service of the Lord is an honorable service. Angels serve him, and still more, angels are not only our company, but they are also the servants of God's servants on earth.

"Angels our servants are
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace;
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend."

Elisha, though with no honorable attached to his name, by way of eminence as an earthly dignity, was so honourable as one connected with the court of heaven, that he was of sufficient note to be favored with an especial escort or guard from the heavenly world. It surely would be regarded as a matter of some importance, if a special guard (a host), as was the case with Elisha, in which the servant of the prophet had only to have his spiritual eyes open, to behold the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about his master. But the enemies of Elisha were smitten with blindness, and therefore could not see what a host there was for Elisha. O, these worldlings know not how these friends of Jesus feasts with kings and priests.

Elisha, God's servant, was of sufficient note as one of heaven's honorable ones, to have a very large company of cavalry—horses and chariots of fire sent to surround him; when the Syrians would have taken him, the mountain was full of horses and chariots. Only think! all this for one man. Does not God indeed not only honor, but guard his servants against their persecutors? Who can wonder that he has said, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper.

There was what in earthly phrase was called "poor Lazarus," who by virtue of his heavenly birth was so honored, that an especial escort was sent, not merely from a foreign earthly court, and from thousands of miles distant,—that were indeed an honor beyond what is ordinarily bestowed on the princes and kings of earth,—but a special escort from the throne of the King of kings is sent to convey him to his distant home as one of heaven's nobility. O, this is the way that God honors his servants.

HOLINESS IS LOVE—PERFECT LOVE.

There are many prejudiced against the doctrine of perfect love, or holiness of heart. Some of these are among those who do not mean to be prejudiced. Perhaps it is in part from seeing some who profess this blessing, do things not consistent with perfect love. But is this, or any other reason that can be urged, sufficient for standing aside from the subject? Do not hundreds who profess to be living in a justified state, do things inconsistent with a profession of that state? Yet you do not, on account of this inconsistency, give up your interest in the subject of justification. On the same principle you might not only give up the doctrine of justification, but all religion, for many of its

professors do not make their practice consistent with their profession.

The truth is here. All the old leaven remaining in the heart of those not wholly sanctified, the tempter would fain work upon by way of repulsing this precious cause of heart holiness. There is nothing our arch enemy so much hates as the doctrine of purity. He would fain blot from the statute book the command, "Be ye holy, for I am holy!"

News Along the Line.

PENTECOST AND STEBBINS IN FALL RIVER.

Rev. W. L. Phillips, in "Zion's Herald," says of these devoted evangelists: "They have come, labored, and passed on to other fields of labor. The results:—1. In a time of unprecedented depression and disaster, when all prophesied failure, the attention of a busy city has been held for seven weeks by the simple preaching of the Gospel. Meetings, held at hours most inconvenient possible for a manufacturing community, have been daily thronged during all this time; and all this in the face of the apathy, nay, the open opposition of the leading evangelical denominations.

2. The Bible is revered and studied as never before. It has been unsealed, and now preaches in many homes where before its utterances were misunderstood or unheeded.

3. More than four hundred newly-converted have applied for membership in the various Churches. (Of this number Methodism receives about one hundred and fifty.)

Many more have been converted who have not yet decided upon a Church home, and an equal number of dead and dying Church members have felt the stirrings of a new life, and give signs of returning health.

4. The work is not the result of "personal magnetism," to which this age delights to refer all unexplainable influences. It is of God; it goes on grandly; scores are being converted throughout the city, and the refreshed Churches are marching on to still greater victories. The entire atmosphere of the place has been purified and spiritualized.

"This is the Lord's doing, and marvelous in our eyes." May He grant unto these chosen vessels of His honor and might a long and useful future, is the united prayer of the "City of Spindles."

Dec. 31, 1878.

GOD IN HIS WORD.

A well authenticated report comes to us from Japan, forcibly illustrating the marvelous power of the Holy Scriptures. It is summarized as follows: "Several copies of the Scriptures and other Christian books were recently given by the American Board Mission to the Governor of a prison at Otsu, Japan, who passed them over to an educated prisoner in jail for manslaughter. Soon after a fire broke out in the prison, but the entire body of prisoners, numbering nearly 100, instead of improving their opportunity to escape, assisted to put out the flames, and remained to a man to be again imprisoned. Such a remarkable circumstance occasioned inquiry as to the cause, when it appeared that the scholar had been so impressed with the truth of Christianity that he taught it to his fellow prisoners, and Christian principles, combined with his personal influence, had such power over them as to restrain them from fleeing when the doors of their prison were opened. The scholar was consequently pardoned, but he remained in Otsu to teach the prisoners. He has opened a Chinese school for young men, where Christianity is taught, and is now preparing to reprint a Chinese commentary on the Gospel of John."

For the Guide.

LETTER FROM PHILIPOPOLIS, BULGARIA

Although just beginning my work in this field, and therefore unable to write at length, I thought a few words in regard to Bulgaria might be well received by those who are fellow-laborers in Christ's kingdom.

The Greek Church has great power here—a combination of error and superstition. It is difficut to reach those adhering to it.

There are a few in this city who call themselves Protestants, but comparatively few of them, it is feared, know the way of salvation by faith. It is in reality a valley of dry bones. We know that the power of God's Spirit is able to enlighten these dark souls, and to Him we are praying, "Let Thy kingdom come even here." The country has been greatly impoverished by late troubles; many villages burned in the surrounding country; the inhabitants take refuge in this and other cities. Not long since our Bible woman returned from a tour in the region of Eski Zara, where they gladly received the Word. There are in this vicinity one hundred villages where the Gospel has not yet been preached. Our aim in training the girls under our instruction is to send them out to the Bible work. Bulgaria needs men and women who are full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. We need also the prayers of all the faithful: that all our steps may be divinely directed, and that our labor may not be in vain in the Lord.

CELIA R. DOOLITTLE.

PHILIPOPOLIS, DEC. 14th, 1878.

MORRIS, ILL.—Rev. A. P. Graves, Evangelist, writes: "The Lord is giving us showers of blessing here, as at every point where we are called. At the consecration meeting yesterday, the power of the Spirit was so manifest some were flooded with divine light and love. How sweet to sit at the feet of Jesus and accept the promised blessings. We spent eleven days at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, a few weeks since. The Methodist College, of which the blessed Dr. King is president, is located there. There are two hundred and sixty students. The corps of teachers are so consecrated, that they do not intend to let a student come under them without receiving the best of lettered knowledge, and above all of spiritual gifts. I have not met a better school in the land. Bishop Andrews' son was converted while we were there. The Lord gave a blessed wave of divine power to the college, the Churches, and the whole community.

REPORT OF AN EVANGELIST.

Many readers of the "Guide" will remember how God called me to the work of an Evangelist, eight years ago. I want to say the anointing for that work still abides, and I have the sweetest evidence that this call is divine. God has blest my labors greatly during the past Fall and Winter in Maine, and we are in the midst of a glorious revival of entire sanctification and radical conversions in Greenland, N. H. The fire of the Holy Ghost burns with intensity, and the dross of sin is melting away. The Gospel has lost none of its power to save. Glory to God!

READING, MASS. E. DAVIES.

Revival Miscellany.

Our exchanges come to us bearing the good news of important victories for the hosts of Zion all along the line. A correspondent from Baltimore writes: "In the East Baltimore District glorious revivals have been continued through the Fall and Winter, greatly comforting the hearts of the brethren laboring in that department of the work. On the Washington District large accessions have been made, and a degree of prosperity is enjoyed throughout the work. God has set His seal of approbation on the toil of His servants, and the gathered harvest is glorious."

BALTIMORE, MD.

Mr. D. L. Moody has been laboring for five weeks in the Grace M. E. Church, and every night the spacious Church has been filled to its utmost capacity. His success cannot be measured by the number of conversions reported. The Churches are stirred to their depths in the north-western section of the city where he has been laboring. Backsliders are reclaimed, the halting decided, the timid strengthened, worldliness rebuked, and the indolent spurred to duty; while the pure and true are cheered in their faith in God, and learn more dependence on the divine and less on the human.

In the Madison Square M. E. Church, Baltimore, under the labors of the Evangelist, Rev. Thomas Harrison, nearly five hundred persons have professed conversion since the meetings were commenced. Upward of three hundred of the converts have united with this Church, where the excellent pastor, the Rev. G. G. Baker is closing up his full term, after a laborious and successful pastorate.

INDIANA.

Rev. W. S. Falkenburg writes from Greenburg, Ind.: "It is not often that outsiders ask for a series of meetings to be held in a Church at their cost. And yet this was done recently in this city. A committee man was sent to the official board of Centenary Church, asking the use of the Church, and an invitation to Mrs. L. O. Robinson, of Greencastle, to hold the meeting. The invitation was complied with, and a meeting was held, continuing nine days, resulting in some forty accessions, and many more conversions, among them some of the best men and women of the town. The Church was in good condition before; but the last meeting was one of such wondrous power, that the entire membership was quickened. Sister Robinson is certainly one of the elect women, and does great things by grace. We have had eighty-two additions since Conference.

The most powerful and extensive revival ever known in that region, has come to College Corner, Ind. The oldest members of the Church exclaim, "Wonderful, wonderful! Glory to God!" One hundred and ten applied for membership, and perhaps the conversions exceed that number. The conversions were on the old Methodist style, at the altar, and clear and distinct. The converts were of various ages, from ten years to over fifty. Rev. G. P. Jenkins is the pastor.

OHIO.

The Lord is wonderfully blessing the labors of Rev. P. P. Hamilton, of the Gallipolis Circuit. There has been ninety accessions and over one hundred conversions; several have professed the blessing of perfect love.

Second Church, Youngstown, O., Rev. G. F. Oliver, Pastor, has been blessed with a glorious revival. Upwards of eighty have been added to the Church, and more professed conversion. The society, but little over a year old, has thus since Conference doubled its membership.

NORTH NEWBURGH, N. Y.

In a great spiritual revival now in progress in North Newburgh, N. Y.,—H. C. Earl, Pastor,—nearly seventy have commenced a new life. The Church itself has been greatly quickened, and many who apparently had simply a name received the resurrection power.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I.

There is a revival in progress at Hempstead, L. I., the Rev. C. F. Miller, Pastor. Some seventy-five have been converted during the past two months, and sixty-five have been added to the Church.

NEW YORK CITY.

St. Mark's M. E. Church, in this city, (35th St., near Broadway,) is just now enjoying a very excellent revival, and up to New Year's eve reported sixty-one conversions. The Pastor. Rev. R. A. Read, (transferred from the Washington Conference by Bishop Andrews last Spring,) is meeting with great success in his work, as well as enjoying the love of all his people. His congregation already embraces a large number of the leading colored people of the city. The blessing of the Master rests upon his work.

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

PAYING AN OLD DEBT.

A merchant engaged very extensively in commerce, and located in Boston, died intestate, at the age of seventy-five. After his death, a package of papers of considerable size was found, carefully tied up, and labeled as follows:

"Notes, due-bills, and accounts against sundry persons along shore. Some of these may be got by suit or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have

had bad luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think with me, that it is better to burn this package entire."

About a month after he died, the sons met together, when the elder brother, the administrator, produced this package, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it? Another brother, but a few years younger, of strong impulsive temperament, unable to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other toward the grate, indicated his wish to have the package put into the flames. It was suggested by another of the brothers, that it might be well first to make a list of the dates and amounts, that they might be enabled, as the intended discharge were for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day they again assembled; the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, the amounts of which (including interest) amounted to thirty thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

It was about four months after my fathers's death—continued my informant—tha I was sitting in my brother's counting room, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, there came in a hard-favored little old man, looking as if time and rough weather had been to windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor? My brother replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate.

My brother requested him to take a seat, being at the moment engaged with other persons at the desk. The old man sat down, and, putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather pocket-book, and began to count his money. When he had finished, as he sat waiting, slowly twirling his thumbs, he sighed, and I knew the money, as the phrase goes, came hard, and wished the man's name might be found on the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked his name, residence, &c. The original debt was for four hundred and forty dollars; it had stood a long time, and with the interest amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars; my brother went to his desk, and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance. The old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and I shall never forget the conversation which occurred between them.

"Your note is outlawed," said he; "it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there are no witnesses, and no interest has ever been paid. You are not at all bound to pay this note; we can never recover the amount."

"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it; it is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and wished to do so with man. I should like to pay it." And he laid his banknotes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

"I cannot take this money," said he. The old man became alarmed. "I have reckoned only simple interest for twelve years and a little over," said he. "I will pay you compound interest, if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father, sir, was very indulgent—he knew I had been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it."

My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and taking the bank-bills returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due-bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he said: "From the time of your father's death I have raked and scraped and pinched and spared to get the money together for the payment of this debt. About ten days

ago I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow, and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my mind. I did so; and now, what will my old woman say? I must get back to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hands on my shoulder, as we parted, 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread.'"

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

BELOVED IN THE LORD:

The daily meetings continue, and are still sustained with much interest and favored by the divine presence. For the last ten days they have been held in the parlors of our dear sister Chandler, whose glowing testimonies cheer our hearts at each meeting. The Good Shepherd, whom she has learned to follow very closely, is leading her into the richer paths of His love, and she is growing stronger every day.

What a blessed thing it would be if all would follow thus our blessed Lord—for the results are the same in regard to the rich enjoyment of the good things of the kingdom, with all who follow Him fully. All have not the same gifts, but all may have the same grace, and all may glorify God by letting our light shine according to the capacity which He has given us.

On this subject a sister spoke, in a recent meeting, with much point and power. Her voice had scarcely been heard this Summer—she said, and the reason was that she thought she had no ability for speaking. If she could speak like Sister Palmer or Sister Chandler, or some others who possess special gifts and graces, then she would not hesitate, but she was not willing to speak in her own weak way. She now discovered that pride was at the bottom of this. And a remark by Dr. Stokes had driven her from this subterfuge. He said, "I know I am not much, but what I am I'll be for God. If I can't be a sun, I'll be

A FIRE-FLY,

and I'll raise my tiny wings and let my little light shine out for God."

The sister said,—Those words have done me more good than anything I have heard since I have been on this ground. All the sermons—grand and blessed as they were—through all the camp-meeting, and all the good things I have heard, have not been to me the real, heart-felt benefit that those few words of Dr. Stokes were. They woke me up to a sense of my responsibility, and to the fact that God requires the service of us that we have the ability to perform, and if we are not willing to render that service because it is not equal to what another of greater capacity can do, we displease Him and bring condemnation upon our souls The parable of the talents came in here very appropriately. The sister said,—I have made up my mind to be a willing and obedient child. I know I am only a little fire-fly, but if God can use me, I am going to shine in my little way, and do all I can for Him. In making this resolution God has greatly blessed me, and I am going home with new light and faith and love, to let my life show forth His praise more than I have ever done.

This testimony had a heart-stirring effect upon all who listened. The beautiful illustration of the fire-fly caused in many hearts a corresponding resolve to render to God according to the ability He hath given them.

Remarks were made in reference to

HEART PURITY

as a qualification to work successfully for God. The inspired words, "If thou wilt take forth the precious from the vile, then thou shalt be as my mouth," came in appropriately.

PURITY IS POWER,

is a truth that has found many illustrations here during our four months' worship in this consecrated place.

Many remarkable testimonies have been given of late, and some from those who,

like the sister above alluded to, have had closed lips all Summer.

Yesterday, I was impressed that some were grieving the Spirit who still hesitated to speak of what God had done for them, and I said, If the dear Jesus were here—visibly present, and should look around upon this company, and say to us,

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES,"

would we not every one feel that He expected us to say something, to express at least our grateful love to Him? Would one refuse or hesitate? And surely He is here in our midst, and He is saying, "Ye are my witnesses." Will any one withhold the tribute of praise due to our adorable Redeemer? Several then spoke, and with tears acknowledged their neglect of duty in failing to testify; and also spoke of their conscious loss in withholding that which was due to God. Two Presbyterian ladies who had never spoken in a meeting, and who had been greatly blessed, spoke forth praise to God for His great goodness in bringing them nearer to himself. One of them had come here crushed under a great weight of sorrow. She came here for physical benefit, her health being quite broken down. She knew not the design of her loving Father to give her the richer blessing of renewed spiritual health. She had been greatly blessed in listening to the testimonies of advanced Christians, having learned from them the possibility of living so near to God as to be lifted by His arms of love above the sorro vs of this world, and in His great mercy she now realized this great salvation. She went down to the ocean this morning to see the sun rise, and was charmed with the magnificent beauty and grandeur of the scene. As she looked upon the sun emerging, as it seemed, from the ocean, making a path of glory across the waters, she thought, Thus has the Sun of Righteousness arisen from the deep sea of my sorrows and shed its rays over all the billows of my grief, making for me a bright path to the great source of eternal light. I am going up the shining way to see and praise my God. The illuminated countenance of the lovely woman attested the blessed truth, that the Eternal Sun was indeed shining upon her soul, making her glad in the glory of His smiles, who is the light of earth and heaven.

"Thus, sorrow, touched by Him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

The case of this dear one has deeply interested us all as a wonderful example of Omnipotent grace, to transform into gladness the deepest gloom of crushing sorrow, causing the most glorious triumph in Christ. How often it is our happy privilege in these days to sing the doxology over the

TRIUMPHS OF HIS GRACE.

Hallelujah to our all-conquering Jesus!

DIFFICULTIES REMOVED.

[This communication, though not intended for publication, is so instructive and encouraging that we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers, with the hope that many others may see "The illustrated way of sanctification:" that is, by laying our all upon the altar, and then believing what God says, that "the ALTAR sanctifies the gift."—ED.]

W. C. PALMER:

The "Guide" which is now being sent to my address, Mrs. F. L. Stevens, Dwight, Ill., you may discontinue. It is not without regret that I say this, and perhaps it will not be long before I can spare money to take it again. But I want to tell you, in my broken way, how much good I have received from it.

Six years ago I felt greatly afflicted from the death of a member of my family. Earthly hopes were broken to a great extent, and in their place God gave me a holy longing. I had ever felt I gave way to sins so much. I never felt satisfied with myself, and yet it seemed I was so sinful, under circumstances so peculiarly trying, I could not help giving way.

But I so abhorred sin, I longed to be able to live without it. What was it to be sanctified? Was it merely to have strength

to overcome, that I should never give way to evil; or would my sinful nature be taken away, so that I would have no more propensity to sin? I read everything I could get hold of on the subject of holiness, and seeing a copy of the "Guide," which a friend had while visiting us, I subscribed at once. I read everything with great eagerness; it was like food to the hungry. Still I could not understand what sanctification was. I read of consecration,—again and again would I consecrate myself to God, but felt no different. How I longed to converse with some one who could instruct me in the way. But it was not till after the death of Mrs. Palmer, I think it was the January number I was reading—though I had read the December number containing her death over and over again, weeping—but it was after that. Some one in writing of her, said that it was she that had illustrated sanctification as laying our all on the altar, that it was the altar that sanctified the gift. I understood as I never had before, though I suppose I had read it from her own pen before, but my attention had not been drawn to it, as it was then.

I went to God, looking over my heart to see if there was anything I could not give up. One thing I had long prayed to God for, and had not yet received the thing for which I prayed. Could I give this up if God required it? For a few moments I hesitated. I desired it the most of anything I could think of, but I knew God's way was the best and I yielded all. 'Twas done! I had the witness of the Spirit that I had complied with God's requirements. I was happy and enjoyed much of the Spirit's presence. But it was not till reaching "Faith and its Effects" you sent me last Winter, (O, how much good that little book has done me!) that I was enabled to believe myself cleansed every whit,—purified, or in other words, openly confess I was sanctified. What would my friends say? I, whom everyone could see so many faults in, I would be doing the cause more harm than good to mention it publicly. But those letters of Mrs. Phœbe Palmer enabled me to see these were the suggestions of the adversarary,—faith triumphed, and I never had a doubt since as to my cleansing. There has not been a cloud between me and my Savior since. I am the Lord's and He is mine. I have no fear.

I do not feel capable of telling my experience in a way to benefit others, (how I wish I could,) but I simply wish to tell you how much good the writings of Mrs. Palmer have done me. "She being dead yet speaketh."

Yours, truly,

MRS. F. L. STEVENS.

DEC. 29th, 1878. Dwight, Ill.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

DEAR DR. PALMER:

I feel that I must ackowledge to you with a thankful heart, the still monthly visitations of your precious "Guide." Every new one I expect something on which to feast, and I do not get disappointed. I am still remaining at the Institute, but was absent through the hot months of July and August, though my limbs are fast in the stocks (except when I wish to write) and undergo much treatment daily. I have a heart ever swelling with praise for the relief that I already have. Though wave after wave of sorrow has swept over me, yet my soul is unmoved. I am basking in the sunlight of His love. hoping for, aspiring to that beautiful state—holiness of heart. If the Holy Spirit still continues to illuminate my soul-temple, I hope to be able to do something yet for my blessed Holy Savior. As I read the beautiful and sublime thoughts inscribed in the "Guide," I think the mantle of Mrs. Phœbe Palmer has fallen upon some of the sainted ones left behind. There seems to be no lack of sweetness or power. Surely it is meat and drink to me; next to my Bible I love it. Inexhaustible treasure! An advocate for the "Guide,"

MRS. F. E. FRISBEE.

National Surgical Inst., Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S.—If you feel that you can, will you try and give this a place in your "Guide?" and if this appears to me in print, I will try and write something of my experience with conflicts and victories, as the Holy

Spirit shall lead me. Can you continue to me the "Guide" while I remain here; will let you hear from me as regards my progress and prospects, they are very bright at present for recovery.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

[We are allowed to copy a private letter of interest in experience, addressed to Rev. H. Belden.—M. A.]

My Dear Brother—How shall I thank you for your kindness to me. Such a long letter—so full of comfort and instruction, and so fully meeting my difficulty. I can only do as I have often done before upon the receipt of your letters—thank God for giving me such a helper, and pray Him to bless you from His own abundant fulness. I think you are entirely right in your understanding of the causes of my distress, and of their effects upon my spiritual life. As you say in your own experience, "were calculated to show that the temptation is common," and that fact does serve to encourage me.

It seems already strange to me, that I could have been so greatly distressed by Satan's arguments, and that I did not use the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit with persistence and power. But God means to teach me some lesson of trust and patience, and I do accept the humiliation as from Him, and, of course, needed. I think of your kindness and patience toward me with gratitude, and how much more should I praise God for His loving forbearance and tenderness? My heart does praise Him, and with His help, so shall my words. Before your letter came, last Sabbath, while endeavoring to press the question upon my S. class—God's willingness to give the blessed Holy Spirit,—it fell back upon my own heart with some comfort; and in the evening, while listening to the portrayal of our Heavenly Father's pitying love, I lost my fears and troubled mind in His own enfolding love. The experiences you give me of your own similar temptations and distractions in prayer, were quite a revelation to me. I really did not suppose you ever had them. They do not in the least lessen my faith in your entire consecration—and they greatly encourage me to hold fast the profession of my faith.

"More and more I am convinced that the only way to run with patience the race set before us, is, by "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

"We may well afford to trust the divine philosophy, however opposed it may seem to the human, as it is given for our guidance in the 121st Psalm—"Our eyes are up to the hills," that our feet may be unmoved. No self-help—no struggle—simply the lifting of the eye of faith unto Him from whom cometh help. My early teaching and reading enforced rigid self-examination;—perhaps I misunderstood, but the habit of looking at self retrospectively and introspectively, I am quite sure now was not good. A certain measure may be needful; but "looking unto Jesus" discovers us unto ourselves, and more and better discover Him unto us, our perfect love and peace and rest.

Glorious Saviour! How precious to them that believe. When I am too sick to think of anything else—this one thought is always uppermost and satisfies me, "God is love,"—Jesus is the manifestation of that love through the Holy Spirit. I often say just that, over and over, to myself—especially when awake and restless in the night—not to make myself believe it, but because I do believe it and there is such infinite comfort in it."

AN AGED WITNESS.

A sister from Sycamore, Ill., writes,—"If I live to the 14th of December I shall be eighty-six years old. I have tried every person in the city that I thought would take the "Guide," and herewith send you five dollars for five subscribers. I assure you that God has been wonderfully good to me all my days, and I hope to meet you in that world of glory with all the blood-washed throng, and join you in loud strains of praise to God and the Lamb forever and ever. Amen.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

January 14, 1879, was a meeting of unusual interest· Dr. Bottome's grand hymn,

"Come, Holy Ghost, all sacred fire,
Come fill thy earthly temples now,"

was sung in faith, while on our lips the words lingered,

"'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
Our longing souls are all Thine own,"

many hearts were conscious of the sealing impress. Many most interesting cases from our own and foreign lands, written and verbal, were presented for prayer, and were taken to the mercy-seat, Sister Irvine and Dr. Palmer leading. After singing,

SisterP —— rose with the precious Bible in her hand, and said: While we were kneeling, the blessed Holy Spirit has given me an unusual consciousness of our need, our entire dependence. Our only hope is in Him. In the first chapter of Acts we will find help to our faith. We are going to read about the Spirit. Let us listen as from God. Pausing at 4th verse, "Wait for the promise of the Father, which saith He, ye have heard of me." She said,—What have we heard? What had the blessed Jesus said about it? Did He say, "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another comforter, that He may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth. He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I said unto you?" Does our Jesus say unto you, beloved ones?—does He say to me now, "My peace I give unto you?" Resting againat the 8th verse, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me." She remarked: To us the day of Pentecost has fully come. Our Jesus is saying to us now, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." My heart has been saying,—Lord, teach me how to receive. I remember a perplexed seeking one saying to a sister who was trying to help her, "Tell me just how you came? You tell me to yield my will, and trust to Him to save me. I don't know how to do it. Do it once again loud." We are gathered here as helpers of each others faith, and it seems as if some longing soul was saying, Think loud, tell how you came. Sister P—— began to think aloud and say: Dear Jesus, teach me how to receive the Holy Ghost. Through the power Thou hast given me, I now yield my whole being up to Thee. I have done it before, but again I put all into thy hands, knowing thou dost receive, and that the speaking blood now cleanses. Say now to my soul anew, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Lord, I do believe. I now receive. I receive the heavenly Comforter—Teacher —Guide. "I will—I do believe" Oh, that all would believe and receive just now.

Dr. P——. The blessed Jesus did say to the blind men, who had professed their faith in His ability to restore them to sight, "According to your faith be it unto you." And does not Jesus say the same to each of His disciples present? May we expect a repitition of the fulfilment of that "promise of the Father's," which Jesus said, "Ye have heard of me." "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." Are we not here to receive a new manifestation of the Holy Ghost, a baptism to qualify us to work for Jesus in the revival meetings which are being held in many of our Churches? The disciples which Jesus bid "tarry at Jerusalem" were those who had been with Him listening to His teachings, and the seventy that he had sent out to work miracles, and their success had been so great, that in the exuberance of their joy, in giving an account of their mission, they said "the very devils are subject unto us." But, notwithstanding all this, they were not fully prepared for their great work until baptized with the Holy Ghost. Shall we not expect a new baptism to fit us for the great work before us? May we not expect a revival that shall exceed anything before witnessed? I want you to pray for me, that I may be as the mouth of

God to all the loved ones with whom I am called to converse.

Sister Irwin.—I want to give my testimony to the power of the precious blood. I was wonderfully, preciously baptized with the Holy Ghost, nine months subsequently to my conversion. I used to walk along the streets of London with my eyes shut, lest anything I might see should divert my thoughts from Jesus. I seemed to be more an inhabitant of that upper world than of this. It did not seem to be so much of faith as of realization. This continued for a long time, but finally I lost my blissful feelings, and foolish like, I lost my faith. I gave up my hold on Christ and on His Word, because I had lost the sense of realization. While seeking a return of the Holy Comforter, the Spirit would urge the question, Will you take the Lord for your full portion without feeling? I was seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I wanted the same manifestation of feeling I had in the beginning, but I failed to receive it. At the Camp-meeting I prayed for what I wanted. A friend said, Do you not receive the Holy Ghost? Yes, but not in the measure desired. I had to come to the precious Word, and believe that when we pray we do receive the things we ask for; and to believe that we now receive the Holy Ghost. I am receiving salvation through His Word.

Dr. Ward.—If we believe the truth, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Since I have entered on the New Year, I have had great expectations from God touching my own personal relations to Him, and with the Church. God has met me with the thought, "Do you believe that I am able to do this for you?" and my reply has been, "Yea, Lord." The past months stands out in contrast with many decades of my privilege. Let heart be joined to heart, He can do for us all—everything we need. Mr. Finney's biographer says, that at one time while under a spiritual baptism of the Spirit, every man, woman and child to whom he spoke yielded to Christ. We may lay on sick beds, but if we lay there and speak in the Spirit, our words will be fastened. I go to Florida next week, and shall labor among the poor colored people. Ask that God may so fill me with His gentle, meek and quiet Spirit, that it may be seen that Christ is in me.

German Sister.—I am so thankful that I am here. I pray the Lord to undo the harm I may have done in my sinful days. I left my home fifteen years ago in darkness, in riches and wealth, but no comfort. I was made to fast, and punished in many ways, because I would not answer the Priest in confession. I thank God 3,000 Italians have been excommunicated by the Pope. I left my Hungarian home, but I was wretched. I thought I was good, but I was self-righteous. I was so restless, I must find rest. I had never told anybody, but now I must tell it. I ran to the minister at 7th St. M. E. Church, and there Jesus came into my soul, and has been with me ever since.

Sister ——. To believe and to receive—that is all my life. After I came into full salvation, I was so in converse with heaven and with God, that I was not in a state to help people; but the blessed Lord let me down on the solid rock—on Faith. It is a small matter for God to fill our heart. The great wonder is that God condescended to come into my heart, and to make me a witness. Oh, Beloved, I take the Word as if written to me. It is the sweetest thing in the world. There is no dependence on feeling, but there is dependence on God's Word. I want such a baptism of the Spirit, that when I go to the work of God, I may have power to bring sinners to Christ.

Sister ——. This Holy Ghost is a wonderful power, for, seven years ago the Lord killed me and brought me to life again, so that I might work for souls. Let us have the anointing for service. Pray the Lord to help me, that I may work for Him, and have great success in winning souls.

Sister Sisson.—I should sing "Crown Him Lord of all." My own soul has been feeding on 2 Peter, chap. 1, "To them who hath obtained like precious faith."

He wrote it to me. God redeemed me, regenerated me, sanctified me. I have obtained like precious faith with Peter. God could give me nothing short of the very best thing He could give me. As I sat here this afternoon, it seemed that the epistle was written to me. Partakers of the divine nature! None is so poor, none so ignorant, none so low, but that they can become partakers of the divine nature. I felt especially drawn to what Sister Irvine said about the Holy Ghost. I longed for an enduement of power for service. The Lord greatly blessed me in connection with some services. But there was an ebb and flow. At last Christ came in this way. God's commandings are God's enablings. Why not believe that as you go forth to service, His strength, His wisdom, His power will be given when needed. Since so believing God has never failed me.

BETTER THAN EVERYTHING ELSE.

A brother had led a life of justification for fifteen years and found it glorious—worth more than all the world could give. After that he found the life of sanctification more glorious, but after enjoying it for six months he lost its power, and had been shut up in doubting castle till last week, when at the Convention in Johnson Street Church, while on their knees repeating, the blood of Christ cleanseth me from all sin,—he gained the victory. He was perfectly satisfied with justification till he tasted of the old wine of sanctification, and then the new wine of justification was not enough.

SINK INTO THE WILL OF GOD.

Sister Hall was impressed with the truth that there is something for us to do in removing obstacles. Unbelief is the sin that keeps us from receiving God, and he holds us responsible if we dare to doubt. Sister Phœbe Palmer used to say that we could not get further until we come on to believing ground and accept God's Word because it is God's Word; He means what He says and never fails. We cannot glide into this place with all our rubbish. Our praying and struggling are well, but will not save us: we must sink into the will of God.

GOD'S WORD NEVER DIES.

Rev Bro. See had belonged to that company by the blissful entanglement of thirteen years. No company on earth was so precious to him as that composed of those who testify of a personal union with Christ. He had enough of theology and hair-splitting, but Oh! the personal virtues of Jesus! He had sat and walked and talked with Jesus for thirteen years, but he saw the blood then as never before. He wanted all to sit by the living fountain, the word of God—His words can never die—but to those who receive them they are as fresh and real as when spoken by Jesus. The want of a personal Christ would be the loss of everything to him.

Sister Brown knew that Jesus saved her. She heard a good illustration of how Jesus saves, given by Sister Oliver. She said, "Suppose a man was drowning, and a strong man on the shore threw him a rope: if he did not take hold of the rope he would be lost, but if he did take hold of the rope and the man did not pull him to the shore, he would be lost." Faith is taking hold of the rope, but that does not save us; it is Jesus who pulls us to the shore that saves us.

IN EVERYTHING GIVING THANKS.

Sister Searles enjoyed the privilege of crowning Jesus with glory. He was perfectly adapted to sinners like her, and saved her inside and out, and enabled her to give thanks in everything.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Thanks to our friends for their kindly remembrance of our Missionaries in India, and also of those who would gladly take the GUIDE, but are unable.

We have received the followiug sums to enable us to send the GUIDE to India, without cost, as heretofore:

N. S. S., . . .	$15.00
Mrs. W. R. P., . . .	1.25

For those unable to pay for the GUIDE:

L. P., Mt. Washington, Md.,	$3 00
L. J. Orono, Ont., . .	1 00
A Sister in Vermont, . .	5.00

For the sufferers by famine in China:

A Friend, . . .	$1.00
L. J., Orono, Ont., . .	1·00

Children's Department.

For the Guide.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL FOUND JESUS.

S. L. PALMER.

I think the dear children who read the "Guide," and want to be good, would like to hear about a little girl, who often wished that she knew that she was a child of God. One Monday morning, as with her parents, brothers and sisters, she was sailing up the East river, on their way to a Camp-meeting, she saw a minister whose face always appeared happy, and the query came to her mind, "What is it that makes Mr. ——'s face always shine?" And immediately the answer was, "He is a child of God, and he knows it." The question came, "Is not the Lord willing to make ME His child?" She remembered that the Bible said, "God is no respecter of persons," and in her heart she said, "I will ask the Lord to make me His child.

Her thoughts were diverted away until Wednesday evening, when she was found in a prayer-meeting, and began really to say, "O Lord, I want to be thy child, please make me thy child," &c. She had been praying in this way but a few minutes, when as never before, the good Spirit gave her to feel that she had sinned, and she became exceedingly distressed. A friend sitting near observed her emotion, and said, "Sarah, what is the matter?" Her reply was, "I am a sinner!" The thought of being a sinner was overwhelming, and she wept convulsively. The lady took her by the hand and led her to where they were praying for sinners.

The little one never thought of the people around her, but God was really present to her, while she was weeping and pleading, "Lord, forgive me; for Christ's sake, forgive my sins." She remembered the Bible said, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." She told the Lord that she did confess, so far as she could remember; but an incident came up where she thought she had not honored her mother, by asking direction. The little girl said, "O, if mother was only here, that I might ask her to forgive me; then I think the Lord would forgive me." Just then the dear friend whispered, "Jesus said, 'Blessed are they that mourn." The word was spoken to her heart,—Jesus said "blessed," and the little one had just said, "I must be blest—I must have the blessing now," when Jesus, through the dear friend, said, "Blessed as they that mourn." It was the blessing of pardon, and oh, what joy came instantly to that child's heart. Not the shadow of a doubt, or even painful temptation, was presented to dampen that joy, which to her was unspeakable for weeks.

Book Notices.

LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL & BIBLICAL LITERATURE. Edited by George S. Crooks, D. D. and John Hurst, D. D.

The first volume of the series is an *Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*, by Henry Harman, D. D., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature, in Dickinson College. Nelson & Phillips, 805 Broadway.

This volume, the first to appear of the above named library, is from original sources, and contains the latest literature of the subject. It is a volume of 738 pages, and will no doubt contribute very largely to the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to the confirmation of Christianity as a Divine revelation. To the student it is an invaluable compend that cannot be dispensed with

THE LIVE BOY; or, Charley's Letters.—By Edwin A. Johnson, D. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips, 805 Broadway.

This little book is dedicated to all wide-awake boys, and especially the active members of improvement clubs everywhere. We would recommend it to all such boys and girls too, and to all our friends that may desire to make a valuable present to any young friend they may wish to amuse or instruct.

OUR OFFERING.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"—PSA. 116: 12.
*"Vow and pay unto the Lord your God * * * * bring presents."*—PSA. 76: 2.

Words by F. V. Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



4.

If clearer, stronger faith we need,
More firmly to believe, to believe;
Draw near to Jesus while we ask,
That faith we shall receive.—*Cho.*

5.

'Tis done! 'tis done! our faith grows strong,
Our hearts are cleansed from sin, cleansed from sin;
We feel the joy that promise gives,
Believe and enter in.—*Cho.*

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GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

MARCH, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Love & Gentleness.

Jesus among the children, is an interesting study for Bible readers. The New Testament records in this connection are full of moral beauty, revealing the divine Redeemer in infinite love and gentleness. Ancient prophecy furnished foreshadowings of this Christly glory. Thus in Isaiah we have this expressive language, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm." In the ministry of Jesus on earth we have the accurate fulfilment of this prediction. The Jewish economy made ample provision for the children, for their moral as well as intellectual culture, and for their full identification with their country's religion. It was reserved, however, for the latter-day dispensation to cover our little ones with a wing of peculiar light and blessedness, to make them recipients of the kingdom of heaven. In illustration of this point, we refer to a scene given by Matthew in his 18th chapter. The disciples were contending about what constituted greatness in the kingdom of heaven. Strange that in such a presence, the presence of the meek and lowly Nazarene, their thoughts should have been busied with such profitless speculations! Yet so it was; and in this they gave ample proof that the old leaven of carnality was not yet purged away. Being unable satisfactorily to decide the question among themselves, they referred it to their Master, saying, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" Without attempting categorically to answer their inquiry, "Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, 'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'" By that significant act He taught them that true greatness in the kingdom of heaven consists in true littleness—that when a man is most like a child in moral qualities, he rises to the greatest eminence in the spiritual dominion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the parallel passage in Mark, it is recorded that after Jesus had set this little child in the midst of them, "*and when he had taken him in his arms*, he said unto them, 'Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me.'" Here observe that this child was of sufficient age to come to Christ when He called him, able to walk—and in taking Him up in His arms, he manifested that submissiveness and trustfulness which belong to childhood. As that child lay quietly in the bosom of Jesus, so must we—and when we can be intrusted with this trustful and submissive spirit, being thus perfectly under

Christ control we shall give the fullest demonstration of the Christly character, and be His most honored representatives in this benighted world.

But more than this, the divine Teacher here defines the relation of childhood to His kingdom—"Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me." Receive the little child where? Why, in the bosom of the Church, as Christ's mystical body and representative,—to all its shelter and warmth and nutritious provisions, that the soft brow of childhood may receive the signature of life eternal.

This relation of childhood to the Messianic kingdom is further defined in another beautiful incident in the ministry of Jesus. At one time, as recorded in 10th Mark, parents brought young children to him. The disciples repelled these paternal advances. Jesus, however, gently and lovingly encouraged their approach, taking them up in His arms, putting His hands upon them and blessing them. In His kindly invitation he had said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; *for of such is the kingdom of God.*" By virtue of His great atonement, in infantile life, up to the point of conscious responsibility, they are subjects of the justification of life. Thus Paul to the Romans, 5th chap. 18th verse, says, "Therefore, as by the offence of one *judgment* came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, *the free gift came* upon all men to justification of life." On this important passage an eminent writer remarks: "Whatever that 'condemnation' was, as to its legal or moral effect upon our race, it was effectually removed by the efficacious righteousness of Christ, and a 'justification to life' was bestowed in its stead. And this 'justification of life' was a 'free gift' to our humanity, to the race as such, it must take effect in infancy; that is, it must take effect with each individual as soon as he becomes a partaker of the 'condemnation' of humanity. The justification covers all the condemned and reverses the 'judgment' which stands against us at the first moment when it would otherwise take effect."

Hence, a child dying in infancy is amply sheltered under the wing of the atonement, and has a joyous and instant passport to a blissful immortality. Living, and passing the line of accountability whenever it may be, he is at once on salvable ground by virtue of the same blessed atonement, susceptible of the gracious influences and operations of the Holy Spirit, and may be sweetly and consciously saved at the first blush of the morn of responsible existence, and consequently eligible to admission to the visible Church and the enjoyment of all its immunities. The declaration of Jesus, "*of such is the kingdom of heaven,*" should disarm the skepticism which has so paralyzed the activities of the Church in the realm of early childhood, and lead her to draw out all her resources in this regard.

One more New Testament scene, and we shall have the Picture of love and gentleness fully before us. Jesus was in the temple. He had vindicated its honor by scourging out the money-changers who were desecrating the holy place. The blind and the lame flocked around Him, and He healed them. The children saluted Him with their happy songs, crying, "*Hosanna to the Son of David!*" The chief priests and scribes, seeing the wonders wrought, and listening to the swelling anthems of childhood, reverberating through the temple, were sore displeased, and said unto Him, "Hearest thou what these say?" Hear them! Well indeed did He hear those voices, the melody of heaven was in their song—they were singing the song of the ages! Their song was a prediction, a prediction of cross-triumphs, of Messianic splendors covering the nations. Childhood linked to the cross—childhood decking with count-

less stars the many crowns to be ultimately upon the brow of the Redeemer! *Hear them!* "Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, "*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?*" There was present with them, then, the perfection of praises for the period, lifting it into excessive light, and spanning the whole moral heavens with promise.

Away, then, with skepticism and timidity, when the buoyant steps of childhood come bounding up to the gates of the kingdom. Let them fly open, widely open, that the redeemed subjects of Messiah's kingdom may come in and consecrate their beauteous life upon the altars of Zion! The great commission to Peter was not for him alone—but for the Church of all the centuries—*Feed my lambs!* First of all the lambs. "Feed my lambs"—"my little lambs" (lambkins, as the original word means.) The word not only denotes to "feed" as the common English reads, but *take care of*, tend—that is, to do all for the flock that it requires, whether in the way of feeding, or guarding, or watching, or nursing, or governing."

But what of all this in relation to the great theme of Holiness? Much every way. Holiness puts us into such vital connection with the world's Redeemer, that we enter into the greatness of His redemptive plans as we could not otherwise.

First,—It gives a vast compass of spiritual vision. Under this inspiration the eye sweeps over a vast area of redemptive activities—apprehending clearly the law of the kingdom of grace—"*From the least unto the greatest!*" Grace throws its sounding line so profoundly into the great sea of humanity as to touch human life in its very germ, in its infant development, with its marvelous power, adapting it as well as life in its maturer developments, to the high purposes of the kingdom of heaven. Holiness thus expands the vision. Find professing Christians dwelling in low grounds of experience and they can see nothing in this realm of Child-Christianity. But, those who reside on the luminous altitudes of Christian Holinesss see here a brilliant line, crowded with trophies of redemption, and glowing with the splendors of immortal destiny.

Secondly,—Holiness enlists the whole heart in sympathy with Jesus on behalf of His domain of childhood. The softness of His bosom, and the outgushings of His heart of love are transferred to those who bear the image of the heavenly. As He had smiles with which to greet parents bringing little ones to His feet, and inspiring words—so His mystical body, the Church, under true inspirations from the cross, will have her whole nature in sympathy with this blessed work of folding the lambs.

Mountains of difficulty tumble down into the sea of oblivion when the forces of a loving heart, a heart bearing resemblance to Jesus, are in motion.

Thirdly,—Holiness draws forth the whole resources of a consecrated life into vigorous and saving action. Holiness has no time for idle speculations, or cold reasoning. She hears the Master's call. She draws out her mightiest forces. As Jesus had gracious and loving hands to lift up the little ones to repose on His bosom, so His elect ones, instinct with the life of holiness, will lift redeemed children up into the clear sunlight and balmy atmosphere of the life divine,—not waiting until sin has left its horrid imprint upon the young brow, and Satan has woven his delusive net-work around every faculty of the redeemed nature. Up, then, holy ones, to reap in this realm of childhood.

RESOLVE.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

I expect to pass through this world but once; any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to a

human being, or any word that I can speak for Jesus—let me do it NOW; let me not neglect nor defer it; for I shall not pass this way again.

NOT A TAME ERROR.

(Unpublished manuscript of Mrs. P. Palmer.)

"Wonderful indeed in this day of light, that any professed Christian of any denomination should plead for Baal, or in other words for sin! Has not God said, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die?'"

"But you mistake; I am a member of the Church, and can remember the time well when I experienced religion."

"What difference does that make, otherwise than to increase your responsibility? Shall we who profess to be of God's Zion, 'continue in sin that grace may abound?' Are not sinners in Zion quite as culpable before God as sinners out of Zion? If you are daily sinning, and are pleading for sin as a sort of necessity in the every day life of professors, the Lord have mercy upon you and make you afraid. Yes, afraid; for what can any sinner do more, than plead for the practice of sin as a necessity?"

"Hold, friend, you mistake my position. You certainly are in danger of not walking charitably. I would not have you imagine that I sin carelessly and without compunction, as those do who never have been born of God. It is with me as with Paul. When I would do good, evil is present. The same law that Paul found warring in his members I find warring in my members, and I am continually constrained to cry out, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'"

"Why, dear brother, do you not do just as Paul did when in the same dilemma? He did not continue in sin, but when he saw his deplorable state, he looked away from himself as a sinner to Jesus the *Savior of sinners.* And then looking to Jesus as the bitten Israelites, in answer to the question, 'Who shall deliver me?' he finds the question answered in one gaze at the crucified, and exultingly exclaims, 'I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Now, my brother, do as Paul did, and you may also at once be enabled to say with Paul, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.' Why not from this hour live in a state of freedom from sin? Certainly, if you ever get to the heaven of purity which Paul is now enjoying beyond the grave, you will have to walk by the same rule and mind the same thing."

"You have a singular way of bringing the Scriptures together, to make them answerable to your own views, that is, that Christians must be saved from all sin in the present life. But I prefer to take the Bible as a whole. If you imagine that you have brought Paul on your side, I can bring Solomon incontrovertably on my side. I suppose you will not attempt to disprove the wisdom of Solomon. Now, turn to 1st Kings, 8 : 46. Here you read, 'For there is no

man that sinneth not.' What do you think of that?"

"Certainly, my dear friend, there is no plea for sinning professors in that passage. That we are all born in sin and need forgiveness and the washing of regeneration, is so plain that any believer in the Bible must admit it. I do not question the wisdom of Solomon any more than you do. Solomon and St. John were of one mind on this subject. St. John says, 'If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.' On no point of Scripture truth is my mind more immovably fixed, than that by nature the whole human family are sinners. In our unregenerate state the curse of the law is upon us. Naturally, we are as prone to evil as sparks to fly upward. Born and conceived in sin, our aptitude to evil is continual. No wonder that Paul confessed that there was a law in his members warring against the Spirit. But how soon after making this confession of himself as a sinner did he find deliverance through Christ. On this subject, Paul, Solomon and John were all one in sentiment. But we shall not do John justice unless we quote his words, in the connection written. Now let us turn to John's first Epistle, 1 : 8–10, and I doubt not it will forever settle all controversy in your mind on this subject. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Now, my dear brother, do show me where there is the least possible license for sin in believers in this passage; and yet how often yourself, and others of your way of thinking, have wrongfully quoted this passage,—wresting it from its connections, and thereby made the holy apostle the minister of sin? How often, in defense of sin in yourself and others, have you said, 'If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves?' Was it not under similar circumstances that Paul so severely censured some in his day, saying that their damnation was just?"

"Nay, my friend, but are you not now in danger of undue severity? I certainly have not intentionally been insincere in my opinions. But I see now that my error has been in taking isolated passages. I surely would not deceive my own soul, or others, by setting up a defence for sin, and thus making the Holy Scriptures a standard for doing so."

"I have it not in my heart to say that you could knowingly do so. Yet you cannot but see that you have in fact been guilty of this. And your only way to get forgiveness for so doing, is to confess before God and man your sin in having made the truth of God of none effect in regard to a subject so infinitely important. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive; but if we do not confess, God's faithfulness and justice are equally pledged *not* to forgive—*not* to cleanse. Surely, in view of the publicity you have given your sentiments, God will require a public confession of your wrong in withstanding truth, before you can expect forgiveness and cleansing. And, unless you are willing that the light now in you on this doctrine of salvation

from all sin become darkness, you must hasten at once to walk while you have the light. Otherwise the night will come, and you will stumble finally on the dark mountains. How appalling is the fact, 'He that committeth sin is of the devil.' Nothing can be more explicitly stated than the one great object for which Christ came to this world. See the prophecy of Zacharias, Luke 1 : 71–72,—'That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us. * * * That he would grant unto us that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our life.' Now, my brother, is it a *tame* error of which you have been guilty, in that you have been pleading for the necessity of sin in God's redeemed people. Instead of being a witness of the power of Christ to save His people from their sins, you have in word and deed been testifying that the object for which Jesus came has neither been accomplished in yourself, nor can be accomplished in others, till the hour of death. You have also caused others to regard the God-proclaimed doctrine of salvation from sin in the present life as fanatical and heretical. Does God look upon this as a tame error?"

☞ To be separated from God is to foretaste the misery of hell. To be united to God, by a living, love-producing faith, is to foretaste the joy of heaven. He who is not joined to God is dead in trespasses and sins; He who is united to him and loves Him, is "alive unto God through Jesus Christ." God can no more take the former to himself than can living men take the bodies of the dead into their households; but the latter being made alive, and like Him, by His grace, He will take to himself in His everlasting habitation. Is it not passing strange that the former will persist in making their earthly life a preparation for endless death? And is it not almost as strange that the latter, having entered spiritual life through faith, do not pursue it with unremitting, ardent, all-absorbing zeal.—*Zion's Herald.*

For the Guide.

REDĒEMED FROM ALL INIQUITY.

ABBIE MILLS.

"How can it be, thou Heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?"

How are we redeemed from all iniquity? By the precious blood of Christ, "who gave himself for us," the apostles say. No other price would suffice, for the buying back of those lying dead in trespasses and sins, whose whole being was depraved by the taint of sin.

From Calvary flows the cleansing stream. Those who lay aside all, and plunge therein, are freed from all iniquity.

When are we thus redeemed? Just when we give all up to be thus saved—NOW. For we are to serve Him in holiness and righteousness all the days of our lives. Salvation means, not only a fitness for heaven, but emphatically a fitness for living here in this world. How, otherwise, could we be true witnesses for God, if those in their sins only saw and heard the testimony of those who could indeed tell of the great joy of pardon, but could never affirm, "I am redeemed from all iniquity."

"Redemption through His blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

Why are we thus washed and made sons of God? "Who gave himself for us that He might purify unto himself a peculiar people." We are not saved from all our sins, simply because a God of love delighted in our happiness. We who had sold ourselves were redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, because He wanted us for himself. And when we are ready to recognize His right of ownership in us, we are indeed come to the valley of blessing. Prisoners of love. Prisoners? Yes, and at the same time, by spiritual paradox, joyful servants, zealous of good works.

There was anxious toil while living unto self, but it was all for selfish ends. God's claims were ignored,—at least we could not give Him all the glory, willing to be left out of sight if He was honored. But those who with single eye have viewed the greatness of their debt of love, cry with emphasis, "Not unto us, but unto God alone, and forever, be all the glory." And O, the willing service that love renders,—"zealous of good works." 'Tis delight to serve the cause of such a Friend.

But where are those who have here in the flesh been redeemed from all iniquity? The one looking for angels instead of men will not find them. Nevertheless, "The Lord knoweth them that are His," and there are many who no longer bow the knee to Baal. And these are overcoming by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony. There is victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, in their own hearts, and they are witnesses to glorious victories over sin's hosts, while using the weapon's which are not carnal, but mighty through God, not only for the defence of His purchased people, but also for the increase of His kingdom, wherever iniquity has hitherto been found.

For the Guide.

TROUBLING OF THE WATERS.

R. EVANS.

O Michael, thou who by divine command
On the bright waters of Bethesda breathed,
When troubled Siloam was all enwreathed
In healing power, for Sion thus to stand
As nature's type of Christ so near at hand;
Not as when o'er Assyria all unsheathed
The sword of Justice to the hilt was bathed,
And proud Sennecharib felt the blighting brand,
Dost thou now come; nor as when from the cloud
The Lord looked out and troubled Pharaoh's host,
Dost thou fling back the Red Sea on the proud.
Like mercy's angel now to save the lost,
All in the Shiloh's healing virtue clad,
Thou dost come down to make Thine Israel glad.

HAMILTON, ONT.

For the Guide.

REST OF FAITH.

MARY COUTTS IRVINE.

For some years past we have almost feared to use the words, "rest of faith," as expressive of the great salvation, partly because it seemed to us a substitution for other terms that were biblical and better adapted to show forth the glorious redemption provided for the children of God, and partly because we have been brought a great deal in contact with the Antinomian teaching of faith and rest in sin; but of late, we have been led to see the beauty—the fulness of this expression.

"For we which have believed do enter into rest." "There remaineth therefore a rest (or keep-

ing of a Sabbath) for the people of God. Not a future heaven, but a present Sabbath. Not after death, but kept in perfect rest and peace in this world of tribulation, of temptation, of sorrow, and of sin.

By trying to help others on this question, and from my own experience, I have learned some mistakes that are made with regard to this rest.

It is not a rest from trial. We share with the world generally in the common difficulties of mankind. I have thought while listening to precious experiences of salvation in trial—that some who know nothing practically about this rest will imagine that we love to dwell upon these things. Perhaps we do. We are so filled with wonder, love and praise, at the fact that we can stand at the grave of our darlings—can pass through reverses of fortune, can bear separations from our loved ones—not tearlessly, not callously—yet kept by the power of His grace, kept from a murmering thought. The wave of sorrow has burst over us, but we have not been overwhelmed. Is there any wonder that we want everybody to know how Jesus has saved us in the midst of sorrows that they must in some way or other, sooner or later, share?

Then, too, there is the trial of persecution; there are living martyrs in almost every community. In these days we do not have the fire, the sword, the dungeon to dread, but we have perhaps what is equally difficult to endure—the insidious hatred to holiness in every shape that is felt by the world inside the Church, as well as the world outside. Do not fear, trembling one! Like the Hebrew children of old, we may be thrown into the burning fiery furnace, but shall in this rest of faith walk through the flames—unsinged, unhurt, our precious Christ walking by our side, so manifest to all around that they must cry out like Nebuchadnezzar, "There is no God that can deliver after this sort!"

Again, we have the trial of temptation. It seems to us that we are more conscious of temptation when walking in the full light than when in a mixed experience. Satan's attacks are more real to the soul; for this reason we are told to "be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour."—1 Pet. 5 : 8;—to "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil; for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, etc." —Eph. 6 : 11-18.

But what is this rest? It is a rest from sin. Not merely a power by which we can overcome sin and live an outwardly Christian life, but a rest from the thing itself; pride, vainglory, vanity, selfishness, heart-sins so gone, that we are consciously cleansed from all sin,—as a gentlemen once expressed it, like a piano with the strings all cut; manipulate the keys as you will, there is no sound —so, as the evil one would touch these varied points there was no evil within to respond. Have a care! believing one, it is the *rest* of faith. We may at any moment, if we will, disbelieve God and do as Eve did, believe the devil's lie.

Then it is a rest from works,

not from working. The harvest is ripe, the reapers are few, the night is coming—we must use our own talent, we must haste to lay up treasure in heaven. Yet, "he that is entered into his rest hath ceased from his own works." No anxious care, no struggling, no striving to to be good; no trying to do and be what God has perhaps never called us to do or be; but with the realization that "of myself I can do nothing,"—a certain trust in the omnipotence of God for "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,"—a reliance on His word, a conscious rest in His loving providence, a sweet acquiesence in His will. "Thou wilt keep that man in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

For the Guide.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

BY MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

Art thou weary with life's weary cares?
Arise from earthly labors and depart
To some still place, where God awaits thy call,—
And falling on thy knees before Him, plead
For strength, and rest, and comfort.—He shall lift
Thy tired heart up, as if on angels' wings,
And give thee fruit from the celestial trees,
And the pure water of eternal life.
So shalt thou go from out thy closet glad
And buoyant with the rich supply of heaven.

Hath Christ not said, "Come unto me and rest?"
And yet, earth hath so many restless souls;
Hath God not said, "Thy burden cast on me?"
And yet, *His* children even drag their loads
So heavily, and sigh, as if His hand
Was shortened, that it could not save;—alas.
Dear Lord! that faith should be so very weak,
When love is so abundant—and love's gifts,
Grace, peace, and joy, so free for all that ask.
Oh! there is not on earth so glad a thing
As the pure heart which ever seeketh prayer
As its best treasure, and in tender trust,
Waits long and lovingly at Jesus' feet;—
And I believe that in the "glory land,"
The nearest to the throne and to "the King,"—
Will be the patient ones who firmest held
Within their clasp the golden thread of prayer;
Making of cares and griefs, of toils and tears,
Of joys and pleasures, (woven in the warp
Of holy supplications,) one great chain
Forever anchoring them "within the veil."

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Sabbath Bible Readings.

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

BIBLE KEY-WORDS—"AFTERWARD."

STRENGTHENED AFTERWARDS.

SABBATH, MARCH 3.—"And afterward shall thine hands be strengthened to go down unto the host."—Judges, 7: 11.

For seven years "the hand of Midian prevailed against Israel, and because of the Midianites the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strongholds." They had done evil in the sight of the Lord, and this seven year's oppression by their enemies was the consequence. At length their cry unto the Lord brought deliverance. By the hands of an humble man, Gideon, "who threshed wheat by the wine-press, to hide it from the Midianites," He proposed to be glorified in the midst of His people. The story of preparation for this grand triumph is familiar to Bible readers. Three hundred chosen men, who lapped water, with Gideon at their head, the victory was to be won, by means which according to all human judgment, were totally inadequate. When all was in readiness, Gideon was instructed to go down "unto the host" that was stretched around Israel, and hear what they had to say, with the accompanying promise, "*Afterwards* shall thine hands be strengthened to go down unto the host." Obedient to the voice of the Lord he went, and step by step followed the terms of his high commission, until the sublime consummation so graphically portrayed in Bible history.

Behold, beloved, what a vital con-

nection the Bible "*Afterward*" makes with what preceeds and what follows. Obedience first, in demonstration of loyalty,—the strengthening of the heart following, as the blissful result. God meets us in the way of duty with needed supplies, and with the rewards of loyalty lavishly conferred. Before us, then, fly the gathered hosts in dread confusion, and our "horn is exalted with honor."

FAVOR AFTERWARDS.

SABBATH, MARCH 9.—"He that rebuketh a man, afterwards shall find more favor than he that flattereth with his tongue."—Prov. 28 : 23.

Two exercises which are common in the walks of life are here put in contrast—rebuke and flattery. The former is one to which good men are frequently called. In nothing, perhaps, is there a greater demand for the presence and power of the meekness of wisdom. We may take lessons here in other spheres. The roughest surgeon, if he be a man of wisdom, can so temper his harsh work with the knife, with words of kindness and love, that the confidence of his patient is effectually won, and the difficult and dreaded operation robbed of half of its dreaded severity, at least. In this matter of rebuke, however, we are to take counsel especially at the feet of the Master Teacher, *Jesus*,—"Whose gentleness," as one has said, "ever poured balm into the wound which His faithful love had opened. Such a spirit is more like the support of a friend than the chastening of a rod." But, while gentleness is to have wonted sway in the realm of rebuke, we are to be as fearless as gentle, not taking counsel of our fears in the presence of the wicked—but of the high demands of our allegiance to the throne of God. And we shall assuredly reap here, if we faint not. The inspiring "*Afterwards*" is before us—to give wisdom and nerve and resistlessness to our well-aimed rebuke of sin and ungodliness. We shall not be robbed of our reward. As one remarks, "The candid man, notwithstanding the momentary struggle of wounded pride, will *afterwards* appreciate the purity of the motive, and the value of the discovery. He that cries out against his surgeon for hurting him, when he is searching his wound, will yet pay him well, and thank him too, when he has cured it." Paul's public *rebuke* of his brother apostle produced no disruption between them. Many years afterward Peter memorialized his "beloved brother Paul." with most affectionate regard. The apostle's painful rebuke of his Corinthian converts eventually increased his favor with them. Thus, while the flatterer excites only disgust in a discerning mind, the wise rebuke will challenge favor, not at the present, but in the living "*Afterwards.*"

FOLLOWING AFTERWARDS.

SABBATH, MARCH 16.—"Simon Peter said unto him, Lord, whither goest thou? Jesus answered him, Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards."—John 13 : 36.

The *now* and the "*afterwards*" are here again in bold contrast. The impulsiveness of Peter's nature prompted him to unwarranted inquisitiveness. He desired to pry into the secrets of the Lord. Far better would it have been for him to have been basing his inquiries upon the practical, the great verity of the present, than to be attempting to penetrate the hidden realities of the beyond. Time enough for that when the hand of authority rends the vail that wisely hides it from view. How many there are, who, Simon-like, would look into the mysteries rather than into the things revealed. The new and great commandment, given to the disciples and to us,—"*That ye love one another*,"—might more appropriately engage our thought.

Jesus held this restless curiosity under check. "*Thou canst not follow me now*"—was the Master's response,

not now. Simon was not yet apparelled for that. The denial, the shame, the bitter repentance, the gracious renewal, were yet before him. But that sweet word "*Afterwards*" was lovingly introduced—"Thou shalt follow me *afterwards.*" Blessed words, inspiriting promise. This "afterwards" included two things—*by the cross, to the crown!* A grand destiny! Peter followed on, by the cross, literally—for he, like his Lord, was crucified. On this he kept his eye, steadily, as appears 2 Pet. 1:14: "Knowing that shortly I must put off this tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me." His following was by the cross, *to the crown*—"a crown of glory that fadeth not away." He wears it now amid the glories of immortality.

Beloved, be content to finish your life in the wilderness indeed—the cross truly lies in your path, but the crown lies beyond. The same promise of Jesus to Simon spans your path like a beauteous rainbow—"Thou shalt follow me afterwards."

FRUIT AFTERWARD.

SABBATH, MARCH 33.—"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—Heb. 12:11.

Chastening is the proof of our Father's love—of the earthly father toward his rebellious child, and of our Heavenly Father toward His wayward children. He seeks by the discipline of sorrow and affliction to make us meet for immortality. The flesh shrinks at sight of the uplifted rod; every quivering nerve, as it is applied, declares that the *now* effect is not joyous, but grievous, or painful. But the "*afterward*" is full of light and joy and glory,—"*afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." How quiet the soul after the smarting of the rod is gone—how the well-laden boughs bend 'neath the weight of ripe fruit, the fruit of righteousness. Mark! this gracious effect is conditional—it is only realized by those who are "*exercised thereby*,"—in faith, in love, in patience, in child-like submission.

"A Christian mother lay dying. Beside her a loving daughter stood, smoothing from the death-damp brow the matted hair. Prolonged suffering had made deep lines on the once beautiful face, but still there rested on those features a calm, peaceful expression, which nothing but a hope in Jesus could give. Tears fell upon the pallid face from eyes that were closely watching 'the changing of the countenance.' Conscious of the agony that caused them to fall. The mother, looking heavenward, whispered, 'Patience, darling; *it is only the chiseling!*'"

Ah, that dying saint was in the "afterward" of chastisement, among the "peaceable fruits." Look which way she might, there were bending boughs and ripe fruit—and soon to glide sweetly into the great afterward with its more abundant fruit. Hold still, beloved, amid life's rugged experiences,—have patience, "*it is only the chiseling.*"

THE AFTERWARD GLORY.

SABBATH, MARCH 30.—"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Psalm 73:24.

This is indeed the *great afterward*—divine guidance in time, glory in eternity. Happy he who can make these divine verities his by personal appropriation, the appropriation of a living faith. The grandest destinies for earth and heaven are before us in a sentence. The Psalmist had heard a voice of promise which authorized his declaration. God had said to him, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. *I will guide thee with mine eye.*" Blessed promise! It is yours, beloved of the Lord,—it compasses the earth and

all its journeyings with the light of God's countenance. Light, at every step, in every perplexity, is our portion.

And, *afterward*—ah! here comes in the climax, grace reaching its climax, *glory!* What is that? Human dictionaries, put forth by those skilled in language, in the word-roots and significations, are at fault here. *Glory!* They can tell us what it means in worldly circles, but within the celestial circles they have not entered. Glory of the personal constitution in that world, soul and body,—glory of residence, scenery, fellowship, contemplation, research—all these, and a thousand times more than it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive, are comprehended in that one word, *Glory!* Be it ours to have an abundant entrance upon that great, eternal "*Afterward.*"

WALKING ON THE WATER.

"And he cried, Lord, bid me to come to thee on the water, and He said, '*come.*"

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

I cried, Blessed Lord, bid me come unto Thee;—
I'll go through the waves of the billowy sea.
He said to me "come," and I started to go,
For *He* said the waters should not overflow.

While buffeting waves and the dread pelting storm
Were raging around me,—my poor fragile form
Was fainting, as Jesus in mercy drew near,
And spake to me lovingly—"Child, do not fear!"

I cried, let me cling to Thy sheltering breast!
My tempest-tossed spirit is longing for rest;
The ocean's wild surges have wearied my soul,
So long I've contended with their fearful roll!

Then quickly extending His great, mighty arm,
I felt it inclose me,—my spirit was calm,—
And now on the waters exulting I glide,
So safe and so happy, with Christ by my side.

Oh, wonderful Savior! how vast is Thy love!
Thy mercy so boundless each moment I prove;
In sorrow's dark waters Thou always art near,
To lift the sad spirit and calm every fear.

The billows of trouble that sweep round my soul
Are held in Thy hand, and within Thy control;
Thy hand hath set bounds to the measureless sea,
And that hand is reached to give succor to me.

For the Guide.

JESUS TO HIS DISCIPLES.

M. ANNESLEY.

How exclusively He belonged to them. Immediately after He had chosen them as His friends and companions, His entire devotion to them was apparent. Where He went, they of course followed. The attraction was divine, and yet in human weakness, thus cemented by a double bond of love, such a bond as was never formed on earth before. God and Abraham had a very close friendship, so that God could not do what He intended without letting His friend Abraham into the secret. Yet, it was not a daily, unconditional association, as the disciples enjoyed with their loving Master.

The dispensation was not the same, and could not yield the same fruit. It was the dispensation of faith, while Jesus and His disciples lived in that of love.

He was with them in the wayside, among the multitude—on the sea of Galilee, their watery home, where His presence often dissipated their fears.

We never find Him slipping away from those plain men for more courtly society, a polished Roman, or learned Rabbi, for they had the key of His heart in their new and eternal relation to Him. However, great prophets and wise men had been before them in other dispensations of the Spirit; they were the chosen companions and friends of the Son of Man—Son of God—and were built upon the foundations of the prophets and stood in holy order in that new, eternal kingdom. If there was a time of danger at night, there He, the mighty One in human guise,

was at hand, and, "Carest thou not that we perish?" reached His ear, and He said to the waves, "Peace, be still!" Not a disciple was harmed—that which touched them touched Him, and His sympathy was aroused.

Did ever man receive such tenderness in the moments of trial?

"Then said one unto Him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, and, desiring to speak with thee. But He answered and said unto them, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And He stretched forth His hand toward His disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!"

Tne relationship was unfolded to exhibit another,—disciples, mother, brethren and sisters. And we are disciples of the same mindful, tender Jesus to-day, with whom John and Peter had such tender fellowship.

For the Guide.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

IRA S. LOCKE.

Happiness is sometimes thought to be the object in life, but it can hardly be so since the first requirement in the divine life is to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and while it follows, when this is done and all the commandments are kept, that happiness is attained, yet the latter is but an accomplishment or result. To love God with all the heart, and seek to know and do His holy will, is the primary object in life. Happiness can neither be siezed nor purchased, and to run after it is to chase an *ignis-fatuus*, for it cannot be captured by seeking, and, like one's shadow, the more it is pursued the farther it recedes. It is a gift to the deserving, *i. e.*, to those who properly appreciate and nourish it. It flees when pursued, it comes when invited. And when is happiness invited? When we do our whole duty, our duty to God, to our neighbors, to ourselves. What, then, is happiness? It is the consciousness of well-doing. How can it be secured? By obeying the demands of our spiritual nature and the whole law of God. God had a purpose in creating us. What was that purpose? Was it that He might have a world of selfish, conceited beings, devoted to sensuality and time, created in His own image that He might be the more displeased? or, was it for His praise and glory, and that He might have a host of worshippers around His throne in heaven who had exercised their free agency to His glory, His gifts to their welfare; who had respected His authority, and loved His cause, and kept His commandments, and, having been faithful unto death, and weighed in the balance and not found wanting, could justly be rewarded with eternal life and love?

The heart, however, is so perverse and selfish that it refuses to recognize God's claims upon it, and since it must have an object to which its energies may tend, it seeks its personal gratification and indulgence. There is no mistake about the truth of this, for the heart, until regenerated, regards the worship of God and faithful obedience to His commands, as irksome, and antagonistic to temporal enjoyment. Personal gratification, luxury, ease, wealth and honor, are accepted as the sources

of happiness. For the acquisition of these, men use all their endeavors. Success prompts to increased activity, failure to renewed diligence. And thus life is lived. They find no resting-spell. Worry and ambition neutralize their ease. They have no time for religious contemplation, and but little for prayer and devotion. At length time ceases and eternity begins. The happiness they sought has not been found,—the enjoyment they anticipated has faded away. "Behold, it is all vanity and vexation of spirit," saith the Preacher.

But how fares it with the Christian? Happiness with him is not the first object. He seeks to know and do his Master's will. He constantly prays for a clean heart, carefully guards his conscience, enriches his mind with divine truths, studies the Bible and Christian example, and tries so to live that his own life may conform thereto. He recognizes all that he has as from the Lord, and to the Lord he gives praise. He is industrious and careful, and humble and true. He allows nothing to interfere with his penitence and devotion, but always strives to keep God in his mind, His Love in his heart, and to do His holy bidding in all things. The cares of the world do not depress him, nor its responsibilities discourage him. He receives constant help from God, and the daily spiritual bread for which he prays. His heart feels light because of the approbation and love of God, and it is filled with happiness and rejoicing. He walks in the fear of the Lord and daily receives the reward for his faithfulness. His is the true happiness, for it is the result of a cheerful obedience to the spiritual law and a wise knowledge of the conditions of future happiness and bliss.

But this is not all. For the faithful, God has prepared a rich inheritance in heaven. Christ has gone before to prepare mansions for those who love Him and keep His words. Now they have the love of the Father, the love of the Son, the manifestation of Christ within their hearts, and the promise that He will never leave nor forsake them; through all the journey of life He will be with them, and will comfort them; He will give them strength to do their daily duties, He will fill their hearts with joy and grace and peace; but by and by He will reward them with the reward of the just, the true, the holy,—an eternal crown, gemmed with glory, righteousness and life, which they shall wear for ever and ever, through all eternity, with the redeemed saints and holy angels who sit around the throne of God in heaven. In the eternal haven of rest there shall be no sorrow, no parting, no death. The love and presence of our Savior are assured. The face of the Father shall be revealed, and all things secret disclosed; the right shall triumph and temptation cease. What wonderful things God does for them that love Him and keep His words; how happy He makes them, and how He comforts and consoles them! What a Friend in need He is when time is ending and eternity beginning! O, that all the world would accept Jesus for their Savior and choose Him for their Friend, then would goodness and mercy follow them all the days of their life.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE.

REV. JAMES H. MEEK.

In the Spring of 1861, under the ministry of Rev. John Burns, on Cambridge Circuit, Muskingum District, Methodist Protestant Church, I received a clear evidence of conversion. In the Fall of 1874 I joined the Muskingum Conference, and was appointed to Leesburgh Circuit. While laboring in that field, I became convinced that I needed a better Christian experience. I always had believed in the doctrine of sanctification as accepted by our own Church,—that it is, that renewal of our fallen nature by the Holy Ghost, received through faith in Jesus Christ, whose blood of atonement cleanseth from all sin; whereby we are not only delivered from the guilt of sin, but are washed from its pollution and saved from its power.

So in December, 1875, I most earnestly sought to be cleansed from all sin. I sought the society of those who professed to enjoy this full salvation, and read works upon the subject of holiness; searched the Bible, with an earnest desire to be led into the higher Christian experience. I struggled in prayer, labored in every possible way, and I believe did everything that could be done, in order to be freed from the power of sin, except one thing. I failed to believe that the Lord did receive me. For the past few months I have been enabled to trust God more fully than ever before. It seemed that I could trust Him for everything I needed, except for this cleansing power, that I realized was necessary, not only for my own enjoyment, but to prepare me for my duties.

On Saturday, Dec. 14, 1878, I attended the Friends' meeting in this place, (Smithfield, Jefferson Co., Ohio), and after hearing a number testify that they were in the enjoyment of the blessing of holiness, I stated that I was seeking the same experience, and asked them to show themselves friends indeed, and help me into this state, and they did so. One of their preachers pointed out to me very clearly that which prevented me from receiving this blessing. He said to me, "Thee wants to have evidence in thy heart that thee is sanctified before thee believes. But thee must believe first without evidence in the heart, and then the testimony will be given in due time. Just say, the Lord receives me,—Jesus cleanses me now." "No," I said, "that would be telling a falsehood, for I do not realize it in my heart." But again he said, "Say so upon the authority of God's Word." This I did. I kept saying, I am the Lord's—He receives me, believing that His Word was true. There was no powerful change felt until the next morning, when the Lord manifested himself to me as He had never done before. I now felt that I was cleansed from all sin, and my heart and mouth were filled with praise. The tempter assailed me on every side, but divine grace was given to gain the victory every time. I made a public profession of being sanctified, and was greatly blessed in the act. The Lord abides with me. I praise His holy name for what He has done for me. My object in giving my experience for publica-

tion is, that it may be a help to some persons who are seeking to be made perfect in love.

N. B.—There were many more things I would like to have written, but thought best to be brief. A thirst for this experience was awakened in my heart when quite young by reading in the "Guide to Holiness," which my mother took. My wife has been taking it for some years past, and both of us have been helped by it, and now both of us, through the goodness and mercy of God, are in possession of the blessing of sanctification. Praise the Lord!

DEC. 21st, 1878.

For the Guide.

LINES

Suggested by the following sentence, "Stars may have been smitten out of existence centuries ago, but their poured out light is yet flooding the heavens."

BY E. F.

Like to those stars that vanish from our sight;
But leave us still their waves of golden light,
Are God's dear saints; tho' call'd to native skies,
Their light still shines—their influence never dies;
Oft has the mem'ry of a holy life
Inspired to nobler deed—to sterner strife
'Gainst sin, the world, and all that would oppose,
Has made us conquerors over secret foes.
Though we be call'd to pillow a dear head
To take its last long sleep beside the dead,
We do not shroud their light beneath the clod;
It still illumines some pilgrim's path to God;
Yea, though the just sleep on for many a year
Still will the radiance of their light appear.
That praying mother, now to glory gone, [son,
Who while on earth yearned o'er her wayward
Tho' great her faith, God's answer was delay'd;
Yet did she press her suit, and pray'd, still pray'd;
But now, with "clouds of witnesses" she stands,
And sees him cry to heav'en with outstretch'd hands;
The mem'ry of her counsel, and her prayers,
Have been his safeguard—turn'd him from the
Of sin and Satan—'till he calls on God [snares
To lead him in the way his mother trod.
It was the light from his lov'd star! tho' set,
Its saving influence is around him yet.
So, like those stars that vanish from our sight,
But leave us still their floods of golden light,
Are God's dear saints; tho' called to native skies,
Their light still shines—their influence never dies.

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

"In Perpetuam Rei Memoriam."

"I have lived more than threescore and ten years; I have traveled a good deal, both by sea and land; I have conversed with and seen many people in and from different countries; I have studied the principle religious systems in the world; I have read much, thought much, and reasoned much; and the result is, that I am persuaded of the simple and unadulterated truth of no book but the Bible; and of the true excellence of no system of religion but that contained in the Holy Scriptures, and especially Christianity, which is referred to in the Old Testament and fully revealed in the New. And while I think well of, and wish well to, all religious sects and parties, and especially to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; yet, from a long and thorough knowledge of the subject, I am led most conscientiously to conclude that Christianity itself, as existing among those called Wesleyan Methodists, is the purest, the safest, that which is most for God's glory, and the benefit of mankind; and that both as to creed there professed, form of discipline there established, and the consequent moral practice their vindicated. And I believe that among them is to be found the best form and body of divinity that has ever existed in the Church of Christ, from the promulgation of Christianity to the present day. To him who would say, 'Dr. Clarke, are you not a bigot?" without hesitation I would answer, 'No, I am not; for, by the grace of God, I am a Methodist! Amen!'" Written

in the album of Rev. Robert Newstead, a month before his death—1832.

For the Guide.

MY OWN STATE.

Did you ever see people in such a spiritual state as you would not like to be in for even a few minutes? Yes, there are such cases, and very painful ones, too.

A friend in a letter says: "A few days ago a dear sister in Jesus, much older than myself, and whom I always looked up to as an earnest, consecrated Christian, came to me with tears of discouragement and doubt. I don't think she came to me feeling I could be any help to her, but because her heart was full and troubled. We talked and prayed together. I cannot see how it is that she, so faithful and useful in her Christian life, can be in such darkness and distress so long as she says she has felt so. I know that my life cannot compare with hers in its degree of usefulness, and yet, I dare not be troubled in heart, because, committing all to Him, who has promised, and keeping myself in the love of God—there my responsibility ends,—Jesus is my Savior. In Him it is my privilege and duty to rejoice, and trust rejoicingly. Sometimes Satan tempts me to discouragement, too—but it is only a passing cloud.

For the Guide.

MAINTAIN YOUR RIGHT TO VICTORY.

An invalid writing to a friend, says: "I have been greatly tried with very distressing conflicts for some days past. It did at times seem as if the adversary would prevail and triumph to the utter overthrow of my faith. I had to cry out, 'I will not be shaken; Thou, Lord, art the Rock of my salvation. I do, and will seize hold of Thee, I will rejoice in the Lord, and will joy in the God of my salvation!" Thereupon the well-springs of a divine victory began to flow and fill my soul, and the cloud began to break and let in the light. Oh, I know that I am a poor, unworthy, feeble creature. Satan need not have taken so much trouble to show me that the Lord is my strength and salvation. Hallelujah!"

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. JANE VAN NAME.

On the morning of Thursday, Jan. 9th, this beloved mother, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, at the residence of her son-in-law, Rev. G. Hughes, in Haddonfield, N. J., passed away to her home in heaven. The greater part of this protracted earthly pilgrimage had been prosecuted amid the brightness of the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Nearly sixty years ago, under the ministry of Rev. Bartholomew Weed, her heart was touched by the blessed Holy Spirit, and she yielded herself up in unreserved consecration to the service of Jesus. Her conversion was clear, bringing with it an indubitable seal, the seal of the Holy Ghost. From that time her course has been onward—steadily looking to Jesus and after His image aspiring. The Bible was her constant companion, and in the closet she held sweet converse with the Holy One. The public means of grace were also highly prized. She loved to be in the assembly of the saints, often drawing water of joy out of the wells of salvation, proving by blessed experience that "the Lord was in His holy temple." Thus her growth in grace was marked and steady. Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, she was trans-

formed, or transfigured into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord. And, as the fashion of the Lord's countenance was altered on the mount of transfiguration, so was it with this beloved saint—she indeed bore the image of the heavenly, her bright countenance bespeaking the potency of the transforming process.

She attained, in following the Lord fully, a ripeness of Christian character which carried convincing evidence to the minds of those who came within the range of her influence, that she had been with Jesus and learned of Him. Some years ago, when the beloved and now sainted Mrs. Phœbe Palmer was conducting services in the Central M. E. Church, in Newark, N. J., she was led on one occasion to speak. She said: "If this is what you call Christian holiness, I have known of this blessed experience for years. And of this there was no doubt. She was "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile," illustrating in all her life and conversation, the beauty of "entire devotion."

For nine years prior to her departure, she was partially paralysed on one side, so as to be quite helpless During those long years she sat in her rocking-chair daily, looking at the green fields and beauteous gardens, and talking with God through these channels of nature. Her life, full of affliction as it was, was yet a continuous psalm of praise. No murmuring word escaped her lips, no sign of impatience, but a calm and joyous victory in hope of a blissful immortality. Several weeks before her death she was deprived of her eyesight. This was a sad affliction, but yet in that too she recognized the goodness of the Lord, saying, "These eyes belong to the Lord, and as He has taken them away, I will not complain, I will sink into His will;"—at the same time saying, with unspeakable joy, "There is no dimness about my inward sight—oh, no!" Thus she continued unto the last, in this Christly-spirit, calmly passing away to the home of the blest, where she now realizes the fruition of eternal love. Her remains were interred in the old Presbyterian ground at Elizabeth, N. J., where a beloved husband and children who had preceded her were sweetly reposing, in hope of a glorious resurrection at the last day.

THRILLING DEATH SCENE.

Miss India Trimble died of membranous croup, at Cedarville, Kan., Dec. 27th, 1878, in the 15th year of her age.

She was converted to God at Sac City, Iowa, about two years since, under the labors of Revs. O. S. and C. M. Bryan, and connected herself at once with the M. E. Church. She suffered much during her short illness, but it was only physical suffering. When she saw from the doctors looks and words that she must die, she called for her mother. On her coming, she said, "Ma, do you know that the doctor thinks I am very sick?"

Then, "I am going home," broke joyously from her lips. "I cannot stay with you, but you can all come to me! Don't cry; I am going to God. Jesus is there! I am so happy!"

She asked for pencil and paper. This being handed to her, she wrote—

"I LOVE GOD,"

and said, "I want you all to sign this covenant, that you will meet me in heaven." A number of friends beside the family were present,—among them her physician, a Universalist. He, with the rest, signed the covenant. Then calling all about her bed, she asked them to sing, "Shall we gather at the River," after which she called on Sister Stevens to lead them in prayer. Prayer over, she bade them "Good-bye," adding, "Do what good you can while here, and keep your covenant to meet me in heaven." Her voice then clearing up, she shouted with joy that she was "almost over the river."

"The banks are sunny," she cried. "Many bright angels await me on the other shore."

"Why," she exclaimed in raptures, "the room is full of angels—do you not see them? He is coming now—Jesus is com-

ing with a convoy of angels to carry me home."

Thus for two hours she shouted in ecstacy her full and complete triumph, whilst recounting the heavenly glories that enshrined her, and passed away about 6 A. M. It is still true, as Mr. Wesley used often to say, "Our people die well." And if all our people would be the Lord's in absolute fact, we would have more of these glorious death scenes.

She selected the text for the funeral services, "Not dead, but sleepeth." No wonder her parents exclaim amid their tears, "Thy will, O Lord, not ours." Nor need we wonder that the physician and another, who witnessed that thrilling scene of joyous triumph and signed that thoughtful covenant, have since been converted. True, true, though dead she speaketh still; and many, many more will rise up in the Judgment morning arrayed in wondrous beauty, and standing on the right hand of God because of the triumph so marked and so complete of this youthful saint. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

FT. DODGE, IA.

W. M. HAYS.

Another of the dearly loved friends of Jesus has been called to be forever with the Lord. His bereaved companion, with whom he had journeyed to the Celestial City for twenty-nine years, thus gives her testimony: "A better husband and a more kind and tender father never lived. He feared God and kept his commandments."

W. M. Hays was born in North Carolina, Oct. 1st, 1825, and passed away from earth, Nov. 29, 1878, after an illness of seventeen days of typhoid pneumonia. During his illness he would often exclaim, "Glory, glory, glory! Oh, if I had breath how I would sound forth His praises!" He was perfectly resigned to the will of his heavenly Father. In order to comfort and encourage his afflicted wife, he would frequently repeat, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." He died as he had lived, trusting in Jesus. C. C. HAYS.

MRS. C. B. GEIL.

Sister Geil passed away to her home in heaven January 29th, 1879, having sojourned on earth for sixty-nine years. She had learned to walk in the King's Highway of holiness, the way cast up for all the redeemed of the Lord to walk in, by the King himself. She greatly delighted in the beauties and privileges of the way, and loved to talk about them. She was an ardent lover of the "Guide to Holiness," and a worker in the missionary cause.

She leaves six children to mourn her loss. May God in His infinite mercy prepare them each to meet their precious mother, where all tears are forever wiped away. She died at her son-in-law's, Mr. Fregal, at Pine Island, Minn., at three o'clock on Tuesday morning. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

MRS. M. A. HUDSON.

Editorial.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

in the "Christian Worker," first month, 30th, 1879, Elder Eli Perkins, of the Society of Friends, writes: "The physicians and temperance men of Chicago are very much excited over a new remedy discovered by Dr. Robert D. Unger, which not only cures intemperance, but leaves the drunkard with an absolute aversion to spiritous liquors."

The doctor states he made the discovery down in Maryland, twelve years ago,—an account of which was published in the "Sun" at that time. "I had a case of a drunkard, Bill Stevens, who also had intermittent fever. It was a hard case of fever, so I tried red Peruvian bark instead of quinine. To my surprise, it not only cured his fever, but he never wanted to drink whiskey afterward. When he went into a saloon and the boys asked him to drink, Bill said, 'I can't, boys, that red bark the doctor gave me, not only killed

my fever, but it spoiled all the whiskey in Maryland for me.'"

Mr. Medill, the Editor of the Chicago "Times," said to Mr. Perkins:—

"It is one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age. Dr. Unger has actually cured 2,800 cases of the worst forms of intemperance. He takes men debauched by liquor for years—takes a used up, demented, loathesome sot, and in ten days makes a well man of him, with a positive aversion to liquor."

Calling upon the doctor with a note from Mr. Medill, he said:

"You are just in time, I'm going to call upon a patient now, who, though a rich man, has been a debauched drunkard for three years, and a steady drunkard for fifteen years. For six weeks he has been in bed, as helpless as a child. His memory was gone. He has been taking my medicine for four days."

"Is Mr —— in bed?" asked the doctor, as we gave our hats to the servant.

"O, no! he's in the parlor, reading—walk in." And there was this drunkard, still weak, but mentally cured. When the doctor asked him if he had any longing for liquor, he said, "No, none whatever. I have eaten the best meal this morning that I have eaten in fifteen years. I am not mentally depressed. I am strong, and I wouldn't take a drink, and—"

"O, doctor," interrupted his wife, "you have saved George, and we are so happy!" and then her eyes filled with tears.

The doctor said that he had never had a patient cured by Cinchona Rubra return to drink again. They hate the sight of liquor.

"Now, doctor," I said, "what did you give this patient? or, in other words, tell me in plain English what your medicine is, how you prepare it, and how any one may give it, so as to cure an habitual drunkard. I mean a drunkard with inflamed eyes, trembling hands, bloated body, and intellect shattered by habitual drink?"

"My medicine can be bought at any first class drug store. It is red Peruvian bark (Cinchona rubra). Quinine is from the yellow bark (Calisaga). There are eighty varieties of this bark,—I use the bark from the small limbs of the red variety. Druggists call it quill bark."

"How do you mix it?"

At this point, while condensing Mr. Perkins' report, we saw there must be a mistake, as a pint of dilute alchohol would scarcely wet a pound of gross powdered bark, and immediately wrote to the doctor, who kindly sent the following answer and receipt:

"Mr. Perkins' statement was somewhat incorrect. I said, 'I make a pint of tincture out of one pound of quill bark. Of course, it takes about five pints of dilute alcohol to do this. The pint is then reduced by evaporation to half a pint, the dose being a teaspoonful every three hours, and occasionally moisten his tongue between the doses the first and second days.

"At the request of the benevolent, I am putting it up, with full directions at $15 per pint, which is the quantity used in curing a case. I have cured very many hundreds."

Mr. Perkins adds in his statement, as given by the doctor: "It acts like quinine. The patient can tell by a headache if he is getting too much. The third day I generally reduce the dose to a half a teaspoonful down to fifteen, ten and five drops. I continue the remedy from five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases to thirty. Seven is about the average.

We have departed from our usual editorial course, in order to give this medical prescription, knowing that it can do no harm, and believing that many may be benefited by it. We have been among the number that have believed that nothing but a new creation, which we know God can and does accomplish, would eradicate the dreadful appetite, but if the doctor's medicine will assist, we gladly give it to the public.

We still have our douhts as to the quantity to make a saturated solution. The fluid can only take up so much of the medical properties of the plant or bark, and the United States Pharmacopœia have

given it as a rule to make a saturated tincture of red Cinchona, 6 Troy ounces to a pint of alcohol. The evaporation which the doctor recommends, of course, is to get rid of the alcohol. This is only our opinion for those who will desire to make it for themselves.

THE DOCTRINE OF SANCTIFICATION AND WOMAN'S WORK.

God has never been at a loss for means to carry forward His glorious work in the earth, for He has verified the truth, that the gates of hell shall never prevail against the Church, and in all her conflicts she has come off victorious. If the blood of the martyrs has flowed, it was the seed from which sprang new life; if the fires were kindled about their quivering flesh, they blazed abroad in their light and never went out, so that their radiance beamed across the Atlantic, so that we find in all ages of the Church, that when He puts forth a renovating power, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it—His holy forces are in His own reserve, and indeed they are revealed in His own blessed Word. And from time to time He unfolds His mystery in the beauty of His Church. And in this day we see the power of the bleeding Lamb that lies before the throne, to whom the Holy Spirit beareth continual witness in the earth.

And notwithstanding the present worldliness of the church, two prominent scriptural truths are manifest in their bearing upon the vitality of God's people,—the sanctification of believers, and the fulfilment of the promise, "I will pour out my spirit upon my handmaids," or, that the handmaids of the Lord are acknowledged in the service of the Church. And to prove this we find there is a wonderful secret hungering and thirsting after righteousness—the Bible is sought, cherished and used more thoroughly in its commanding power than ever before, while writers who come nearest its own truth, and faithfulness of the present or past time, are the most welcome to the closet and family.

And all the living teachers who unfold the power of godliness to the heart, and life, are the most sought after and loved. To be sure, there may be some exceptions, but if such men are not as acceptable in some places, the word is to them—Go ye to other cities and villages.

But the Holy Spirit gives the hearing ear, and understanding heart, to many scattered through the land. It is the work of the Spirit to sanctify the people, and therefore the distinct doctrine must be taught, for the Holy Spirit witnesses to the working of the truth; we find many are dissatisfied with their present condition, and are secretly hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Now, there must of necessity be a satisfaction equal to the craving desire in these sacred things, for God does not mock His people—"but we are to contemplate what God has provided rather than what man appropriates."

The Holy Spirit is no respecter of persons, and is ever descending upon the truth, beneath the atonement, to bring souls into divine union with the Lamb of God. However the children of men are busied about the things of earth, the blessed Spirit is ever preparing the way for the glorious triumph of the cross. No difficulty too great for the Omnipotent Spirit of Jehovah to remove, for the final glory of Christ. And we need not marvel at it, for it is just as much God's word as the first promulgation of the Gospel in the personal day of Christ.

Now, we will notice the other great power, woman's work, which in these days is chosen for such wonderful usefulness to bring about God's purposes and to fulfil His pleasure. He has always honored her since the first promise was given, and from time to time has shown his mindfulness of her part in His glorious work in the earth, but in this day He fulfills His prophecy by Joel, and sheds upon her the Holy Spirit for all the varieties of her work.

A few years ago a general stir came upon the female mind in the missionary cause, and it would not be very remarkable if a great help came from that blessed work, "Woman and her Savior in Persia." Anyway, the hearts of women in the

Church have been universally aroused, to say, and do, and think great things in the the name of Jesus. Their place and work is accorded them, and they fall into their allottment as gracefully as woman's sympathy alone can lead her.

And now the Temperance movement brings in its claims upon woman's compassion and earnestness, so that she is fairly in the arena of the contest for the certain triumph of the cross. She may conclude with the old and faithful adage, "Woman's work will never be done," until the glorious appearing of her Lord.

NOTICE.

Some of our readers make their Postal Orders payable to W. C. Palmer, Jr.; some to William C. Palmer, and others to Walter Palmer. Either of these errors causes delay and trouble in collecting. Please make them all payable to W. C. Palmer, Station D, New York, N. Y.

Our friends can see that if the Order is made payable to Walter Palmer, and is signed by W. C. Palmer, there is a discrepancy, and no matter what the trouble or expense or delay, the parties issuing the Order must be consulted to explain the disagreement and rectify the error. Therefore to avoid trouble, make them all payable to W. C. Palmer, then they will agree with our signature and much inconvenience will be avoided. It will also save us many steps, if they are made payable at Station D, which is within a few steps of our office. The General Post Office is in another part of the city, nearly two miles away. It will not incommode our correspondents to be particular in having their Orders made payable to W. C. Palmer, Station D, New York, N. Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We have received from "Alene" $1.25, to send a copy of the GUIDE to one of our missionaries in China, or to some destitute saint. Her wish shall be complied with. We have many calls of this description both from our mission fields, and also from dear saints of God, whose reduced circumstances prevent them from subscribing for any magazine, and who would read the GUIDE with great pleasure and profit.

COMMENDATIONS.

It is very gratifying to us to receive as we do, from subscribers, as well as from our Agents, the heartiest expressions of satisfaction, both with our premiums and with the liberal commissions given to Agents. Our premiums, both last year and this year, are spoken of in the highest terms of praise. We have been very much favored in securing as a Business Manager, our esteemed friend, Mr. Edward Jones, under whose supervision this whole matter has been both planned and executed, for nearly two years past. Our friends may depend upon receiving, in the future as in the past, a full equivalent for every dollar sent to No. 43 Bible House.

News Along the Line.

GOOD NEWS FROM JAPAN.

Our Japan news is of special interest. Letters to us from Dr. Maclay, dated at Yokohama as late as Jan. 10, report most encouraging progress in Nagasaki. Sixty-two had already united with the M. E. Church, and had been organized into classes; among them were prominent merchants and well-known citizens. At Sappori there are many believers, all of whom, except two, had been organized by Rev. M. C. Harris into a Church. Rev. Julius Soper had recently returned from a four weeks' visit to the work in Sinshu, under Rev. J. H. Correll's charge, during which time he had baptized twenty-eight adults and two children.

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL

The "New York Times" notes the fact that 1878 was the most important year in the history of modern missions. In India, where more than a half century of work seemed to have made little impression on the Hindoos, there has been the largest

movement toward Christianity that Protestantism has ever witnessed in heathendom. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (High Church Anglican) has had an accession of no less than 22,000, the Dutch Reformed Mission one of 6,000, the American Baptist Mission of nearly 10,000, and the Church Missionary Society (Low Church Anglican) of 419 families. Thus in one year about 40,000 Hindoos have renounced heathenism and embraced Christianity, and apparently this is only the beginning of a great movement.

HOPE FOR GREECE.

The Greek Church seems wholly destitute of the life of religion. I am convinced, from large inquiry, that the people know absolutely nothing of repentance, of living faith, and the great fact of the new birth. It is a great field of missionary labor.

There is yet, however, but very little evangelical work done here. The American Episcopalians have been at work in schools ever since the revolution, and have done much to stimulate the educational impulse. More recently, the American Woman's Union Mission has established a school, which, on account of its thorough tone, has met with a good deal of opposition. The officials insist on having an image of the Virgin in the school-rooms, and on having the pupils instructed in the catechism of the Greek Church, and by a priest of the Church. But the ladies are inflexible on all these points.

Revival Miscellany.

GLORIOUS NEWS.

It is cause of thanksgiving, that the Lord is pouring out His Spirit upon many of the Churches of our Zion, and they are enjoying a gracious revival of religion. Could the telephone be put to the ear of those who have been earnestly pleading with God to favor Zion, and they should be permitted to hear the shouts of the newly saved, as they hear it in the courts above, the hallelujahs would awaken an echo that would reverberate around our globe.

Instead of this which is but imaginary, let us place the facts before you, the facts stated in our Advocates, many of them having four and five columns filled with the glorious tidings of the wonderful work of the Spirit in awakening, converting, and sanctifying power. This is not boasting, for the blessed Word says "That through the thanksgiving of many, praise may redound to God." In the accounts published, many of our brethren merely say, "The Lord is very graciously reviving His work in our midst," while others give the number of those who have been converted and wholly sanctified.

The "Christian Advocate" of New York, of last week, reported two thousand, five hundred and sixty-nine persons as as having been translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light, and as a matter of course the Churches revived.

The "Western Christian Advocate" called attention to its revival columns, and there we found reported two thousand, two hundred and eighty-four of those who had listened to the call of him who hath said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and to the joy of their souls, that Jesus, who is always true to His Word, did give them rest.

The "Pittsburg Christian Advocate" has its columns filled with the wonderful doings of our Almighty God. A writer from Mount Union says: "We are now enjoying a gracious revival of religion. As a result, some glorious conversions are witnessed about the altar. There is the trembling utterance of the penitent one; the glad confession of the pardoned one, the exuberent joy of the one restored to favor, and above all the great gladness of those who have plead with God to favor Zion. Think of a scene like this witnessed the other night. Side by side stood a young man from Louisiana, a member of the Baptist Church, witnessing most clearly of his conversion, and a young lady from Pitts-

burgh, member of the Presbyterian Church and of the senior class, telling how she had neglected to perform her duty and had thought she couldn't unite with Methodists in worship and work, but how at last she had reached the point when she felt she must go to the altar of prayer along with other penitents, and how great the peace was that came to her in submitting to God. At the same time a host sat closely about, of various Church names—babes in Christ, and strong men and women—witnessing, weeping, singing and rejoicing!"

Rev. G. W. Dennis writes:—Our meeting at Rea's Run closed Monday night. It is said there never was such a revival there before. It resulted in 54 accessions to the Church, and 68 professed conversion, and 23 entire sanctification.

The protracted meetings at Millerstown are continued with increased interest. Up to the present time 104 have united with the M. E. Church, and the altar is filled with anxious enquirers every night. We labor under great disadvantage for want of room—many are compelled to leave for want of even standing room.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Bro. P. S. B. writes, Feb. 3d:—The revival labors under the care of Rev. P. P. Hamilton, on the Gallipolis Circuit of the M. E. Church, during the past three months, have resulted in 340 accessions to the Church. As many have been converted, and many have professed full salvation. Still the work goes on. Pray for us.

The accessions to the American Baptist Mission among the Teloogoos of India number thus far 9,000, all of whom have been baptized since last June. The converts are scattered among 400 villages.

The King of Siam has richly endowed a college for the education of the children of his court and of the princes, and called upon Rev. S. G. McFarland, a missionary, to manage it. It is to be a Christian college.

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

THE DEACON'S SINGING SCHOOL.

"I am going to see if I can start a singing school," said the old man, as he stood buttoning up his overcoat and muffling up his ears, one bitterly cold night.

"A singing school," said his wife, "how will you do that?"

"I have heard of a widow around the corner a block or two, who is in suffering circumstances. She has five little children, and two of them down sick, and has neither fire nor food. So Bennie Hope, the office boy, tells me. I thought I would just step around and look into the case."

"Go by all means," said the wife, "and lose no time. If they are in such need, we can give some relief. But I cannot see what all this has to do about starting a singing school. But never mind, you need not stop to tell me now; go quickly, and do all you can for the poor woman."

So out into the piercing cold of the wintry night went the husband, while the wife turned to the fireside and her sleeping babes, who, in their warm cribs, with the glow of health upon their cheeks, showed that they knew nothing of cold or pinching want. With a thankful spirit she thought of her blessings, as she sat down to her little pile of mending. Very busily and quietly she worked, puzzling all the time over what her husband could have meant by starting a singing school. A singing school and a widow—how queer? What possible connection could they have?

At last she grew tired of the puzzling thought, and said to herself, "I won't bother myself about it any more. He will tell me all about it when he comes home. I only hope we may be able to help the poor widow and make her poor 'heart sing for joy.' There," she exclaimed, "can that be what he meant? The widow's heart singing for joy! Wouldn't that be a singing school? It must be; it is just like John. How funny that I should find it out?" and she laughed merrily at the lucky guess. Taking up her work again

she stitched away with a happy smile on her face, as she thought over again her husband's words, and followed him in imagination in his kind ministrations. By and by two shining tears dropped down, tears of pure joy, drawn from the deep wells of love for her husband, of whom she thought she never felt so fond before. At the first sound of footsteps she sprang to open the door.

"Oh, John! did you start the singing school?"

"I reckon I did," said the husband, as soon as he could loose his wrapping; "but I want you to hunt up some flannels and things to help keep it up."

"Oh, yes! I will; I know now what you mean. I have thought it all out. Making the widow's 'heart sing for joy' is your singing school (Job. 29 : 13). What a precious work. John! 'Pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.' My own heart has been singing for joy all the evening because of your work, and I do not mean to let you do it alone. I want to draw out some of this wonderful music."

There are many hearts which would be better if there could be singing schools started in them. Let you and I do all we can. Perhaps others may catch the key-note, and help swell the song, until many a widow's heart shall be comforted, and the fatherless be fed.—"Advocate and Guardian."

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

HIS WAYS.

MRS. M. N. VAN BENSCHOTEN.

It was near the close of a long summer's day. The glory of the sunset was tipping the willows with gold, as the old friend and teacher of my girlhood alighted at my door. Years had passed since I greeted him, years fraught with stern trial, heavy burdens, and the consequent enriched experience and victories.

In the intervening period, my path had only fallen across the shallow streams, the roughened way, just now leading into the tangled wood. His had been over the jagged rocks, beaten with storms and driven out among "the billows"—"into the sea!"

With reverence I looked upon him, such a settled peaceful air surrounded Him—while an inward light seemed to pervade his presence.

As in days agone, he sat beside me, and asked, "Well, M——, how is it?" Not now with the authority of the teacher, but the tenderness of a friend; for he knew of the thwarted plans and the crosses that lay upon me.

As the tears came quicker than the answering words, and we expressed regret that we were not braver, "No, no," he said, "you are brave. It is a great trial that has met you. I do not wonder that you feel homesick for the old ways and work." Then with careful hand he helped unburden our hearts. And when we told him how strained and asore we felt, by the wrenching that our faith had received, and that we could not see God's hand leading us, but fully trusting, we leaned upon the Master's bosom not at all afraid, so settled was it that we were the Lord's own, and surely He would bring us through,—he uttered no word of surprise, but softly, almost sacredly, turned back the leaves of his own life and read the pages to me.

On and on he went out into the waters, beyond my depth, and as I caught my breath, he added:

"But you know, M——, God so loves us, and is so much wiser than we are, He takes in the end from the beginning, that we may safely trust Him. He allows the strength of our faith to be tested and the sweetness of our graces to be proven, for His glory; and we often accomplish more for God by being true and faithful to Him when exposed to the furnace-heat, than we could by the most devoted service. But He can use us even when hidden away. Some little unseen act, or apparently unfavorable circumstance, by His guidance is made to out-measure by far

some deed the world calls great and generous. We may reach, while hidden away by the Lord, some little spring, which will set in motion a combination of events which will accomplish more for God than years of public activities. He might give voice to a 'song' unheard of for sweetness. The tangled wood may discover the home of the wondrous heart's-ease, and where the healing balm groweth. It is not so much the value of our activities, as the heart that is responsive to His will, that God delights in. Love is greater than service.."

"And then, again," he continued, "God can live in us only as self, unduly exalted, dies. And so often He drives us out, out into the sea, until all is gone and God alone is left. During these years of trial, how God has come to me. As I was swept out to sea, and could only cry, 'Lord, save, or I perish,' there was the returning wave, Self went out, but God came in, until a divine radiance;"—and his face glowed as he uplifted it,—"O, such a radiance pervades the whole of life. Life is so much to me! It is so blessed to live, and God is in it all. He comes so near; when I awake, the birds, the leaves, the sunshine, my food, my friends, all speak of God to me. It is beyond anything I ever knew before. Such a richness and abundance of life!"

And then with his clearer vision and wisdom of years, he helped me find God's foot-prints in my pathway,—and such a cooling breath came over my feverish spirit, like the hushing of God's presence. Softly he read the words, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us,"—and we sang,

"No more heart-pangs nor sadness
When Jesus comes,
All peace and joy and gladness
When Jesus comes."

and kneeling, he talked at once with God. No "cobwebs to be brushed away." The first words being, "And blessed Jesus, Thou hast come—Thou hast come to us." So near, so unbroken and continued, and withal so assured was the communion, that we felt that the blessed Comforter was indeed "nigh unto us." The Amen was uttered softly, not as an end to prayer, but only a pause to the outward form. The communion of the Holy Ghost had become uninterrupted, and we felt that he had reached indeed the Pacific! the grand old ocean of rest in God.

My heart was greatly uplifted, and I thought of what we read about entertaining angels unawares." My faith grew stronger. I rested in God, and waited patiently for the breaking of the morning.

LETTER FROM R. G. LADD.

DEAR BROTHER—I am late in acknowledging the gift of Anna Shipton's book, "The Secret of the Lord," which has been read with much pleasure and profit. I did not need the premium to compensate for the establised price of the "Guide." Indeed, I cull richly every month from its ladened fruit and food. I have learned to love its very sight. It carries the type on its face. It is said, the "countenance is an index of the heart,"—so much more so is your monthly. Holiness to the Lord, lived and obeyed, recommends itself to all honest seekers after God's truth.

Influence is potent—is felt in the stillness of silence, when words are withheld. The practical workings of the heart develope the power within and without. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a verity unmistakable. "A fountain cannot send forth sweet water and bitter at the same time." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "Life hid with Christ in God," takes hold of every form of words, as well as acts, manners, customs, and spirit.

How the strength of God penetrates and permeates the inmost recesses, causing every impulse to subserve the one great end,—the glory of God! With what response does the heart call forth deep, fervent throbbings, that we are permitted to imitate such high, lofty, noble sentiments of our Pattern! Especially, that we are permitted to receive such mighty help in our finite condition, as will enable us to travel the way even though it be strewed

with thorns and briars, and count it all loss and dross, as touching any sacrifice or discomfort of the human.

Years of experience have taught me the value of full salvation. Nothing short of this will answer my way—entire conformity—absolute renunciation of self—abandonment of all human aid—let Christ come in and sway the sceptre himself. Then light in some degree, in His light—"Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over," will oft be the longings of the soul. Here "all things work together for good," and "no good thing will be withheld." "Young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that trust the Lord shall not want any good thing." All that is withheld is not for our good—here we can rest and securely abide.

Blessed, thrice blessed, is this theme of "perfect love in the realm of grace—all, all unmerited—free and full in Christ Jesus.

In Christian fellowship,

R. G. Ladd.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

In view of hard times, which we realize in Waukegan as well as other places, I have hesitated about subscribing for more than one "Guide." But whether it is right to retrench in this direction is the question.

I suppose I must send the "Guide" to the same as I formerly subscribed for. I find the gift is greatly appreciated by those persons receiving them, especially the last I subscribed for last year. She has several children. Her husband is a German Roman Catholic and quite poor. She did not know for some months who sent her the "Guide." But some person suggested who it might be, so she came in the store and asked me if I had sent her the "Guide." I smiled, and told her it was the Lord's doings, therefore she must thank Him. She burst into tears, and said, "Brother Yeoman, you do not know the good those books have done in my family." It was truly affecting to hear her talk. She frequently calls and has something to say concerning the "Guide." Last summer her oldest daughter was converted and united with the Church, which she said was in consequence of reading the "Guide." "Why, Bro. Yeoman, I believe the 'Guide' will be the means of saving my family." In view of this encouragement, you will please send as heretofore.

Yours respectfully,

James Yeoman.

[We publish this by request.—Ed.]

REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

The destruction of the French armament under the Duke D'Arville, in the year 1740, ought to be remembered with gratitude and admiration by every inhabitant of this country. This fleet consisted of forty ships of war, was destined for the destruction of New England; was of sufficient force to render the destruction, in the ordinary progress of things, certain; and it sailed from Chebucto, in Nova Scotia, for this purpose.

In the meantime, our pious fathers, apprised of their danger and feeling that their only safety was in God, had appointed a season of fasting and prayer to be observed in all their Churches. While Mr. Prince was officiating in this Church (old South Church) on this fast day, and prayed most fervently to God to avert the dreaded calamity, a sudden gust of wind arose, (the day till now had been perfectly clear and calm,) so violent as to cause a loud clattering of the windows. The reverend pastor paused in his prayer, and looking around upon the congregation with a countenance of hope, he again commenced, and with great devotional ardor he supplicated the Almighty to cause that wind to frustrate the object of our enemies, and save the country from conquest and popery.

A tempest ensued, in which the greater part of the French fleet was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. The Duke D'Arville, the principal general, and his second in command, both committed suicide. Many died of disease, and thousands were consigned to a watery grave. The small number who remained alive, returned without health and without spirits; the enterprise

was abandoned and never again resumed.

With a reference to this and other similar instances, the late President Dwight remarks in a discourse on answer to prayer,—"I am bound, as an inhabitant of New England, to declare that were there no instances to be found in any other country, the blessings communicated to this would furnish ample satisfaction concerning this subject, to every observer, much more to every pious man."—WISNER.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by singing,

"Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain."

The cases presented for prayer were very numerous, and were laid before the throne by Bro. T. Johnson and Dr. Palmer.

BELIEVING, WE REJOICE.

Sister Palmer read a portion of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and said she had often fancied how satisfied the disciples must have seemed, as they sat close to Jesus, while the multitude were all around. These words of Jesus are very positive and definite, and if we fix our minds particularly on the 8th verse, we will find all the rest of the blessings contained in this one. "Blessed are the pure in heart." If God gives us a pure heart, will we not be meek, kind, merciful, and let our light shine? We will not want to put the light under a bushel, but show it by every act of our lives. Her heart praised the Lord for every one of these blessed promises, for she took them as for herself. When a child, weeping and mourning on account of sin, a sister said to her,—Blessed are they that mourn. She believed, and her heart said, Glory to God! The blessing of pardon came, because she was asking for it, and she never afterwards doubted it. Confidence in God always brings comfort. "Believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." There is the secret of joy. Create in me a clean heart, is an inspired prayer, and will be accepted. "Every one that asketh receiveth," is a fact to every one who positively desires to receive and will accept the gift. Jesus gave himself for us, that we might be dead unto sin and alive unto God.

BE THOU CLEAN.

Dr. Palmer's heart was encouraged, as he thought that Jesus was as really present as when on the Mount delivering that glorious sermon. He had tried to place himself among that company, and listen to the sweet voice of Jesus as He pronounced these blessings. The blessed Jesus loved to gather every dear child in His arms, and say, Blessed are they that hunger, &c. Jesus has not to suffer again. He has done the work, and is ready to say to every one of us—as to the diseased, incurable leper—"Be thou clean." He was thankful Jesus had made provision whereby all His children may be made witnesses of His power to save to the uttermost, and the number is daily increasing among all denominations; and hundreds of souls are being won to Jesus. Full salvation is the only thing that will prepare us for winning souls. Let us take every hindrance out of the way, so that the river of life may flow out through us to all our friends.

HE HAS NEVER FAILED.

Sister —— rejoiced to come to her birthplace once more. Seven or eight years had passed since she first came to the room, with a sad, dejected heart. She had been a Christian for years, but she did not have the enjoyment it was her privilege to have, and did not know how to obtain it. Bro. Belden, in praying for another, expressed her needs, and feeling that she was holding back something, although she hardly knew what, she said, "O Lord, I give Thee all;" and in saying this she knew she was making a compact with God that she could not take back again, and God blessed her, and she went back to her home in New Jersey

to test God's power to save, and from that time to this He had never failed. Things came to try her sensitive nature, but there was no response within. She knew she was not perfect, but she had a perfect Savior who would keep her perfectly, if she would let Him. When she gave all to Jesus, she thought her reputation was included; but when God asked her if she would speak for Him, though every one should turn against her, she hesitated. A sister reminded her that God never gives us a work to do without giving us power to do it. She then said "I will" to God, and she had found a life of trust and a life of joy.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.

Sister Searles rejoiced to know the truth of the assertion, "He gave himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity." She wanted to tell everybody about this great Emancipator, who makes us grand temperance people, and enables us to give thanks in everything. Satan comes, but finds nothing in her. Jesus saved her. If the Church only knew the secret of abiding under the wings of the Almighty, they would give up every idol.

THY WORD IS TRUTH.

A brother, whose soul years before had been sanctified, had come into a mixed experience by different teachings; but a few months ago in examining the Word, he was led to re-consecrate himself anew, and had the witness that he was accepted—but did not receive the Holy Ghost until about a week ago, when in prayer his faith took hold on God, and he said, "O Lord, I am ready to receive anything at Thy hands," and the Holy Spirit came down in power upon him, and he was filled, and he had been walking in joy and peace ever since. His theme was, "The blood of Christ cleanseth."

FREE FROM THE LAW OF SIN.

Brother Johnson praised the Lord that the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus had made him free from the law of sin and death, just as surely as the law of gravitation saves the earth from disorder and distraction, and he would as soon fear that the earth would fly from its orbit into space, as to fear the keeping power of God. The life that was bounding through his soul was wonderful. Five years ago he consecrated all to God, but the consecration had been deeper and deeper every year, and he kept finding out greater depths and greater heights in Christ: and his eye was "fixed on the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus," and not a whit below the mark.

PURE IN HEART.

Rev. Bro. Simmons.—"Let thy garments be always white, and let thy head lack no ointment," was a prayer that impressed him forcibly while reading Solomon's writings. That would be, if in the New Testament, Let thy heart be all pure before God, and let anointing of the Holy One rest on it. While looking over his experience of eight years in this grace, several points came to his mind. In the first place, he had different feelings under provocation to evil. Jesus said, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me;" and we may say it, not in an absolute sense, but in the sense that Jesus holds us and is there to meet all antagonism as it comes. It was wonderful how little time he took in caring for reputation and defending his rights, and getting square with people. He was held sweetly, and when tempted, said with Madame Guyon, "Here, Lord is a temptation, see Thou to that."

Another thought—he found it precious to witness to this grace, and different language rises spontaneously, in expressing his experience, from what formerly did when in the clearest experience of justification. He seldom felt himself obliged, when telling the square truth, to confess crooked paths, barrenness, &c.,—and he believed he ought to keep abreast of what God did for him. He didn't tell the Lord how good he was, but he did say, "O Lord, Thou dost hold and lead Thy servant."

Another string—he had an overwhelming desire to see God's work go on. He found preaching full salvation to cases

hardened in sin brings them quicker than anything else. They ask—Can this appetite be removed? Can I be restrained, and be holy and sweet? And when they are told they can, they come to Jesus. The thought that he was fully saved, was his highest joy.

REJOICING IN TRIBULATION.

Rev. Henry Belden had proven that the Lord was a stronghold in the day of trouble. He had been walking in the pathway of affliction and tribulation, but the Lord had sustained and upheld him; and while he acknowledged that the joys of salvation did not do away with the affliction of tribulation, yet from his heart he praised the Lord for what was past, and trusted Him for all that was to come.

WORK FOR GOD.

Bro. ——. "Blessed are they that hunger, * * for they shall be filled." The hungering is our part—the filling, God's part. He had found, while telling a hungry brother about the abundance in Christ, that his own appetite was greatly increased, and God filled him. As in physical things exercise gives us an appetite, so in spiritual things, work for God increases the appetite, and God is ever ready to fill hungry souls.

MUST HAVE IT.

A sister said that she had sweet baptisms, but she had not that abiding peace; and she felt she could no longer live without it. She was constantly meeting hungry souls, and if she would save others she must be fully saved herself.

(Before the meeting closed, this sister was rejoicing in full salvation.)

DON'T TAMPER WITH THE APPETITE.

Rev. Bro. Morehouse.—When a soul says, "I cannot live without this abiding rest," the human will is then in unison with the divine will, and is omnipotent. He thought it well, not only to have an appetite, but to be careful not to eat anything that is improper—as children eat candies and nicknacks—to destroy the appetite for strong spiritual food. Avoid unholy conversation and unholy books, and read the Bible and instructive books.

ALL GLORY.

Bro. ——. Atheism is no match for God, and he was saved in answer to prayer. He had had his share of all kinds of trouble, but his heart was full of glory, and he began to think that that was the very kind of stuff the Lord makes glory out of.

At the close of the meeting, over a score of souls arose expressing a desire for full salvation, and some entered into rest.

E. J. C.

Children's Department.

For the Guide.

MORE ABOUT THE LITTLE GIRL.

MRS. S. L. PALMER.

This young convert had always been a very timid child, fearing danger everywhere, and would tremble and turn pale at the sight of a dark cloud, fearing it might thunder. But now, the greatest change was manifest.

About three weeks after this joyful witness of adoption was given, she found herself standing at the window of her home, admiring the beautiful flashes of lightning streaming from the clouds. While admiring, without a thought of fear, she heard a voice saying, "Why don't you run to Mother—are you not afraid? With perfect composure and the most joyful feelings, she replied,—"Afraid! Why, it is my own dear Heavenly Father; and if He lets the lightning strike me dead, He will take me right home to heaven." Then she did praise the Lord for this salvation from fear, and since that hour, the Lord has fulfilled to her the promise, "Thou shalt not fear, and from terror, for it shall not come near thee."—Isaiah 54 : 14.

The first check to her joy in the Lord occurred about six weeks after her conversion. Her health required that she should spend the summer months in the country. On her way to her boarding

place, the thought came,—"Margaret (a girl six months older than herself, who was to be her companion,) is a thoughtless, trifling girl; I fear in her company I shall grieve the Spirit." A sadness came over her heart, and probably over her face.

The gentleman under whose eare she was travelling, must have observed it, and he cheerfully said, "Sarah, we are all to go to camp-meeting next week." Joy immediately returned, as she said, "Margaret will be converted!" and she began to ask the Lord to do it, and her dear heavenly Father thoroughly awakened and converted her the next week. Then their joy was indeed full. The four months they remained together, the grove, the cave, and even the hay mow, were favorite places of resort for prayer and praise, and in a little log-house under the mountain, did these youthful Christians pray with, and point to Jesus weeping children.

Their school teacher was the greatest burden on Sarah's heart. He was unconverted. In many ways, with palpitating heart, she tried to get him to think of Jesus. He boarded at the same house, which gave her some opportunities. One day she was hid in a favorite spot on the fresh soft hay, praying for her teacher. She heard him come in to prepare a horse to ride. Her first thought was—Say in a voice he will not know, "Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear." Her heart trembled and she dared not do it. The second thought was—Tear the hymn from your book and let it fall down before him; he may think it came right from God to him. She could but regret spoiling her new hymn book, but her desire to save her teacher made her courageous, and her heart was made l ght. She had done what she could.

Book Notices.

LECTURES ON PREACHING.

Delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College, by Bishop Simpson, D. D., LL.D. Nelson & Phillips, 805 Broadway, New York. Price, $1.50.

These lectures have been extensively published through the religious press. They are the fruit of a long period of ministerial usefulness and oversight, and will no doubt make a favorable impression upon the ministry of our country. For greater convenience, they are now published in book form. It is a volume of rare excellence. We have the experience and matured thoughts of a master mind, who has weighed the importance of the work of successfully preaching the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, by one who has proved himself to be a worker that needeth not to be ashamed.

ELEMENTS OF GENERAL AND CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. By L. D. Townsend, D. D. Nelson & Phillips, 805 Broadway. Price, 40 cents.

The design of this treatise is to furnish those interested in these subjects with such a handbook upon the "Elements of General and Christian Theology" as may be somewhat abreast of the times, and which will, in a measure, give direction to our thinking, studying and teaching, that they may henceforth be less discursive and more effective.

APPLES OF GOLD IN PICTURES OF SILVER,—or, the General Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. C. W. Millen. Nelson & Phillips, 805 Broadway. Price, 3 cents. Tract Book Series.

A serviceable little manual which should be put into the hands of every probationer of our Church. It is an illustrated version of the General Rules of the M. E. Church. Each rule is printed in large type, and illuminated by Scripture and apt quotations of sententious thoughts in prose and verse.

PAMPHLETS.—Vick's Floral Guide. Of the many guides, and seed and plant catalogues sent out by our seedsmen and nurserymen, that are doing so much to inform the people and beautify our country, we do not know of any more beautiful or instructive than "Vick's Floral Guide." Its paper is choice, its illustrations are handsome and given by the hundred, while its colored plate is a gem. This work, although costing but five cents, is handsome enongh for a gift book. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

CAMP-MEETINGS. Their Origin, History and Utility, and also their Perversion, and How to Correct It. Embracing a careful review of the Sabbath question, by Rev. I. C. Swallow. Nelson & Phillips, 805 Broadway.

We can commend it to the attention of those who are studying the subject.

GLORIOUS TIDINGS.—We have had on our table for some time past a beautiful volume of Sunday School Hymns and Tunes, by H. S. Perkins and W. W. Bentley. These names, with the able contributors named is a sufficient guarantee for the excellent character of the work. Published by White, Smith & Co., 516 Washington St., Boston.

For the Guide.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. Music by Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
CHORUS.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
CHORUS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873. Words by FANNY CROSBY, Music by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

APRIL, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Humility.

"The deep, perennial source of purest bliss,
The proof of goodness, and the solid stamp
Of blessed piety; the hallowed base
On which the Christian virtues love to rest."

Taking our course again through the great Bible Picture Gallery, we are attracted by one of rare excellence—it is the picture of Christly humility, Jesus washing His disciples' feet. What a beautiful picture! every one must exclaim, as the eye rests upon its peculiar light and attractions. That is unquestionably the work of a master. It is not of earth but of heaven—the whole portrayal, its perfect features, its splendid colors, its beginning and ending—all of heaven and not of earth. We are introduced to its contemplation by the evangelist John. The scene is laid in connection with that memorable supper partaken with the disciples just before His sacrifice. It was that occasion on which there was an institution of the Lord's Supper, which is of perpetual obligation, preceding but a short time the celebration of the Passover. Our translation has it, "supper being ended," He proceeded to this great act of personal humiliation. This, however, would seem to be incorrect, inasmuch as subsequently He is spoken of as reclining again, and there is also mention of His dipping the sop in the dish, and handing it to His wicked betrayer, Judas Iscariot;

Now, at that solemn hour, the coming tragedy of Calvary was in view. Jesus had fully opened to Him the agony of Gethsemene, and the darkness and bloody scenery of the mount of crucifixion. In anticipation of His speedy separation from His disciples, and their subsequent life-grapple with the rugged aspects of their career, He was prompted to give them this proof of His love, which stands out in New Testament history with such prominence. Thus it is written, "When Jesus knew that His hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world He loved them unto the end." One writer here remarks: "The connexion is—Jesus loved His own even to the end (of His life in the flesh), and gave them in the washing of their feet a proof of His love; and to this act He was induced by the knowledge that He must soon leave the world; and although this knowledge was united (verse 3) with the highest consciousness of His divine mission, and speedy glorification, yet this latter did not prevent Him from giving this proof of His self-humiliating love."

There is another important prefatory statement, which it is well for us to ponder, as adding exceeding glory to the act under consideration: "The

devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray Him." The bargain, the horribly guilty bargain, had been sealed between him and the Sanhedrim. And more than that, he had "made a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." There he was in that supper-hall, in his masked hypocrisy, participating in the solemnities. Jesus knew it all, had marked every step of his treasonable proceeding, and could have instantly unmasked him, and let him stand out before his associates in all his deformity and guiltiness,—but He forbore, allowing him in his vileness to be a sharer in the outgoings of His infinite love.

There is yet another statement which we must have in our thought, as wonderfully enhancing the love of the blessed Christ. It is this. "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God and went to God." Dean Alford remarks: "He did what follows with a full sense of the glory and dignity of His own Person." Bengel also says: "The prefatory mention of His glory is as it were a protestation, lest it should be thought that the Lord did anything beneath His dignity in washing the disciples' feet." Matthew Henry well remarks here: "He was not like a prince in the cradle, that knew nothing of the honor that he is born to,—or like Moses, who wist not that his face shone—no; He had a full view of all the honors of His exalted state, and yet stooped thus low." Oh, wonderful stoop of love—the Infinite lowering himself down to the finite—the Eternal Sovereign, who from all eternity had dwelt in ineffable light and glory, stooping to a menial's place! And yet in this amazing condescension there was nothing conflicting with His highest dignity. On the contrary, the menial service performed toward His unworthy creatures was in exact correspondence with His princely character.

"Rising then from supper," or while the supper was proceeding, "He laid aside His garments; and took a towel, and girded himself." Alford remarks here: "He put himself into the ordinary dress of a servant. Or, which is far more probable, on the the deepest grounds, did He not humble himself so far as *literally* to divest himself, and gird himself merely as the basest of *slaves?*" "After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded."

Coming to Simon Peter, whether at the first or after other disciples had been visited, is a point which is not clear. No matter; it is unimportant. He entered his protest most positively, exclaiming, "Dost thou wash my feet?" Art thou intending to wash my feet, to perform toward me such an act of wonderful condescension? "Thou shalt never wash my feet." The emphatic word in the protest is, "dost *Thou* wash my feet?" The force of his objection was in regard to the *Person* rather than the act itself. The proposed act, however, taken in conjunction with the glory of the Personage proposing the act, was repulsive to the heart of the impetuous Simon.

The Master, in His tender love, reasoned with the refractory disciple. He has often to do this now, with those who fail to apprehend His gracious designs, and who are unwilling to submit to His refining processes. Adorable Christ! that he should thus compassionate our weaknesses.

Jesus answered, and said unto him, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Peter still resisted, becoming more positive, saying, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Then followed that startling declaration by Jesus, in reply, "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me." This word entered into his heart, and secured his instant submission, as he exclaimed, "Lord, not my

feet only, but also my hands and my heart!" Alford here remarks, "The warm-hearted Peter, learning that *exclusion* would be the consequence of not being washed, can hardly have enough of a cleansing so precious. There surely is implied in this answer incipient apprehension of the meaning of our Lord's words. The expression, *If I wash thee not*, had awakened in him a feeling of his own want of cleansing, his entire pollution." So now, a soul illumined by the Holy Ghost, so as to see the remains of native pollution, unfitting him for heavenly fellowship and the activities of eternal life, desires, O, so earnestly, to be made every whit whole—to be entirely washed in the fountain of cleansing. And, there will be a prompt, and even joyous submission to the purifying processes.

Now, then, this beautiful picture of Christly humility is before us. We are entranced in the contemplation. I doubt not that holy angels were hovering over the spot while Jesus was engaged in that act of personal humiliation, wondering at His great love.

What, then, is the lesson taught to the disciples, and to us, by this voluntary humiliation of the Son of God? The Master himself makes the application. It is recorded, "So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done unto you? Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent you." Some have given a literal interpretation to this language, "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet," and carry it out in practice. It is, however, rather to be understood as inculcating a spirit which will prompt us to be ready to perform even the most menial service, not only towards our fellow Christians, but on behalf of the most abject and distressed of our fellow creatures.

There are two things in this lesson which are of the utmost importance: 1. That we possess the Christly-spirit, the spirit of true, unaffected humility. At this point the language of the apostle comes up before us with peculiar emphasis,—"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation." Think of it! "*made himself of no reputation*"—"and took on him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." We may, and ought, here to lay special emphasis on the words, "Let" and "you,"—"*Let* this mind be in *you*." If we open our hearts, this heavenly mind will come in and possess us, in all its divine fulness and beauty.

2. Exemplify the spirit in actual life and practice. There are plenty of occasions. The lanes and alleys, the garrets and cellars, furnish ample opportunities for the exercise of this grace. I will close this article by quoting the language of Dr. Cummings: "True humility prefers mercy to sacrifice; does good, and is silent; bears suffering, and is patient; rises above school-men, priest, and tradition; looks to Christ, sits at His feet, and learns only from Him. It does not seem to men to fast; it fasts before God. There is nothing of display and parade that would indicate that it was of earth; everything to prove that it is implanted within from its Father in heaven. The kingdom of God is not meat, nor drink, nor phylactery, nor robe, nor

rite, nor ceremony, nor outward appearance, nor peculiar tone, nor strange conduct; but it is righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Do not affect humility. The moment humility is spoken of by him that has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet; it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you, '*I am here*,' there is an end of it."

May we, under the bright illuminings of the Holy Ghost, so study this beautiful picture of Christly-humility, that we shall be changed into the same image, "from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

MOTHER MONROE.

We are permitted, through the kindness of the author, Mrs. Mary D. James, to favor the readers of the "Guide" with some advanced sheets of a forthcoming volume, of the sainted one whose name stands at the head of this article.

Her former pastor, Wm. F. Warren, D.D., gives this testimony respecting her—"A true prophetess was Mother Monroe. Her peaceful message shone self-luminously through every feature and every act. Her word needed no other credential than her own saintly self. The very sight of her countenance gave one a new conception of the peace of God that passeth all understanding. Perfect trust and perfect rest seemed the sole tenants of her heart. Yet she was no idle mystic. Hands and feet were busy in the dear Lord's work. No member of my flock guided me in person to so many strange and perishing souls lost in the great city. Some were in the bare attic—one I well remember in a home of palatial luxury. All alike looked upon her face as if it had been the face of an angel. Her memory is as a peaceful and perpetual vision."

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

My first acquaintance with Mother Munroe was during the winter of 1863.

At a meeting for the promotion of holiness, held in the chapel of the Old South Church in Boston, I saw an aged woman whose peculiar attire attracted my attention. I thought, there is one of the old-fashioned Methodists who were quite numerous many years ago, but now so rare that to see one is a real curiosity. The meeting had not advanced far when the plain old lady arose, and stated briefly her happy experience of the power of Christ to "save unto the uttermost."

I was impressed with her simplicity and humility, and especially with the divine unction which attended her testimony.

There is one of my Savior's precious jewels! I said in my heart, and I must seek an early acquaintance with her.

I asked a lady at my side, "who is that aged woman who just spoke?" "Why, that is Mother Munroe," she replied. "I guess you are a stranger in Boston, for everybody here knows Mother Munroe."

I said I have but recently come to this city, but I have heard of that good woman, and I hope I shall not long be a stranger to her.

Soon afterwards I called on some friends of mine, and speaking of the meeting I had attended at the Old South Chapel, said there was a remarkable old lady there in

whom I was much interested. Before I had time to say any more, one of them said "Oh, yes, I know to whom you allude, it is dear Mother Munroe. She is a most precious saint of God. I will take you to see her; she lives near us, in a little street in the rear of our garden. We have a gate through, so that we see her often."

Not many hours had passed before I was led by the short way to the little upper room which was the abode of the venerable saint. She met us with a pleasant smile and a cordial greeting.

Her neighbor said, "I have brought a dear relative of mine to see you; one who has loved Jesus and followed Him from her early childhood."

Her countenance lighted up as she said, "I'm glad to see you! I always think it is a great privilege to have God's dear children come to see me. I live up here in this little room, and it is a heavenly place, I assure you, for my blessed Savior lives here with me, and you know where He lives is heaven. I haven't much of this world, but I feel very rich, because I can claim all the promises of God as mine, and because they are fulfilled to me day by day. I'm a poor little worm, but—

"'He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God.'

He deigns to own me and bless me with such rich comforts that my heart is all the time running over with praise."

Thus she talked on so sweetly of "Jesus and His love," and then we had a season of prayer.

As her petitions ascended to God for blessings upon her visitors, we felt, indeed, that heavenly benedictions came down upon us, and we said "it is good for us to be here."

As we left that sacred spot, hallowed by the presence of the Most High, I felt that an exalted privilege had been mine. I had met with a princess in Israel, a daughter of the Great King, and had begun an acquaintance and friendship with her which would be perpetuated through endless ages. Even in that one interview I had gained much spiritual good, for her words were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

In one of my subsequent interviews with her, speaking of advancement in the knowledge and love of God, she compared her Christian experience to the different grades of literary training. She said, "I was a good while in the primary department of the school, but I thank the Lord that I graduated many years ago and entered the high school, where I have learned a great deal more, but there are greater studies yet for me to master before I shall be fit to go home from school—much more to learn of the wonderful things of Christ's kingdom, and I want to be a good scholar and learn all that the Great Teacher wants me to, and then when I'm through I shall have a glorious welcome to my Father's home.

"School days will soon be over, and God's dear children will go home. Bless the Lord! that will be glorious, won't it? But now, only think how many stay in the primary department year after year, some all their life! Dear souls, what a pity they have so little ambition! How much they lose by not learning faster! They don't

mind the apostle's injunction 'Be diligent,' but just drag along day after day, making no progress at all. Well, I don't know how they will manage to gain the kingdom at last; because, you see, they can't get there without graduating into the high school first, and I don't see that they can ever graduate at the rate they are going now. Poor things! they sing, and well they may—

"'Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!'

Oh, that they might feel some sweet breezes from the hill of Zion to quicken their dead souls into spiritual life!"

The divine training made her a finished scholar truly, to whom the church looked for instruction, and her presence in the sanctuary was prized beyond expression. One of her pastors said of her, "Mother Munroe is fully one-half of Bromfield St. Church."

Another said, "When Mother Munroe is at prayer meeting it is not so much matter who is absent as to the interest of the meeting, for she is a host herself."

For the Guide.

THE BIBLE.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

I'd rather have that noble Guide,
Which Jesus Christ hath given,
Than own the glittering world beside,
And miss the road to heaven.

My mind with truths I'd rather store,
On which my God may look,
Than garner all the wealth of lore
That's found in every book.

I'd rather search for hidden gems,
With unremitting toil;
To wreathe my brow with diadems
From out its precious soil,
Than wear the richest kingly gowns,
Purchased at any price;
Or all the diadems and crowns
This side of paradise.

Within that Holy Book is found
A balm for every pain;
And he who reads it shall abound
In everlasting gain.

For the Guide.

CHRIST A PHYSICIAN OF SOUL AND BODY.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. N. L. PORTER.

[I give this experience to the press at the request of friends; but a more weighty motive is suggested by this Scripture, "No man, when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a vessel, or putteth it under a bed; but setteth it in a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house."—N. L. P.]

We read in the Bible declarations not only of Christ's willingness to forgive sin and cleanse the soul from all unrighteousness, but also to heal the sick.

Jesus says, "Is any among you afflicted, let him pray; * * and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."—James, vs. 13–15.

Doubtless these words were written to encourage the faith of the afflicted now, as well as in the days of the early Church, and to direct the suffering ones to Him who is full of tender compassion, and "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Like many others, in my early experience I was troubled with doubts on the subject of Christ's willingness to heal the sick by His power alone. Not having seen anyone healed, or conversed with those who claimed to be thus re-

stored, I was very much like Thomas when they told him that Jesus was alive and had appeared to certain of the disciples,—who replied, "Except I see Him I will not believe." This, for several years, was the ground I took on the subject of the Master's willingness to heal. But in the Spring of 1822, after an illness of twenty-six months, the Lord removed all those doubts by making me the object of His healing power. And it is for the benefit of any who may be suffering in body and mind as I was, that I cheerfully give a synopsis of my experience, which is mainly as follows:

In March, 1825, after several months of close application to study, together with other duties, I was taken suddenly ill with a disease affecting my brain and spine. Being wholly unfitted for study and public duties, I gave up for a time, and sought a cure at the hand of several physicians; spent much time at the seashore, etc., hoping to recover my health and return to the full duties of my charge. But in all this I failed, and at length was convinced that I could never be restored in this way, and made up my mind that I must be an invalid all my days. Two whole years had passed since I had seen a well day, and before me there seemed no hope from any earthly source.

In this state of body and mind, convinced of my utter helplessness and entire dependence upon Christ for all things, I made a full surrender of all anew to Him,—all my being, soul, body, time, substance, and all, was put upon the altar. whether I was strengthened for work or continued to suffer more and more, was not a question. The Spirit led me to lay my all at Jesus' feet. Like a little child, I seemed ready to go anywhere or do anything for the Savior. Though in the prime of life and ambitious to do some good in the Church and in the world, that at last I might have something to show for my life on earth,—yet I could say from my very heart, "The will of the Lord be done! By His grace I can suffer, yea, I can die if need be."

After I had made this surrender, I was greatly blessed of the Lord. Great peace came to my heart—such as I had never known before. The peace imparted at conversion, the peace and joy that Jesus gave to my soul when I yielded up to Him my will—my plans—my life, to preach His Gospel, was not to be compared with the great peace I experienced at this time. In Him I had perfect rest,—could praise Him for the sickness, the sorrow and the trouble I had passed through. Indeed, I was led in everything to give thanks.

Four days after this happy experience, and while in earnest prayer to God for His Spirit to lead me, this thought came to my mind, as sudden as if spoken by the Lord,—"Jesus can heal your body as well without medicine as with." "The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up." I said at once,—"If it will be for His glory, I pray to be healed. Doctors have failed, and now if Christ will heal me, He shall have the glory.

All through the day, which was spent in fasting and prayer, this petition was often repeated, "Lord, if it will be for thy glory, heal my

body." It was easy to pray thus. I didn't feel the slightest restraint, but on the other hand, there was a constant prompting to it. Jesus was so near that I seemed to talk with Him as with an earthly friend. Though I had long entertained doubts on this subject, as before stated, yet all of them disappeared now, and I was confident Christ would restore me. I retired early in the evening, quite weary in body, but of hopeful spirit,—fully assured that the prayer which had been (as it were) put into my heart by the Spirit would certainly be answered, and it was—Praise the Lord! for when morning came I arose strong and well. I knew I was well. In a moment I exclaimed, "Christ has restored my health. Glory! glory! glory!"

From that blessed morning I have been in good health—should hardly know that I had ever been sick, for I never felt better. The peace given on the day of my surrender has never been withdrawn, but has been at times like a river flowing through my soul. The Lord is my Keeper now. In Him I find constant rest and satisfaction. With such experience, I can no longer doubt the willingness of Christ to heal where it will be for His glory. And why may we not believe that there would be many others restored in like manner, if men had more faith in our divine Redeemer. Trust Him, dear reader, for all that you need.

He had not where to lay His head!
No pillow soft I seek!
His path of pain be mine to tread—
His cross the prize I seek.
His glory is my only joy,
His will my only peace,—
His praises shall my songs employ
Till life and time shall cease.

For the Guide.

HIS FRIENDS.

ABBIE MILLS.

Jesus says we are His friends if we keep His commandments. But as some were found when He was on earth who said, "Lord, Lord," but did not the things He said, so now, many hope at last to find a mansion prepared for them, who now consider His commandments grievous.

They would like to have strong faith when they come to die, but now they are much occupied with the things of sight, and success now does not seem so intimately connected with faith in Christ as the inheritance that is hoped for hereafter. Worldly interests crowd the words of Jesus out of sight; and though God is acknowledged omnipresent, He seems far away from the events that go to make up every-day-life, and so, while He says, "Set your affections on things above," those to whom He speaks, and to whom He wants to reveal His wondrous power to bless in every way, are so intent in listening to the Babel sounds of earth, that His voice is unheeded, and they go on drinking in uneasiness and unrest, until they have no heart to comprehend what is meant by the rest of faith.

They have believed the lie, that an abundance of this world's goods would secure them rest, when all it had to give was a weight of care and a torpor of soul, such as might find expression in the song,

"Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys."

No wonder that skepticism should grow more skeptical while

looking at and reading such epistles as these! or in hearing of testimony so contradictory of the promises. But there are those who dare take God at His word, and what is the result? Are they Time's paupers, whose only hope is in things unseen? While there are illustrious examples of a race of princes who look joyfully at the spoiling of perishable things, because of the assurance which is theirs, of treasure in the country to which they journey; yet, there are also a vast crowd of witnesses that are ready to affirm that godliness hath promise of the life that now is. That obedience to God's commands does not unfit one for prosperity in business, nor in any honorable calling here in this world. A heart filled with the Holy Ghost can carry its power, and peace, and joy, into the "rough and tumble" of business, and keep the inner life flowing on in such endless song, as will sweeten each outward expression of the mind force that moves to external act.

Neither does this single-eyed life of entire consecration to God tone down the strength of intellect to a sweetish insipidity. Its sweetness is an unadulterated kind, wholesome and invigorating, which harmoniously blends with the hero's characteristics.

In short, it is well for both worlds, with those who obey the commands given by an all-wise Father for the good of those He loves.

To be Jesus' friends means a kingdom within, companionship with the Beloved, all the way to heaven. His friends are like Him here; and they become so not from themselves and trying to rid themselves of deformity,—but by looking to Him, they are transformed into the same image. And as the Spirit reveals His beauties more and more, the assimilating process goes on, until the knowledge that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him is everywhere patent.

But shall sin remain in the hearts of the friends of Jesus? He who has promised to come and abide with us, must He dwell in the presence of His enemy, unable to rid himself of the usurper of His throne? No, no! He that bound the strong man in the hour of pardon, will also cast him out of the heart that cries to Him for cleansing from all sin. He waits the faith that credits His promise. By faith, the heart-temple is prepared for the abiding Comforter. By faith, He comes and fills the soul, graciously imparting the joy of fellowship with the trinity; and the heart that was most lonely sings of a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,—whose love shines brightest in the hours of trial, and gilds the darkest pathway, until its most glorious effulgence is shed around the saved soul in its everlasting home.

JESUS ONLY.

Never allow yourself to believe there is any useless or unmeaning work being done upon you. The fine work upon the stone is almost noiseless. When the blows are heavy "the sound of the hammer is heard;" friends hear them, gather around and offer their many forms of sympathy, and we, getting this human help, would live on it

if God in mercy did not change all things with us.

When we are sand-papered, it never occurs to friends our needs are greater than when the hammer is heard. Aye, they are so vast, then we learn under the heaviest pressure to shun all but the man of sorrows, crying out—

"No heart, no hand O God, but thine
Can help or pity wants like mine."

For the Guide.

PENTECOST.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

Disciples of the Holy One,
Have ye the Holy Ghost received?
Has heaven's baptismal fire come down
Upon your souls since ye believed?
The great Refiner—has He come
And purified your souls by fire,
And in your hearts set up His home?
Oh, christians, have ye yet received
The Holy Ghost since ye believed?

The Pentecostal hallowed shower
Which on the waiting suppliants came,
The blest anointing sacred power,
The all-inspiring heavenly flame,
Are all your being's powers imbued
With Christly sweetness, holy joy—
With Jesus' blessed mind endued—
Do heavenly things your powers employ?
Oh, christians, have ye yet received
The Holy Ghost since ye believed?

Are you in perfect harmony
With God's own will each day and hour?
In all things *only Him* to see,
And ever feel His saving power?
A spotless soul, a single eye,
A spirit filled with love and peace;
A life His name to glorify—
Your God alone to serve and please.
Oh, christians, have ye yet received
The Holy Ghost since ye believed?

The blessed Comforter divine
Delights to make us His abode;
In His own brightness thus to shine
As trophies of His saving blood.
Oh, Holy Ghost, how blest Thy sway!
How wondrous Thy transforming power
To purify and save each day,
And fill with gladness every hour?
Oh, christians, have ye yet received
The Holy Ghost since ye believed?

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

Bible Key-Words—"How Much More."

"There is a storehouse of rich fare,
Supplied with plenty and to spare;—
'Tis God's own Word! It spreads a feast
For every hungering, thirsting guest."

"HOW MUCH MORE," IN PROMISE.

Sabbath, April 6.—"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"—Luke 11: 13.

Here is one of the greatest of the "exceeding great and precious promises" of the New Testament. It is presented by contrast. In the first part of the passage, the kindly and loving bearing of earthly parents toward their children is stated,—they are quick to hear the cry of a needy child, quick to communicate the needed relief. Such is the natural, ordinary course of parents,—being evil, humanity alone prompts such a response.

Then comes in the emphatic, "*How much more?*"—leading us up into the the real of the divine and the heavenly—a phrase which baffles human calculation, spreading into the infinite among boundless stores of grace and love. In the parallel passage, the term, "good things," are used, but here the evangelist uses a more comprehensive term, "the Holy Spirit," which embraces all the rest—all good things whether for time or eternity. And this is the gift of our "heavenly Father." Dean Alford says, "When we address God (Matt. 6:9) he is "Our Father (which is) *in* heaven;" when He answers us, He is the Father *from* heaven. In the former case we go up unto Him and His abode; in the latter he comes down to us. And

God's answers to our prayers consist of neither useless nor mischievous things, but of His best gift—His Holy Spirit—in all the various and fitting manifestations of His guidance, and consolation, and teaching, in our lives. This is (because this takes of and imparts to us by leading us continually to Him who is) the "bread" of the parable—the "*father of the family*"—is the Father from heaven, with whom, however, the night is as the day, who never slumbers nor sleeps. Beloved saints of the Lord, behold the compass of this promise, "*How much more*"—the gift of your Heavenly Father—the gift of the Holy Spirit, in abiding presence, in all-needed and continuous communications, in life and death—and this a gift! Oh, boundless grace. Oh, measureless love! All conditioned upon the *asking*! "Ask, and receive, that your joy may be full."

"HOW MUCH MORE"—A POINTED QUESTION.

SABBATH, APRIL 13.—"How much more are ye better than the fowls?"—Luke 12 : 24.

The great Teacher had just concluded his striking parable of the rich worldling, trusting in uncertain riches, saying to his soul, "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years," and the sudden and awful termination of his career, "Thou fool; this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" Human trust, like a bending reed, broken in an instant, scattering all around the fragments of vain hopes.

Now he leads the thoughts of the disciples up into a loftier, purer realm, a realm where an intelligent, all-satisfying, never-failing trust may be exercised. It is the realm of a benign, all-reaching, ceaseless providence, exercised by the Father of mercies. It is declared to be so minute as to include the delicate tracery of a lily, and the direction of the flight of a raven in quest of food. "Consider," says he, "the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: *how much more* are ye better than the fowls?" Of the raven it is said: "Its perch, high on the edge of some jagged cliff, its attitude of repose, the hoarse croak which occasionally breaks the deep silence all around, increase the dreariness of the scene." And yet God's eye is upon the lofty perch of the jagged cliff. He feeds the raven there, day by day, for he has no sowing and reaping time, no gathering of accumulated stores into barns for approaching winter. He is a daily pensioner upon his Heavenly Father's bounty, and he is not disappointed. Thus Job 38:41 it is beautifully written, "Who provideth for the raven his food." When his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meats. *How much more* are ye better than the fowls? Jesus reasons from the lesser to the greater. If our great Father, our Heavenly Father, cares so minutely for the inferior, will He not much more for the superior? How much more does his creature man rise in the scale of being than a raven? Arithmetician, can you answer this; can you make the computation? Take the lesson of the Master—be trustful, ever trustful, nothing but trustful—dismiss your needless fears; have faith in God.

"HOW MUCH MORE?"—A LOFTY PROBLEM.

SABBATH, APRIL 20.—"Now if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles; how much more their fulness."—Rom. 11 : 12.

"How much more shall these, which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree."—vs. 25.

The Jews, as a people, are the marvel of the world. Their providential destiny is at the present a great mystery. Their "fall," or rejection of Jesus Christ, and consequent scattering, in blindness and hardness, among

the nations, has been the enriching of the Gentiles. Until the fulness of the Gentiles is brought in (what the fulness of the Gentiles is we may not exactly determine) it would appear that the veil is to rest upon the Jewish mind. Old Testament prophesies, and New Testament declarations point to a wonderful change in their condition, predicated upon their acknowledgement of Jesus as the Christ, which is yet to come. There are various theories concerning their ultimate destiny. Some literalize and others spiritualize, Bible teaching.

No one can, we think, carefully consider the teachings of this chapter, without arriving at the conclusion that the great fact present to the Apostle's mind was that finally the Jews, in large numbers, are to be converted, and so magnify the riches of grace, as unfolded in the present dispensation. We can hardly conceive of an occurrence in the history of nations which would have a more cogent influence. It is coming in some form, by some chosen instrumentality. The cross, in this, will have an illustrious triumph, and tower higher before the peoples of the globe than ever. Dean Alford says, "It must be noticed that the fact of Israel being the chosen people of God, lies at the root of all this argument. Israel is *the nation*, the covenant people—the vehicle of God's gracious purposes to mankind. Israel, nationally, is deposed from present favor. That very deposition is, however, accompanied by an outpouring of God's riches of mercy on the Gentiles; not as rivals to Israel, but still considered as further from God, formally and nationally, than Israel. If, then, the *disgrace* of Israel has had such a blessed accompaniment, *how much more* blessed a one shall Israel's *honour* bring with it, when His own people shall once more be set as a praise in the midst of the earth, and the glory of the nations.

Some one will say, Is this not putting a premium, as it were, on unbelief and rebellion? Not at all; for their salvation is conditioned upon their repentance and faith. The condition being met, the gospel knows neither Jew nor Gentile—it will not discriminate in its saving communications.

"HOW MUCH MORE?"—A DISCIPLE'S LOT.

SABBATH, APRIL 27.—"If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?"—Matt. 10:25.

Jesus had a hard allotment in this world. His reputation was assailed. Vile epithets were applied to him. Here is an example—they called Him "*Beelzebub*." This has various significations. In 2 Kings 1:2, it refers to a God worshipped by the Philistines, "the lord of flies." But it also is a name applied by the Jews to "*the prince of the devils*," and in this opprobrious form it was applied to Jesus. Thus, on a certain occasion, when Jesus had restored a man who was possessed of a devil, blind and dumb, —"when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This *fellow* doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils." The reply of the Master to this accusation, which was made in the meekness of wisdom, utterly silenced the cavilers. The reasoning of Jesus, however, in the passage before us, is from the greater to the lesser. If the Master has fared thus roughly, may the disciple expect to fare better? "*How much more*" shall they call them of His household? Let no one calculate to escape the fiery trial—think it not strange when it comes—it is the allotment of discipleship. What then? Why, as the Master passed through the dread ordeal unscathed, so shall we. Let them then hurl their fiery darts, they will not touch our vitality,—we shall conquer, through the blood of the Lamb.

For the Guide.

LOVE HIS APPEARING.

L. A. B.

In reading over the prophecies of the coming of Christ in the Bible, my attention was particularly arrested by the words of St. Paul, —words that I had always loved to think upon as an evidence of the clear shining of God's love upon his soul through faith in Him. After speaking of his poor labors for his Lord, and the near approach of death, he adds,— "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Now, for the first time I saw there was a beautiful message to the Church and to me individually,—if I loved His appearing, there was a crown laid up for me. We cannot love the appearing of those we know nothing about. To rejoice in a visit from a friend, shows a former communion and intimacy which cannot be felt for a stranger; and to really rejoice in the coming of our Lord, we must hold every day intimate communion with Him, and study His perfect character as presented in the Bible; His love towards us that passeth knowledge, and finally, the presentation of himself to our mental vision in all His personal loveliness, giving us a chance to converse with Him as a man with His friend. If this close communion should continue day after day, year after year, would it not be a delightful surprise to behold Him with our natural eyes and know He had come to take us to our beautiful home and our glorious crown, to be forever with Him? Now, let everyone put the question to their own heart,—If my Savior should suddenly appear, would I rejoice at His presence, and in the language of St. Paul, "love His appearing?" If so, the crown is waiting, and it will make but little difference whether we pass the gates of death like St. Paul, or are caught up in the air to meet our Lord, the reward will be the same.

"To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure,
The cross shall wear the crown."

For the Guide.

THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

S. M. PALMER.

"The heat of the sun sent to the earth every minute, can do as much work as two thousand steam engines of one hundred horse-power, each working constantly for four thousand years."

Wonderful as this is, how much more marvelous is the transformation wrought often in an instant in the human heart! when the "Day-spring from on high" visits the soul of man.

Saul, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," is suddenly struck to the earth, and then, "trembling and astonished," it is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and immediately the devout Ananias has his hands on this ravenous wolf that was, and is saying, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared to thee by the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost!"

How many hundreds of Sauls have since then been by the glori-

ous "Sun of righteousness," melted from the hard, cold, stern winter of depravity, into a genial Spring and Summer, like Paul of the Acts and Epistles? Ready to lay down his life for the brethren, beseeching and entreating men to be reconciled to God! O, Paul, Paul, what power has changed the lion into the Lamb? "The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation, to everyone that believeth."

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to Him be glory and dominion, forever and ever. Amen."

"Partakers of his holiness!"—Being like Him—The love of Christ constraining us—"Workers together with God,"—"Our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." But I may quote "exceeding great and precious promises" till I weary the reader.

Unless you have got where the holy waters of Ezekiel are deep enough to swim in, and where

> "Everlasting Spring abides,
> And never withering flowers;"

where

> "December's as pleasant as May,
> And a prison a palace doth prove."

Extravagant, overdrawn, fanatical? Nay; unless the wings of your imagination have been plumed to higher flights than the mass of professed Christians reach, and you know experimentally what can be so poorly told in words,—"The half has not been told you!"

Do I speak to a "weary and heavy laden" one, who is saying, "O, that I knew where I might find Him,—I would go even to His seat?" I am afraid we sometimes, half unconsciously, allow ourselves to think that others are fully saved more readily than ourselves; such a thought indulged must be very offensive to God, with whom "there is no respect of persons." "Our God is only love," should at once put to flight any and all such thoughts.

Others, instead of "magnifying the grace of God," only belittle, and take from it, by thinking their cases exceptionally hard or difficult of cure—as though any stain was too deep for the Sun of righteousness to take out. I think the natural sun fails to remove the deep dyes of scarlet and crimson, but these very same indellible colors are specified as becoming as wool in one case, and in the other white as snow, when touched by "the precious blood of Christ."

> "Not all the blood of beasts,
> On Jewish altars slain;
> Could give the guilty conscience peace,
> Or wash away the stain.
>
> But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
> Takes all our sins away;
> A sacrifice of nobler name,
> And richer blood than they.
>
> My faith would lay her hand,
> On that dear head of thine;
> While like a penitent I stand,
> And there confess my sin."

When we entered upon the springtime of salvation—to continue the figure of nature, we knew as little about the "wondrous plan," philosophically, as we do about the composition of the natural sun; and yet we entered into life, to the great joy and satisfaction of our souls; but having got thus far, how many stubbornly refuse to go into the summer of God's love? Spring is a time of growth, but not of maturing; in Summer, the growth is more rapid and steady, maturing also.

But though so many tarry in the Spring, and even insist that they have all the Summer there is in this life, there are many others, (and bless the Lord, the number seems to increase rapidly,) who have started a fire, here and there on the hill-tops, all through the land; and they are shouting one to the other, "The morning cometh!" and the fires blaze, higher and higher, and it catches in the stubble, and we expect to hear of greater and greater conflagrations.

"Our God is marching on!"

"Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound."

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign forever and ever."
"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

MILFORD, PA.

THE TREASURE WHICH GOD HAS GIVEN ME.

REV. AARON M. HUNT.

I was born in 1850. My dear mother, who went to heaven nearly six years since, would take me with her to her closet of prayer, when I was too young to be left alone. I shall never forget her tearful pleadings.

From seven to thirteen years of age, I had more or less conviction of sin, but my pride kept me from telling my mother. In my fourteenth year I was taken very sick; then I told her. She pointed me to Christ, and I think I felt some change; but when health returned, my habits of sin continued. I kept up secret prayer, however, and in a few months was baptized, and received by the M. E. Church on probation, and in due time in full connection.

My evidence of justification was not clear until a year and a half after my baptism. I look back upon those days with great sorrow. I rendered myself very, very unworthy by professing to be the Lord's, when, in heart, I was not, though I did not intend to be a hypocrite.

During this time I was a reader of the "Guide to Holiness." In one number I read the experience of one, who said that for years after conversion his life was one of sinning and repenting. As I read this, I thought perhaps I could not have victory over my actual transgressions, until I obtained full salvation. I soon learned my mistake; and after I received the witness that I was a child of God, my desire for purity increased.

While seeking, I received more light from Sister Palmer's writings than from any other source. I often had much joy and peace and often doubt, and consequently more or less of darkness. At times I thought I could claim the pearl I sought, and again would let unbelief gain the ascendancy.

In the fall of 1867, at a camp-meeting held at West Davenport, I arose in a tent and expressed my desire for a clean heart. I was blessed very much; but alas! as I awoke the next morning my faith wavered. Then followed nearly two months of nervous prostration and great conflict, such as I never had before, nor since.

The following spring I was enabled to make a full consecration, and in that consecration the two following promises especially:

1st. That in the strength of my

Redeemer, I would trust His word without regard to feeling. 2d. That I would definitely confess what He was doing for me. In keeping these I was much blessed; and the sweet witness of heart-purity became my own precious treasure. So sweet has this treasure been from that time till the present, that my longing to have every lover of Jesus receive the same, has been intense.

Four times I have had the privilege of attending the Tuesday Meeting at Dr. Palmer's. I think Sister P. was present each time. At the close of the meeting, she would take my hand so kindly and give such good parting words, that I shall never forget them.

Delhi, N. Y., Dec., 1878.

For the Guide.

GOD IS LOVE.

M. A. HAWKINS.

O, when life looks cold and bitter,
And Hope's last glad ray is dead,
Then 'tis sweet to hear the music
Of that heavenly voice which said,
"God is love."

Gentle Jesus, weak but mighty,
Come, oh come, and make me whole;
Let my body be Thy temple,
This assurance fill my soul,
That God is love.

Come then, life, with all its burden,
With its crushing weight of care,
With its load of pain and anguish;
Jesus Thou art near to share,—
For "God is love."

I will ne'er forsake nor leave Thee,
Patient, plodding, weary one;
Lean upon me in affliction;
Calmly trust the Holy One,
Whose name is love.

Step by step He leads thee upward,
To our home of light and love;
Thro' the darkness, thro' the sunshine,
Soon will reach sweet rest above,—
Where all is love.

THE SABBATH—GOD'S BOON TO MAN.

M. ANNESLEY.

'Sabbath stillness, pleasing rest, to mortals given.'

As the author of "The Pearl of Days" said, the mud on the Sabbath was not so bad as that on other days, so a cloudy Sabbath is not dark as other days.

For the Sabbath is our weekly blessing, and we never cease to dwell upon its merciful institution. It is ever new to us—a sweet page of life woven into the threads of years with all its own associations of home, kindred and the house of God, and sheds its halo down to the portals of the tomb.

At the close of every six days' toil we anticipate our permitted day of rest and quiet in all its sacred hours.

And this is a holy educated state of the heart that has learned obedience to the law of God, and rejoices in its requirement and blessing. A life that has its hallowed Sabbaths is one of beauty and power.

All the leading steps to infidelity and its course, are upon the ground of Sabbath profanation; and when that holy day is set at defiance, the stride over the whole law is easy and resolute, and sinners become guilty of breaking the whole law of God. When we consider this law written with the finger of God and dictated by love and wisdom for the good of man in all the varieties of his existence on the earth, how can we dare set at naught one iota of that law which is holy, just and good?

And that which appears strange to us, is, that people think so lightly of Sabbath desecration and its profanity; and we hear it said, "I cannot do so, but others may

have some other light upon the matter," just as if the plain command is not equally binding upon all, and the same interpretation for every soul.

Some make this remark, "When I first went on the ferry-boat, on the car, or did such and such a thing, I felt badly about it, but now I do not feel so." That is no doubt true, for the gentle Holy Spirit that reproved the first, second or third act, was grieved away, and you now can go on quietly without His reproof; yet, remember, there is another day when this false reckoning must come up for settlement in the consciousness of temporal and spiritual losses. If you take into your calculation all the evil of your example—all the minutiæ of suffering and injury to man and beast, by your paltry attempt of good, you will perhaps find a poor balance of worth. And what a trick upon the Almighty, to openly and fearlessly do as you please against His will, and then offer your good works on the shreds of His broken law. Do you think the Lord can be trifled with in that way?

There is a beautiful order in God's law, the first four commandments are in relation to our duty to Him, and the other six intermingle with ourselves, to keep us in harmony, justice and peace with each other;—and all are so beautiful and easy in their requirements for our happiness. Sabbath order and quiet in families are admired even by sinners, and the blessings of such are noticed.

As a group of gentlemen gathered in a store, turned their conversation upon this subject, one after another singled out the happy and well-to-do families of their neighborhoods who kept the Sabbath day holy—so that all the balance of good was on the right side. There is one point of interest to the worldly which is worthy of consideration,—that all that is gained in worldly substance by Sabbath desecration goes for naught; the gain is put into bags with holes in them. Make this fact a point of your inquiry and observation, and you will find the leaks in many fortunes. Ships negotiated for on the Sabbath make their trial trips also on the sacred day—go to sea a few times and suddenly finish in the deep. Railroad stocks on Sabbath profits have heavy losses. If you notice here and there in the busy world, the Sabbath profits are so decimated, that there is no real gain. And how can it be otherwise, when all this iniquity is done in open, plain contradiction of God's command?

We often wonder at men and women in authority and power, who like to have their will obeyed, and feel very tenacious of their rights and privileges; and yet so lightly esteem the law of God, and trampling with impunity His holy day, acting and saying, they will do as they please—they offer a disobedience and indignity to their Creator they would not bear with in their own subjects.

Sabbath-breaking infidelity will bear its constant fruits and discontent, wherever it prevails or reigns.

Many are still suffering from the depression which all have felt during the past five or six years. We have been unwilling to press our subscribers from whom subscriptions are yet due, but it will be very gratifying to hear from them at their earliest convenience.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. J. T. HOWE.

During this my second visit to Scranton within the past six months, I find the "Guide" still coming addressed to my lovely friend, Mrs. J. T. Howe, who has been enjoying the glories of the better land since August last, and hence I have concluded to send a short notice of her death for the "Guide."

The beautiful spirit of Mrs. J. T. Howe, of Scranton, Pa., passed away peacefully to heaven from her cottage on the Wyoming camp ground, Aug. 2d. Hers was a beautiful life of faith. Converted when but a child of ten years, she had been a faithful member of the M. E. Church for 28 years, and for four years had enjoyed a precious "rest of faith."

The last three years of her life were full of suffering, all of which she bore with marked Christian patience and cheerfulness; always greeting her friends with a smile, that often led them to say, "She seems like an angel." Thus, trustingly, lovingly, she clung to the cross of our Redeemer, and passed away from death to life breathing the precious name, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

Yours in the vineyard,

SCRANTON, March 6. JOSIE A. ROBINSON.

DR. WARREN BROWN.

Dr. Brown died at his residence in Kennebunkport, Jan. 22d, of typhoid pneumonia, aged 60 years.

In this mysterious providence, the Church and community have met with an irreparable loss. At the time of his death he held the office of first select man of the town, overseer of the poor, and superintendant of public schools. In the M. E. Church he held the office of Sabbath-school superintendant, class-leader, member of the board of stewards, and a member of the choir.

He returned to his home in K. about two years since, and at the first vacancies was elected to the above offices. He spent fifteen years in Government service at Washington, in which time he faithfully and conscientiously discharged his regular duties, but studied law and graduated at the bar; studied medicine and received his diploma; taught an evening school, two Sabbath-schools, (one colored), and led a class once a week. His friends in Washington have written to his afflicted family; the highest eulogy that can be pronounced upon mortal—that of being an honest man and a noble Christian gentleman.

His piety was of the mild and cheerful type; not demonstrative, but as steady and even in his course, and as unpretentious as the march of the seasons. Constancy in his religious life seemed to be the prevailing characteristic. He had a heart to feel for others' woes, and spent his time and money to ameliorate the condition of the poor and illiterate; and best of all, he gathered his inspiration for such noble work at the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. His own towns-people looked upon him as an "Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile."

I add my testimony, that I never saw so many good qualities combined in one individual, though a score of years in the itinerancy has given me many acquaintances. As a physician, his pleasant look, his words of cheer, and often his voice of prayer, made his visit doubly welcome to his patients. He sacrificed his own privileges, that he might stay and comfort a sick and perhaps a sorrowing one. His mental ability, culture, and philanthropy, sanctified by a holy heart and life, rendered him a power for good anywhere. But so modest was his nature, that he never paraded, or hardly exhibited his talents. With him, to be good and do good, was the height of his ambition. He walked in the sight of God; and his face was ever lighted up with a serene smile, which beamed upon those around him like a benediction. But he was as unassuming in his piety as he was in his great ability.

No wonder death found him ready for his last change. "All is well—all is right," were among his last expressions. Sometimes amid his terrible sufferings, he

would pray for relief, and then add, "My heavenly Father knows best." Thus has ended the earthly life of one of our noblest members, and one whose influence will long be felt in our Church here, and throughout the entire community. May God comfort and sustain the afflicted widow, and may the father's mantle rest upon the sons. M. P. MITCHELL.

KENNEBUNKPORY, ME., Feb. 26.

HATTIE P. WOOLEVER.

Mrs. Hattie P. Woolever, wife of Charles Woolever, of Jefferson Co., N. Y., passed away from earth, March 4th, 1878, in the forty-sixth year of her age. She was not converted in early life, but for a number of years she had been a burning and a shining light. Her religion was the joy of her life. Love vitalized every thought and every deed. She improved every opportunity to recommend Jesus to her friends and acquaintances. Her intimacy with her Savior found frequent expression in the saying, "Jesus is right." Moment by moment she claimed the merits of His precious blood to cleanse from all sin. The Bible was her constant study. She has left a bright example for us to follow. It was found that the cause of her death was occasioned by a tumor on the side of her stomach. At the last her sufferings were very severe, but she ever exhibited the wonderful power of grace through it all. The words of Scripture from which she desired her funeral sermon to be preached, were: "I am ready now to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."—2 Tim. 4:6–7. Her death was sudden, being confined to her bed but about ten days. Just before breathing her last, she said, "There is a crown for me, a bright crown! Come Jesus, come quickly!" MRS. LUCY SMITH.

MRS. CATHARINE KETCHUM.

Passed away to her heavenly home, Nov. 6, 1878, Mrs. Catharine, wife of John L. Ketcham, in Columbus, O., in her 57th year, after a brief illness, in great peace and holy triumph. Converted when 11, she lived a faithful Christian in the Methodist Church until called to the Church triumphant. More than 20 years she had enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. A faithful mother, a loving wife, an active and useful member of the Church, loved and honored by all who knew her, her departure was deeply felt by her bereaved husband and children, and by the society in which she worshipped and so much delighted to serve. The gain of the Church above is surely the loss of the Church below. Asleep in Jesus, she rests with the holy in paradise. C. W. K.

THOMAS G. SMITH.

Thomas G. Smith, who died Feb. 14th, 1879, at his house near Castalia, Winneskeik Co., Iowa, was born at Glensford. Suffolk Co., England, October 11, 1812. He came to New York during the year 1833, where he married Miss Eliza J. Bates, September, 1835, who now survives him, and has been a true help-meet all through the journey of life. He was converted and joined the M. E. Church in 1843, under the ministrations of Rev. J. C. Nichols, 27th Street, New York, and continued to be an earnest worker in the cause as long as his strength permitted him.

In 1854 he came to Iowa, where he was about twenty years a class-leader, and also the leader of singing in the Church. He has been an attentive reader of the "Guide to Holiness" for fourteen years, and for the last three years, during which time he has been confined to his bed with lung and throat troubles, he found the "Guide" to be full of cheer and encouragement to help him to suffer his Master's will. His end was peace, peace. A few moments before he died he repeated several times, "Precious Jesus!" and fell asleep. He leaves a wife, one son, and three daughters.

S. SHERIN, Pastor.

"No more heart-pangs nor sadness
When Jesus comes,
All peace and joy and gladness
When Jesus comes."

Editorial.

REV. REUBEN NELSON, D.D.

Heard you that knell? It calls for special attention! Another illustrious name is to be added to those of Emory, Waugh, Bangs, Lane and Carlton, who have filled the office of Book Agents of the M. E. Church, and have joined the company where every frame is made to sustain "an eternal weight of glory." Not only the office bearer, but the noble and active toiler in the vineyard has left us, "to be forever with the Lord." Man is immortal. Jesus said, "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

Our beloved brother, Rev. Reuben Nelson, D.D., has ceased from his labors on earth, but the great balance sheet will not be adjusted until the great day of reckoning. The most of his labors were confined to the Wyoming Valley. The beautiful pile of buildings for the Wyoming Academy, of which for years he was President, will tell for ages to come of his arduous labors; but a more enduring monument has been reared by our departed brother, in the living temples that adorn our land. He toiled among the diamonds and the jewels, that are to be the brilliants in the crown of our Redeemer, and that are to sparkle forever and forever. Our dear brother was not satisfied as President of the institution over which he presided, unless those under his charge were led to the fountain of all wisdom, and were graduated to work for that, that would be as enduring as eternity. The Lord favored His servant, by giving to the institution many times of refreshing of the mighty outpourings of His Holy Spirit. It was under these influences that our brother, as a "worker together with God," was enabled to engrave the name of Jesus upon the hearts of many of the thousands of the male and female students, who are candidates for the great university of heaven, for we are to be increasing in the knowledge and love of God to all eternity.

Rev. Reuben Nelson, D.D., was born in Andes, in the State of New York, December 13th, 1818, so that at the time of his death, February 19th, 1879, he had just entered on the sixty-first year of his age. He was converted to God when fifteen years old, and immediately joined the M. E. Church.

> "Servant of God, well done!
> Thy glorious warfare's past;
> The battle's fought, the race is won,
> And thou art crown'd at last."

At the funeral service at Kingston, Pa., where he was buried, Dr. J. E. Smith, in his address on the character of the dear departed one, said:

"We are permitted to-day to catch some glimpses of the grandeur of a Christian life. Somehow, not until its close can we see this. Among the toil and conflicts of life it is not given us to see the stately structure, which day by day, like Solomon's temple, is going noiselessly up. When the beaded sweat-drop is upon the brow, when every fibre is drawn to its greatest tension in the struggle to resist the temptations, and to surmount the obstacles that lie along our path, when we are trying to make "stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things," the whole pathway seems one of toil and drudgery. It is not a drudgery, but it is saved from this degradation by nothing but a holy enthusiasm for the work before us.

"How unpoetic is a daily routine of such a life. How quickly the glamour of sentiment gives place before the ruggedness of real toil. Take the case of our departed brother. At the time when he was doing the work that has made his name immortal, how simple, how commonplace it must all have seemed. Drilling the roots and rudiments of his own and other languages into the brain of some obtuse scholar, explaining mathematical problems, laying deep and broad the foundation of the highest culture, wearied by the dulness or alarmed by the perverseness of those beneath his care, "serving tables" in after hours, burning the midnight oil, deprived of morning slumbers, he had been more than mortal if he had known no discouragements, if there had come no hour in which he had felt that his life was one round of ceaseless, thankless toil.

"Standing as we do at the close of that noble life, and looking back upon it, we see the grandeur of a life of toil. It is more than regal in its splendors. We feel that "he, being dead, yet speaketh." The shadow of his life is upon our hearts. It becomes our inspiration. We see the possibilities that are before us. We start from the couch of indolence, we spurn the chair of cushioned ease, and girding ourselves to duty, we go forth to consecrate ourselves to the true and to the noble. Life is not a dream closing with the coffin. It is not a pageant full of glittering unrealities; nor is it a part played by an actor, having simply his entrance and his exit. Life is a tremendous reality. It is a divine bequeathment. It may be divine in its likeness and in its influence. Its earthly close may be amid the tears and plaudits of men, and its eternal reward the felicities of the redeemed and sanctified.

WHAT IS PERFECT LOVE?

In answer to this question, we have not found anything that came nearer to our ideal, as pictured in the Word of God, than a little "Gem" published in "Zion's Herald." It is so appropriate to the wants of the present time, and so full of instruction, that we cannot forbear giving it to our readers:

"Perfect love is gentle and teachable, kind, and easy to be entreated. It enters as a pupil, not as a master, the school of Christ, realizing how much is yet to be learned, rather than how much has been attained. Perfect love shows us our ignorance and begets the inextinguishable desire to dissipate that darkness, and to enter the realm of real and reliable knowledge. If you find yourself growing wise above all your teachers, inclined to become dogmatic, to criticise your fellow disciples and set yourself up as a standard for the whole Church, you have no little reason to fear that you are not controlled by the Spirit of God. Self-wisdom may easily assume the place of divine wisdom; and Satan may appear as an angel of light even in one who concerns himself with the most holy things. In no way are his ends more effectually secured than by inducing people to promote the subject of holiness by exceptional methods, and in an unteachable and arrogant spirit."

OUR FATHERS—WHERE ARE THEY?

Who reading these lines, has not a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, a child, who has not passed through the vail of mortality, where all is reality, and the destiny of the soul unalterably fixed? "Time," says one, "is but the dressing room for eternity." Who can designate the first to be called out? Reader, if thou wert the first of all, whose eyes may glance over these lines, called to pass through the vail of mortality, are you ready? Behold, the Judge standeth at the door. Hear His voice,—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Says one, "O, that I were in possession of some infallible evidence, by which I might know, in case I should be called suddenly, at an unlooked for moment, to pass through the vail of mortality,—that the gift of eternal life would be mine."

Such an infallible token you may have, and you may have it now. That white stone, which no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it, may be yours. It is the promise of the Father, and you may receive it through obedience and faith. And we are His witnesses of these things, and so also is the Holy Ghost, which God hath given to them that obey Him.

Such a token you may have this hour, if you will comply with the conditions on which the gift of eternal life is promised. But we wish you carefully to observe that the kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation. Do not look for signs and wonders. Do not say, lo! here, or lo! there! for God is even now by His Spirit working in you. Why do you feel that longing desire for the consciousness of acceptance in the Beloved? Why is it, that there is something within you telling you that you may and ought even now to come out from the world and confess Christ openly before men? Oh, it is Christ working within

you. Fain would He now set up in your heart His kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Will you let Him do it, by beginning at once to be a worker together with God in the great work of your salvation? O, God is this moment now working within. What a responsibility does it bring upon you to work out your salvation with fear and trembling. Is He not saying to you just now, "Fear not, only believe?"

Oh, the power of faith. "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth on me, shall never die." Do you ask, How shall I believe? Or, WHAT am I to believe? We answer, believe God's Word—His written Word. "The words I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life," says the Savior. Believe the Scriptures of truth,—these are the lively, that is, the living oracles. These are the words of the living God, just as though you were hearing living tones issuing from heaven, and faith is to believe these words.

News Along the Line.

REV. BISHOP BOWMAN.

The "Home and Abroad Journal," Boston, says:

"While in Europe, Rev. Bishop Bowman, of the M. E. Church, came from the conferences in Germany and Switzerland on his way to India by Paris, where he remained a few weeks at the urgent solicitation of the minister at Wesleyan Chapel. While speaking to large congregations of English-speaking people, the influence of his ministry was marked many ways worthy of his office. At the hotel he was outspoken in the presence of the guests upon the subject of total abstinence, and many persons, out of deference for his views, refrained from the further use of wines during his stay. At a service held on a Sabbath, when the Bishop presided at the communion, after preaching, an English gentleman came forward in a manly way, and grasped the Bishop by the hand, saying, 'Your sermon has convinced me I ought to be a Christian man, and I have come here to begin, kneeling to receive the sacrament as my first Christian act, and handing the Bishop a handsome sum of money for the chapel fund, he knelt at the altar and received the Lord's-supper."

CHINA.

One of the American Missionaries of China writes: "I was amazed to see the native preachers take up the business of the last Conference, and to hear their powerful sermons. They preached, argued and voted so wisely. The sermons of Hu Ying Mi, Sia Sek Ong, I have rarely heard excelled. I have not seen at home anyone on the conference floor excel some of these brethren. The organization of the Conference has given them a wonderful lift.

"The time has come for some of us from America to take up another field in Western China. I am ready for the new field. Will not the Society make provision for extending our work in China? That vast Empire waits to receive the Gospel. The success of the Foo-chow Mission should inspire a move along the whole line."

THE Rev. A. H. Smith, of the North China Presbyterian Mission, writes that he is about to baptize one hundred or more persons in one of the country districts of the mission. In another village more than three hundred are calling earnestly for the missionaries to lead them into the Christian faith.

MEXICO.

An important religious awakening is reported from the City of Mexico. It originated in the Presbyterian mission, and all the Protestant Churches in the city are stated to be enlisted in earnest work. A number of prominent citizens are among the converts.

AFRICA.

Missionary work in Africa is attended with serious peril. Mr. Penrose, of the Church Missionary Society (English), has been killed in the Unyamwezi country, with all his camp followers; and Mr.

Thompson, of the London Missionary Society, is reported dead at Ujiji, of sunstroke.

JAPAN.

A voice from Japan reaches us by one of seventeen Christian students of the Agricultural College at Sappora, on the island of Yesso, the most northern island of Japan. His language is: "Although we are in such a solitary district, we are not without help. Dr. Maclay, of Yokohama, often writes us, encouraging us to be in the way; and Rev. Mr. Harris visits us. Last Saturday we were received into the Methodist Episcopal Church." Of these seventeen Christians, nine are in the Junior Class and eight in the Sophomore.

AUSTRALIA.

On the 7th of November, seven Chinese converts were baptized in the Wesleyan Church, Creswich, Australia.

Father Chiniquy, Canadian ex-priest, is creating a sensation in Sydney by his lectures.

Revival Miscellany.

The reviving influences of the outpouring of the blessed Holy Spirit continue to cheer the hearts of the lovers of Zion, and to encourage those who are sighing and crying for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

A GREAT DAY AT ST. JOHN'S, BROOKLYN.

About one month since, the Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck received 130 on probation, the fruits of a previous revival; and on March 2d, being again communion Sabbath, he baptized over 80 persons, and received into the Church 125 as probationers, most of whom had professed conversion since the previous services. Brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, parents and children, came together and entered into Church fellowship of God's people. The great Church was again filled, and the scene was one of touching interest and of abiding joyous memories.

Rev. John Parker, of South Second St. M. E. Church, has had a most gracious ingathering of precious souls. Between one and two hundred have professed conversion, and over one hundred have joined the Church.

NEW YORK CITY.

St. Paul's M. E. Church, Dr. Tiffany, Pastor, has had an addition of about fifty who have professed to have been converted. To God be all the glory.

FAIRVILLE, N. Y.

Good news comes to us from Fairville, N. Y. A revival has been in progress there for four weeks, in the M. E. Church, Rev. Wm. Wardell, Pastor. Seventy-five persons have been at the altar seeking pardon and peace, and most of them are now exulting in their new found love.

PAINTED POST, N. Y.

The good news comes to us that a large revival is in progress in Painted Post, N. Y. In the M. E. Church about one hundred persons have sought, and most of them found their Savior, and are now rejoicing in His love. On Sunday last thirty-two probationers were received, making in all now over sixty who have united with the Church during the meetings since the week of prayer.

AUBURN, N. Y.

Joseph Hillman and his band spent the first half of February in Auburn, N. Y., and there has been 140 conversions there. He spends next Sunday at Auburndale, Mass. At Medina, N. Y., where he spent the last half of February, there has been a good revival.

NEW JERSEY.

Trinity Church, Jersey City, the Rev. R. Harcourt, Pastor, is enjoying one of the most extensive revivals in its history. Over 175 conversions had occurred at last reports from there.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.

Our season of special effort in New England usually begins with the week of prayer. Some charges in our Conference, however, have anticipated that time. Chilmark, a country appointment on Martha's

Vineyard, the Rev. H. S. Smith, Pastor, has been blessed with a sweeping revival; about 100 have been converted or reclaimed. Brother S. has had for some weeks the efficient aid of Brother W. M. Bray, the Financial Agent of the Conference Seminary at East Greenwich. Bro. Bray is "in labors abundant," both in special work to which he is assigned and in evangelical work throughout the Conference.

REVIVALS IN INDIANA.

Edwin Ray Church, of Indianapolis, Rev. J. B. Young, Pastor, is having a most gracious outpouring of the Spirit. More than 400 have united with the Church there, and the work goes on. The Coburn St. Church is also in the midst of a revival, and reports over eighty accessions.

Rev. A. J. Lewellen closed a two weeks' meeting at Mt. Zion, Eaton Circuit, on the 16th inst., with 20 accessions and 16 conversions—making 110 accessions and 92 who have professed religion since Jan. 8.—Rev. L. A. Retts held a union meeting in Dublin, of two week's duration, resulting in 120 seeking at the altar, with many conversions.—The revival at Brazil is still going on; 65 have been converted, and 19 were at the altar on the evening of the 14th inst.

OHIO.

A revival meeting at Riley, on Sand Ridge Circuit, Ohio, which was conducted by the United Brethren minister and Rev. H. C. Martindale, resulted in 74 conversions, nearly all of whom have or will unite with the Church.

At Pioneer, Williams Co., meetings are still in progress, and nearly 150 persons have been converted.

The great work of grace is unabated in Spencer Chapel, Ironton. The people throng God's house, the altar is crowded, and there were conversions every night to the 19th inst. Eighty-six had asked for admission into the Church. Many heads of families and young men and women have joined. Rev. J. S. Williams is the Pastor.

Rev. M. P. Gaddis writes from Dayton, Ohio: "Rev. E. T. Wells, of Raper Church, informs me that a most gracious revival influence has attended all the meetings for some time past. There have been 20 accessions and as many conversions, and more than 25 have obtained the blessing of purity of heart. At Gaddis Chapel, on Sears Street, where J. W. Gaddis is Pastor, a most powerful work of God is in progress, and the results so far have been about the same as at Raper in the number of accessions and conversions."

Rev. D. Lee Aultman writes: "We have closed a meeting at Manchester which began December 1st, and continued until in January. One hundred joined, and quite a number entered other Churches who were converted at our altars. We have organized our young converts into a band, and are meeting them once a week."

BALTIMORE, MD.

Dr. John Leyburn, of Baltimore, writing of Mr. Moody's work, says that his afternoon services for men have been most successful. The spectacle, indeed, has been unique and most impressive—that of a vast congregation crowding aisles, windows, and all standing places, to hear plain, earnest, faithful preaching of the Gospel; all men, not a women to be seen; and this, too, not when business hours were over, but at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The evangelist says that he has met with nothing like this anywhere. A large number stay to the inquiry meetings, and many give good evidence of conversion. These are from every part of the city and from all denominations, and from none.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GLORIOUS religious revival is in progress at Urbana Church, near Limestone Depot, Tenn., Rev. W. W. Pyott, preacher in charge. According to the "Holston Methodist," up to Feb. 17, there had been from eighty to ninety conversions, and there were from forty to fifty penitents.

REV. A. P. Graves writes from Nebraska City, Neb.: "I expect to begin evangelistic meetings in Clinton, Iowa, on the 25th

inst. Please ask the Tuesday Meeting to pray mightily to God, that He will give a wonderful shower of blessing to that city. I have been in this City fourteen days, and the work is glorious. The city is moved to its centre by the Word and Spirit of the Lord. Hundreds have believed in Jesus.

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

SERMON BY TELEPHONE.

Last Sabbath, a most interesting experiment was tried at the Breckinridge Street Presbyterian Church, Rev. Wm. Alfred Gay, pastor. Recently the Church has been connected with the Buffalo Telephone Exchange, so that conversations can be carried on with all parts of the city. The "Transmitter" is firmly fastened on the top of the pulpit, facing the speaker; while the battery, call-bell telephones are arranged under the desk. As Mr. Gay spoke, every word was carried over the intervening two miles of wire to the central office, and he had the pleasure of addressing two audiences at the same time, although they were located two miles apart. When the sermon was about half finished the "switch" was turned, and a lady who had not been able to attend Church for about six months heard every word as distinctly in her sick room as if she had occupied her pew in the Church. Even the organ and cornet, fifty feet away, and behind the "Transmitter," were plainly heard. At the evening hour the wires were connected at twelve separate residences and places of business; and as many different companies of people, who had assembled for the purpose, listened to Mr. Gay's sermon upon "David and Goliath." Among the twelve may be mentioned the residences of Mr. Pullman on Mohawk street, Mr. E. L. Hedstrom on Seventh street, Mr. David Gray at Park Place, Mr. E. J. Hall on Franklin street; the office of Hellriegel Bros. on Seneca street, and the editorial rooms of the "Courier" on Main street. The central office, at the corner of Main and Eagle streets, was supplied with eleven bell telephones, which gave the audience assembled at that point an abundant opportunity of hearing the sermon. This is considered as one of the severest tests yet made; and the attempt has proven a most decided triumph of Telephone art. It is proposed to repeat the effort next Sabbath at both services.

A WILLING MARTYR.

The celebrated Chinese missionary, Mr. Burns, (a Presbyterian), accompanied by two native converts, while making an evangelistic tour in 1854, proclaimed the Gospel for the first time in a little town of 6,000 inhabitants called Pechuia, and the result was so successful that in 1856 there was in that town an established congregation of thirty-six converted Chinese, and at a village eight miles further another congregation of eleven members. After the blessing came persecution; and when one day a mandarin officer entered the shop of a convert—an old cloth merchant, who still lives, bringing forth fruit in his extreme old age—the merchant guessed at once the intent of the mandarin officer, and said to him, "I know what you have come for," and taking down some of his goods he pointed to them, and he pointed to the rest of his shop and said: "Take them all, and take me also. I am an old man, and I am very deaf. You may take me and my boys, and my little girl also. We are all Christians; we are willing to go to prison." And so astonishing was the effect of this statement upon this mandarin officer, and those who accompanied him, that they departed in amazement and left him undisturbed. That station at Pechuia was the first of the Chinese stations of the English Presbyterian Missionary Society. Now, in 1879, there are no less than seventy stations and 2,200 converted Chinese—that is, communicants—in connection with the Mission.

Thanks to our Agents for the very successful efforts they have made to extend the circulation of the GUIDE. The next volume will commence in July. All new subscribers whose names are sent in this month will receive the May and June numbers free.

Correspondence.

BED-ROCK OF FAITH—CURE FOR DOUBTING.

[The following letter was so greatly blessed to the Presbyterian brother to whom it was addressed, that he has prized it above gold and kept it in his possession; not even loaning it, but reading it to those whom he thought would be benefitted by its teachings. Believing, however, that it might be more extensively useful, and that many more would be enabled to find the bed-rock of faith, even the Word of the immutable Jehovah, he requests its insertion in the GUIDE.—ED.]

NEW YORK, JAN. 5TH, 1873.

DEAR BRO. L———. Let me assure you that it is not from lack of deep interest, that your letter has not been answered. But I can scarcely begin to tell you how closely my time is occupied by our editorship of the "Guide," and errands abroad for the Master, and also extensive correspondence. Yet I cannot forbear writing a few lines just now.

I see but one difficulty in your case, which may be quickly and unchangeably remedied. Abram was strong in faith, giving glory to God. That is, he talked about his FAITH,— not his FEELINGS. Had his faith been regulated by his feelings, everything would have appeared contradictory. He did not look even at human probabilities. With him all was faith—naked FAITH in a naked promise.

His faith was founded on the WORD OF GOD. God had told him that his seed should be as the stars of heaven for multitude. It was on His word of promise that Abraham relied; and so he believed God, "and his faith was counted unto him for righteousness."

Has God, the Immutable Jehovah, given YOU any promise? Yes! Not only as truly has God spoken to you as to Abraham, but He has caused His Word to be written down. Therefore, you are favored beyond the father of the faithful.

You say you feel that you are wholly given up to God. Having set yourself apart for His service wholly, has He not said, "I will receive?" Now, FAITH is to believe unwaveringly that He does receive you. Feeling has no more to do with your faith, in regard to the matter, than with Abraham's feelings under the circumstances referred to.

Now, my brother, never dare even to think of doubting from this mo nent. Unbelief is a sin. You had better die than sin. I am so thankful that I made up my mind that I would sooner die than doubt. This was thirty-five years ago, and I have never dared to sin against God by doubting since. Just what you need is to hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering, for He is faithful who hath promised. I suppose you take the "Guide to Holiness." You will find cases similar to yours in the little volume, "Faith and its Effects."

May you ever be strong in faith, giving glory to God. Your sister in Jesus,

PHŒBE PALMER.

LOCAL PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

[Our dear brother, in giving his experience, says, "I do not write for publication." We think, however, the good news is too rich to be kept secret, and the lessons too important to be withheld, and believe he will pardon us for giving it to the readers of the GUIDE, "that through the thanksgiving of many praise may redound to God."—ED.]

Your book, "Pioneer Experiences," has proved a great blessing to me. I have enjoyed the blessing of holiness to some extent for many years, but lately have been drifting I hardly know where. Looking abroad upon the world, and seeing so little results, I began to think there was little use in laboring for the salvation of men. The result was, I was drifting away from the blood of sprinkling myself.

I had read only a few pages of your "Pioneer Experiences," when coming again to that altar that sanctifieth the gift, I realized in a glorious manner that there is power in the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. All happened in less time than I can tell it. So sudden and unex-

pected was it, that I am sometimes disposed to say, "Is it possible?" But the evidence is too clear for any doubt. It is nearly three weeks since, and I have not any interruption to my bliss as yet.

A few days after receiving this great blessing, it was suggested to my mind,—"You know that the Lord sometimes gives great blessings to His children just before death. You had better not be too anxious in giving your life, the Lord may take you at your word. But that blessed Holy Spirit showed me in a moment that it was from Satan, and on the moment I said, "If that is the price, then let me die, for I would rather have this blessing than life." One thing in connection with this is a wonderful increase of light as well as love. Although I have been a student of the Bible from my boyhood, yet it appears almost a new book. I shall ever bless God for "Pioneer Experiences."

For over a quarter of a century I have been trying to point sinners to the all-cleansing blood, as a local preacher, and with grateful thanks to that Holy Spirit, I have not labored in vain. I have been a lover of the "Guide," have read it for many years, and tried to recommend it to others, but with sorrow I must say that practical holiness is not generally much sought after here even in the Methodist Church. There are not many of even our own ministers that I have been acquainted with, who profess this blessing. Perhaps, like myself, they have been afraid to confess it in this way. It is sometimes difficult when those ministers whom you love and honor, receive your testimony with coldness. It has the appearance of thinking ourselves better than others, but I find it is confess or lose.

I have read nearly all of Mrs Palmer's works, and never without a blessing. Through these she, "being dead, yet speaketh." I would greatly like attending one of your meetings in New York, but will likely have to wait until we meet on the other shore. Yours, &c.,

ISAAC W. REID.

"Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain."

For the Guide.

A FEW WORDS OF DAILY EXPERIENCE.

A. A. HOBART.

Prayerfully, and with an insatiable thirst in my soul for God, I take my pen to write to some of my dear friends through the columns of the "Guide." Let me say, that the experience of the past two years has been a paradox; sorrowful, yet in a sense rejoicing; in great affliction on every side, from within and without, yet encircled by an arm almighty to save. In God, who has been all and all to my soul, I have found pity when sorrow has prevailed, and safety when mortal help has failed. In Him my soul has found its sure anchoring ground, and daily new beauties have been unfolding as my spiritual vision has become keener, in this highway cast up for God's ransomed. Sometimes I find myself lost in the maze of means and instrumentalities, and almost feel I should be better off had I less of them, because of the great liability of trusting too much in them. My soul loves all the institutions of the Church with a great intensity, and its aspirations and tendencies are ever towards God. Prayer has been my vital breath,—God's yoke an easy burden,—crosses a precious delight. Christ's service is not a service of drudgery, but a glorious service of love. All I want is to know that my life and will are not only in submission, but in perfect harmony with the divine will. My greatest conflict has been to keep so near to Christ, as to keep out all love of self in all its forms.

God has given me an experience of great richness, but I have never arrived at a point in this school as not to need any examination days; and when graduation comes, it will be out of this world into glory. Let me live in the furnace with Jesus, rather than out of it without Him. During the last six months this world has gone down a great way beneath my feet; it possesses no charms for me, other than those things which lead me toward God, and death has no terrors. Yet after all, the weakness of the flesh and onslaughts of the enemy keep up the warfare, which is really fearful at times. Thank God, it

is one we don't have to go, at our own charges.

I have written these lines in my incoherent, sententious manner, hoping they may help some one on in the divine life.

PORTLAND, ME., MARCH 5.

THE BETTER WAY.

I wish to say a few words in regard to the subject of holiness. Although I do not feel that I am talented, or have the ability to write for publication, yet I desire to do good in the way that God would have me.

For many long years I was trying to be a Christian, but like many others, lamented over heart-wanderings and backslidings, till I was discouraged and almost in despair. But, thank the Lord, I found the better way, the way of holiness. Two years next month, while attending a protracted meeting, I heard holiness taught in a different light than ever before, and I laid all on the altar, and the Lord saved me in a powerful manner. My cup was full,—I could say, Lord, I am satisfied! My physical strength was nearly exhausted, and oh, how sweet, how precious did my Savior appear! And the Lord has led me in ways that I knew not of. I have met with trials and opposition deep and sore, yet the Lord is more than all they that are against me. I love the way. I would that all professed Christians would come up to the standard that the Bible teaches. I love to talk of Jesus and His love, and to-day I can say that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth me from all sin.

Yours in Christ,

E. J. FISK.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by singing one of Charles Wesley's hymns, beginning

"Author of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame."

Requests and thanksgivings were presented. Rev. Henry Belden, followed by Dr. Palmer, led in prayer.

Sister Palmer then read a portion of 2 Tim. 1, calling special attention to the promise of LIFE which is in Christ Jesus, and to our holy calling. A clean heart is the heritage of the children of God, and if not received, it is because we have not been willing to receive,—not having surrendered ourselves to His will. Let us live up to our calling, which is holiness. But how can we keep this grace? "By the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." Years ago, when asking herself this question, How can I know that I abide in Christ? (for we all know the power of the adversary to take from us our shield)—while praying, these words came to her, "He that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him and He in him."

"If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love." She then simply settled down to this point of obedience. We must settle it in our mind—obedience is the rule. Simply, trustingly, looking to Jesus, is obeying—believing is the grand point of obedience. A brother said in the meeting not long since, "It certainly is not presumption to have a faith unlimited as His promises and strong as His faithfulness." Holding our God to His promise, we are saved from the power of our adversary. Tests will come, "but through Christ which strengtheneth me I can do all things. To her, faith seemed every day more simple and easy, and it seemed strange that she could ever have doubted. Jesus is waiting to say to the unsaved, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;" and to that child of God that desires a clean heart, Jesus is saying, "I will—be thou clean."

TAKE THE GIFT.

Dr. Palmer.—Jesus has given unto us exceeding great and precious promises. We have just heard promises of life in Christ Jesus. Will not He who gave His Son, freely give us all things? Let us say we will believe God, and make this a believing meeting. God intends that we shall receive these gifts in order that we may glorify Him in our bodies and spirits, which are His. Gifts are free and we cannot purchase them, for then they cease to be gifts. God wants to give us, "not the

spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind." Let those who long for purity take God at His word. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." He will save us to the uttermost all along through life, and through all eternity. He praised the Lord that He knew something of this great salvation, and for many years had realized that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness.

LOOK TO JESUS.

Bro. Johnson, in answer to a remark addressed to him by Sister Palmer, said, that while she was reading, his eye had rested in the 2d chap. of Timothy, "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." On the margin he had written, "It certainly cannot be presumption to have a faith unlimited as His promises, strong as His faithfulness, unvarying as His unchangableness, and simple as His oneness; for He is all and all and we have but one way to look." Christ is the author and finisher of our faith. When Peter was in the ship and Jesus came to him on the water, Jesus became the author of Peter's faith. Jesus bade Peter come to Him, and while he looked at Jesus he was able to walk on the water, but when he looked at the wind and waves he began to sink, and said "Lord, save me!" And then Jesus became the finisher of his faith, and said, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" Looking to Jesus is a life of obedience. We have the knowledge of Him by keeping His commandments. He says, "He that saith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar." To know Him is life eternal.

OBEY WITHOUT QUESTIONING.

Sister ——. We often hear it said Order is heaven's first law, but it is rather, Obedience is heaven's first law. A certain man went once to Girard for employment, and was told to take some stones which were on one side of the square and wheel them over to the other side. After he had done so, he came to Girard for further instructions, and was told to wheel the stones back again to the side from which he took them. The man obeyed without a word and again came to Girard for further instructions. Said Girard, "You are just the man I want, that will do what I tell you to do without asking any questions." When we know that our hand is in God's, it is safe to go on and do what He tells us without questioning. When we know that our feet are fixed on the solid rock, we need not fear stumbling or that the rock will go from under us. We are fixed on God. It is God who saves us and not we ourselves. If the way is full of trials, let us walk on and be still; it is a great thing to be dumb and keep still when we are tried and perplexed. It is the Lord and we must not be afraid. She was afraid of nothing but sin, and loved the sweet will of God. She felt the trials, but she did not waver, because she knew it was God. If there were ten thousand cases of small-pox around us, and we had a panacea in the closet which we knew would protect us, we should not be afraid of it. There is a remedy for all the sins we have committed. Take it and don't be afraid. There is only one sin that condemns the world—unbelief. Working and weeping cannot save from sin—Jesus only. Get the life of Christ in the soul and sin will naturally cease.

WALK IN LOVE.

Bro. —— knew that he was Christ's and Christ was his, and no power was able to separate him from the love of Christ. He did not look at the conduct of others, nor walk that he might appear right to others, but in love, conscious that he belonged to Jesus and was doing His will. He used to have a mixed idea about doing the will of God. He used to say, Thy will be done. We may do this in the sense that the Stoics received the events of life. Zeno taught his disciples that what is to be will be, and therefore should be met with indifference and without emotion. That is not Christ's idea of yielding obedience. We may know that we do the will of God, when we shape our conduct by His written Word, as illuminated by the Holy Spirit.

A Sister said she went home from that

room last Tuesday a new creature—new throughout, all new;—Christ in her, thrilling soul and body with a new power. She exclaimed "that the blood of Jesus cleansed her from all unrighteousness."

At this point Sister Palmer called for the new witnesses, for those who had never testified of the power of Christ to save from all sin, saying she knew there were many burning hearts longing to give expression to their new joys, for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Many brief testimonies were then given.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Sister Denler.—One sister asked us to pray that she might have more religion. How may she get it? We are made partakers of the divine nature through the promises. God is love, and if we love Him we will keep His commandments. What is the commandment, That ye love one another as I have loved you? When she thought how God had loved her, there was none so low that her heart could not touch them. So many are groaning, who need to be touched. Jesus took our nature that we might touch Him,—let us partake of His nature, that we may touch others.

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

A Brother testified of the transformation made in his heart and in his home, because of the rest he had found in Christ.

WHAT RELATION DO YOU OCCUPY?

Dr. Ball had been impressed by an article of Dr. Boardman's, in which he says in every family there are three relations; the servant who works for wages, the child who is heir to all his father has, and the bride, whose relation is still higher and better. Which relation do you occupy? He was once a servant in God's house, but came into the relation of a child by an instantaneous experience,—a baptism, sought and believed for. He had something still to learn of the bride's relation, and he had not come into all that God has promised.

TRIALS DEVELOP THE GRACES.

Sister Schenck.—When we give ourselves as clay into the hands of the divine Potter, He will mould us and fashion us according to His will, and this means something. When He begins to fashion us we begin to shrink; and it is not always that He commences with our own bodies, but with those nearly allied to us. But the blessed Holy Ghost teaches us, that is, that we may be led into all truth and help to lead others. We may have joy in waiting the answer of our prayers, knowing that trials are for our development. Prosperity led her to Christ, and in prosperity she was taught to get ready for adversity.

SORROWFUL, YET REJOICING.

Sister Brown was thankful that the Lord knows us all, and "He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." At the watch-night meeting, she said the future was hidden and she did not care to know it. She knew it would bring its trials, but it would bring also the love of Jesus. This New Year her last son had been converted. With one hand God had afflicted her and with the other made her a millionaire, for how gladly would some mothers give a million of dollars for the salvation of their sons. Sister Brown then told of the wonderful revelations she had had, and of the glimpses of glory she had prior to hearing of the death of a beloved sister. While God was preparing the bitter cup, His loving arms were around her and glory filled her soul. When the physician told her that her husband was dangerously ill, she could only give him into the hands of God, for they were his, living or dying. She was poor, but rich in the promises; rich in the boundless eternity to which she was going. It will matter little when we are in our coffins, whether men have praised or blamed us, and what will our little besetting sins amount to then? Let us lay them aside and get right with God.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Rev. Henry Belden was ready to live or ready to die, and was willing to go all his days a halting paralytic, if it was the

Lord's will. He loved the prayers of God's children, but he would say with Aunt Dinah, an old colored woman who was dying, "Don't pray that I may have long life, but that God's will be done."

In answer to the inquiry, Will you say something before we close? Sister Palmer said: It seems as if all that was necessary has been said, but perhaps all has not been done that should be done. There may be a trembling, fearful one, who has not settled the point of controversy with God, and made the entire surrender of consecration to God. Accepting the proposition, many rose to renew their entire consecration to God, and the power of God was present to heal.

Children's Department.

For the Guide.

LITTLE TOMMY.

MRS. S. A. LANKFORD PALMER.

Little Tommy was a very dark colored boy. I never heard when his father and mother died, but think he must have been very small, for Tommy was only a little over six years old when I found him in the "Colored Orphan Asylum," and began to notice that he was a very bright boy, if he had a very black face But oh! what a mischievous little fellow he was! pulling hair, sticking pins, or even using his little feet, would often make the infant class-room a scene of confusion, to the great annoyance of his patient teacher.

In one of our visits, on going into the infant class-room, we found Tommy alone with his teacher, while all the other little ones were gamboling like so many little lambs on the play-ground. Supposing Tommy had been kept in as a punishment, we said with a sigh, "Has Tommy been bad again?" "No," said Miss C. (his teacher); "Tommy is not bad any more." We asked, "Why then, don't you let him go out to play?" Miss C. answered, "Because Tommy said he wanted to stay in and talk about Jesus."

We turned to the little black face, which now to us looked beautiful, and said, "Tommy, dear, how is this? You used to be so bad, and now teacher tells me you are good; how is this?" With a sweet smile he said, "God makes me good." "But," I continued, "you used to be so bad in school; how can you pray in school? you cannot go out of school and kneel down and pray." "O, I whisper to God," said the little fellow. Again I said. "Satan used to come so quickly and make you stick a pin, or pull a boy's hair, before you hardly had time to think how bad it was." "Ah," said dear Tommy, "I whisper to God quick."

I hope that all the dear children who read the "Guide" will, like little Tommy, ask God to make them good, and learn how blessed it is to whisper to God quick, when Satan puts in their mind a bad thought, or a desire to do anything that would not please God. God is our loving Father, and wants to make us good and happy. God our Father loved us so much that He gave the blessed Jesus to save us from our sins; and the loving Jesus is now saying to every dear child, "Give me thy heart." That means, be my child—obey me—love me; and every one who from the heart will say, "Blessed Lord, help me; I will, I do give Thee my heart; for Christ's sake forgive me my sins!"—to all who thus honestly come to God through Christ, the promise is given, "I WILL RECEIVE YOU."

Book Notices.

THE LIFE OF REV. THOMAS M. EDDY; by Rev. Charles N. Sims, D.D., with an introduction by Bishop Simpson, D.D. LL.D. Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York.

We fully agree with the author, that the story of the noble, consecrated, and intensely busy life of Rev. Thomas M. Eddy will be a blessing to all who come to know it. Our membership and ministry wil lreceive new inspirations by reading. In his sermon at Round Lake, he says to his beloved brethren, "Hold, hold the Gospel of truth, the Gospel of thunder, the Gospel of lightning, the Gospel of love! Oh, for the Methodist pulpit to come to its feet, to be baptized by the Holy Ghost, till it rings the death-knell of formalism, of ritualism, of papal error; till it proclaims a free Gospel for the whole world."

We have also received from Phillips & Hunt a number of very interesting new Tracts, viz:

What Katie Did.

Prominent Doctrines and Peculiar Usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"The Master Saith," or Meditations on the words of Jesus relating to the life to come,

First Words to a Probationer.

The Dairyman's Daughter,

SAFE ON THE ROCK.

Words by Mrs. MARY D. JAMES. Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



2 What though winds are howling round me?
What though darkness now surround me,
Threatening utter desolation?
Christ, the Rock, is my salvation!
Calm amid the wildest shock,
On the Everlasting Rock.—*Cho.*

3 With my Saviour, what can harm me?
All hell's legions can't alarm me!
Jesus' mighty arms enclosing,
Sweetly is my soul reposing,
Safe amid the fiercest shock,
On the Ever blessed Rock.—*Cho.*

From "*Precious Songs*," by STOCKTON & KIRKPATRICK, Part I.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

MAY, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Compassion.

Jesus was full of compassion. In all His life-work His heart of love yearned over suffering humanity. His delight was to assuage grief, to bind up the wounds of the suffering, and to loosen the bonds of the prisoner. During his earthly ministry frequent occasions were presented for the exercise of His great power. The cry of anguish at once arrested His attention, and enlisted all the sympathies of His immaculate nature.

Mark, in His Gospel, furnishes a beautiful Picture of Compassion. It is also recorded by other evangelists, but in Mark it has the greater fulness. We will invite the reader to turn to his 9th chapter at leisure, and note the inspiring record.

A father was in deep sorrow. He had a son, an only son, who was sorely tormented by an evil spirit—a dumb spirit, as he is called. His power was exercised in producing deafness and dumbness, as also fits of epilepsy. This had continued from his childhood. What years of painful solicitude, and unutterable sorrow, must have been the allotment of that parent! The effects of this spiritual possession, as here described, were dreadful. "Wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him; and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away." A terrible spectacle for a tender-hearted father to look upon day by day! Every earthly expedient had been tried, but all in vain. There was nothing left for the agonized father, seemingly, but to follow his unhappy boy, as he was fiercely driven by the malignant spirit, hither and thither, hoping at least to save him from a violent death, if he might not relieve him of his miseries.

At length, hearing that the disciples of Jesus had, in some instances, demonstrated their power to expel demons from human bosoms, a ray of hope shot across the despairing paternal heart. He hastened to bring his tormented son into their presence, if haply they might give relief. He was doomed, however, to disappointment. Somehow, they had been shorn of their strength. The dumb spirit was more than a match for them. The disappointed father went away exceedingly sorrowful, crying, There is no hope—there is no hope—*all is lost!*

But, the Master himself passed that way in this extremity. When the clouds are most dense, and the combinations around the needy and helpless are thickest, and there are, apparently, no lingerings of hope,—then our gracious Lord is apt to reveal the smilings of His face. So was it on this occasion. He had been absent from the disciples, and on His return he found a great multitude surround-

ing these discomfitted ones. The scribes were there, exulting with unholy exultation over their lack of skill, puzzling them with questions. Flushed with their successes, it may be that they were hoping to confute them in the presence of Jesus, or to propound unanswerable questions concerning the Master himself, or to discern something that would be to His damage. Vain conceit—they knew not, in their boastfulness, the infinitude of His resources!

The multitude received Him gladly. It is recorded, "And straightway all the people, when they beheld him, were greatly amazed, and running to him saluted him." It was the Master of Israel, rather than His disciples, that was needed just then. Alford remarks here: "The Lord's countenance probably retained traces of the glory of the Mount; so strong words as '*were greatly amazed*' would hardly have been used merely of their surprise at His sudden approach." Stier observes: "There is hardly such another contrast to be found in the Gospel as this, between the open heaven and the sons of glory on the Mount, and the valley of tears with its terrible forms of misery and pain and unbelief."

The Mighty One was not long in dissolving this network of mischief which had been woven by the Prince of darkness in His absence. He at once asked the scribes, "What question ye with them?" If ye have propounded any questions to my disciples which they were unable to answer, now refer them to me. Before it is safe to boast of an advantage gained over an outpost, it is well to know whether the citadel can be captured.

Before the scribes could respond, the father, whose case was the chief point of interest, began to rehearse his sad story. "Master," said he, "I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; and wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him. And I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out, and they could not. Mournful record, "*they could not!*" How is the Savior wounded in the house of His friends! Beloved reader, remember, if you do not measure up to the full compass of predestined strength in your Lord's service, His cause is immensely injured. You may not be invested with miraculous gifts, as were these disciples, but you may be morally empowered to do marvelous things on His behalf in the earth. If you do not justify His expectations, and in any sense cause the enemy to blaspheme, it is a catastrophe the measure of which cannot be estimated. Heaven grant us a full enduement, and make us wise to bring it into constant requisition in our life-work!

To return to our Picture. The sorrowful case being laid before the compassionate Jesus, He inquired, "How long is it ago since this came unto him?"—to which the father answered, "Of a child." By this time he had drawn father and child closely to Him—close to His heart of love, encouraging a complete recital. In this presence He held the unbelieving and powerless ones in check, saying, in terms of merited rebuke, "O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?"

In responding to this request, the evil spirit put forth unwonted power, as if breathing a language of defiance—or, more probably, giving tokens of his anticipated expulsion. It is written, "And they brought him unto him, and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell upon the ground and wallowed, foaming." French says: "The kingdom of Satan, in small and great, is ever stirred into a fiercer activity by the coming near of the kingdom of Christ. Satan has great wrath when his time is short." Often when a soul is pressing through the strait gate into the kingdom of heaven—or, when a truly converted one is struggling for en-

trance into the "holiest of all," he throws against him all the force and malignity of his dark realm, if peradventure he may prevent the passage. Vain, however, his might and his counsel against the Lord.

The poor, trembling father, in giving his rehearsal to Jesus, made one great mistake, which mars the picture. In describing the operations of the dumb spirit, he said, "And oft-times it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him; but *if* thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." The mistake was in putting in that dubious *If*—if thou canst do anything. Behold, here, the withering influence of the disciples' unbelief and weakness. It had begotten in this father's mind a question as to the ability of Christ himself. And now if we, as Christ's representatives on earth, do not act worthy of our high vocation, we cast shades upon the very brow of Jesus himself, before the world. The Master, however, compassionated the weakness of this man, appreciating the circumstances of his discouragement. He quickly put him on his feet, and started him out on a line of overmastering faith. The reply was, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." The *if* was shown to be simply in the wrong place—it was inserted on the *divine* side, where it has no belonging, instead of on the *human* side, to which it is alone fitting.

The assuring words of Jesus overpowered his unbelief, and the issue was soon declared. It is recorded,—"And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." That was real heart-work. When the "*Lord, I believe,*" is uttered, amid a shower of tears—and there is the accompanying cry against unbelief, "Help thou mine unbelief,"—the victory is gained.

We need only now give the Gospel record as it stands, in its own beautiful and simple language:—

"When Jesus saw that the people came running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him. And the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him; and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, He is dead. But Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up; and he arose."

Blessed indeed was the work of the hour—a picture full of divine compassion—father and child joined to each other in indissoluble bonds—a household clad, as it were, in sackcloth, filled with sunlight and joy!

"When the disciples came into the house, they privately asked their Master, Why could not we cast him out? And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

Ah, the secret was out—the doleful secret. They had probably been elated by their achievements, in finding the devils subject to them, losing their sense of dependence, and ceasing to follow up their devotional exercises. Hence their discomfiture. So with us,—if we leave the Master's feet, become unduly exalted, cease to watch and pray, Satan will triumph over us. There is great stress to be laid on the self-humiliating exercise of fasting. We rise highest when we sink the lowest. When self is in the dust most perfectly, the power of Christ rests upon us most fully.

As true representatives of our absent Lord on earth, let us learn from this picture that it is ours to respond quickly to every cry of suffering that reaches our ear. We may not have the miraculous enduement, but we may be mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, to restrain the rage of demons, and to circumscribe the boundaries of Satan's empire. Failing to do this, according to the fulness of New Testament pro-

visions, we assume fearful responsibilities, rob Jesus of His wonted glory, and hold back from our race purchased benedictions. May we be wise to fulfil our calling's glorious hope.

THE OLD PATHS.

PHOEBE PALMER.

"Thus saith the Lord,—Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."—THE WORD OF GOD.

There is nothing new in religion. With the Apocalypse the volume of revelation closes. "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and if any man shall take away from the words of this book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." Any spiritual manifestations which may not, in all respects, consist with the written Word of God, is questionable. Never can the soul be brought into a higher state than that for which an explicit, "Thus saith the Lord" may be given.

It is an inspiring thought, that the Bible only sets boundaries to the attainments of the believer, such as may be inferred from the exceeding greatness of God's power and the riches of His grace. But the exceeding greatness of God's power, and the riches of His grace, may only be known by the revelation he has given of them in His written Word.

Says one,—"In remarking thus, you do not give sufficient prominence to the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Living as we do, under the dispensation of the Spirit, are we not warranted in the conclusion, that we are being led into all truth, when we submit ourselves wholly to His dictations?" No! Apart from the instructions of the written Word, we may not expect to be thus directed; for the Bible is expressly the voice of the Spirit. Neither do the Scriptures favor anything mystical in religion. Refined sentimentalism, or anything that the common mind, imbued with the spirit of Christ, may not readily apprehend, should surely be avoided, for by the most unsophisticated may these old paths be found. And so undeviatingly may be the onward step even of the humble intellect, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. "No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation." The Holy Spirit, through Peter, speaks of this open, free access to truth as a matter of first importance,—"Knowing this first."

Let us not then, by the relation of mystical experiences, favor the idea that new light, revealing a higher state than that given in the old Bible landmarks, has been revealed to us. The Bible speaks of no third state, higher than a state of holiness; it only admonishes us to go on, "perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

Says an inquirer,—"Is not God ever making further revelations of His mind by the developments of experience which we witness in His progressive workings, in the hearts of the eminently pious?" With my eye on that Word, which God has magnified above all His name, I answer, No! Nothing reliable can be gathered thus. Otherwise, the volume of revelation is not closed. New revelations, with these developments in experience, are, upon this supposition, continually

being made. Then let us not encourage in others, nor seek for ourselves, any experience, however specious, for which an explicit reason from the Bible may not be given.

Let us who profess to have found the old paths, the highway of holiness, be careful how we give our sanction to those mystical experiences whose tendencies lead to quietism, antinomianism, perfectionism, and other unscriptural isms, which from time to time have told so disastrously against the doctrine of heart holiness—Christian perfection.

"A CORDIAL FOR OUR FEARS."

REV. CHARLES W. L. CHRISTIEN.

Sometimes fear would keep sentry at the believer's heart; but in all truth he is a gloomy guardian, for he straightway keeps out all the sons and daughters of music and admits those only of his own kith and kin, a sorry company. Most Christians have known something of the unhappiness of a fearing experience. We think of our hard, stern duties, or we dwell upon our weakness; we magnify the difficulties which the world throws in our path, and draw vivid pictures of "the power of the enemy." Perhaps we add all the probable sufferings we shall have to undergo before our pilgrimage is over; and as though this was not enough, we draw largely upon our imagination, and create fancy sketches of possible future trial. And so we go on until, it may be, a great trembling siezes on the soul. This is specially the case with certain temperaments; for there are people to whom it is a natural tendency to look upon the dark side of things. And when they become Christians it is one of their chief besetments, against which they have constantly to watch, unless it should steal away their joy and really damage or ruin their spiritual life.

Now there is a great deal said in the Book, pointedly and directly, against fear. On many and many a page God says to His people, "Fear not." And not unfrequently does He condescend to give them reasons why they should banish fear and let His sweet peace keep the heart instead. And yet if our Father had never told us in so many words not to fear we ought certainly to pluck up all needful courage to face the future when we calmly view the rich provisions of the Gospel covenant. For no mind of man has ever measured in its fulness the exceeding grace of God.

John Bunyan says that sometimes he saw so much in a single sentence of God's Word as he could scarce stand up under. And we have all felt like the grand old dreamer. It often seems to us, when reading the Book, as if the writers were struggling to express a fulness of thought which, all the while, they found it very difficult to put in words. The thought is heavenly, but the speech is earthly. The idea is divine, but its clothing must be human. The revelation can only come to us in language we can understand. But human language, at the best, is limited and imperfect. And so it appears as if the great inspired thoughts that stirred the writers' minds labored to find a fitting expression in which to embody themselves.

It is thus with the words which

we have ventured to designate "a cordial for our fears." Read them, dear friend, and read them yet again:

"AND GOD IS ABLE TO MAKE ALL GRACE ABOUND TOWARD YOU; THAT YE, ALWAYS HAVING ALL SUFFICIENCY IN ALL THINGS, MAY ABOUND TO EVERY GOOD WORK."—(2 Cor. ix. 8.)

Can you grasp this sentence? Do you think you ever could? Did the man who first wrote it down understand its full sweep and range? "All grace, always, all sufficiency, all things!" What do the words mean? They mean enough to silence all our fears. They mean that I can have grace to do every duty God ever requires at my hand. They mean that I may be enabled to love, and will to do, my duty; a higher thing than simply to have strength to do it. They mean that I can have this grace always, even when the work is hard and painful. They mean that God being almighty, it is and must be able to meet every emergency in my spiritual career, just as every case of suffering brought to Christ in the days of the Incarnation was met by the simple Omnipotence that dwelt in the Divine Man of Nazareth. They mean that my necessities can never outrun God's gracious power to assist and save.

Still more, they teach that God is able to give us this grace just as and when we need it. Sometimes a trial in a believer's life continues long. The days instead of growing brighter become more gloomy and dark; the wintry storm intensifies; and greater and still greater grace is needed to support the soul. But these "gracious words" tell him God can bestow it on him. At other times a sudden emergency arises, all unexpected, and grace is required; not afterwards, when the occurrence has passed, but then and there, right in the midst of the circumstances: grace that shall enable the believer to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free," that he "be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." And the words tell him that although these seasons should recur seven times a day for long long years, still God is able to give him "all sufficiency in all things," to strengthen him to feel, and speak, and act "as becometh the Gospel of Christ." Oh, there are some twelve hundred million pairs of human lungs breathing the free air of heaven every moment, and as many eyes drinking in the sunlight; but if the population of our globe were multiplied a hundredfold the atmosphere and the orb of day would satisfy them all. And He who is the Light and Life of the world can vitalize, and strengthen, and satisfy the souls of all His people "throughout all ages, world without end."

These are blessed thoughts; but there is another which we may never forget. There must be a means by which the provisional "all sufficiency" in God may become the actual "all sufficiency" in us. And faith is the connecting link which joins human weakness to almighty power. Faith is the divinely appointed means by which "all grace" is made to "abound" toward us. Weak we are and ever must be. No amount of Christian experience can ever give us independent spiritual strength. The moon has for ages

reflected the sun's rays upon our earth; but she had not, by so doing, acquire light of her own, so as to set up on her own account. She remains the same dark body, as dependent as she ever was upon the sun for every ray; and if our world comes between the two the connection is destroyed and the moon is eclipsed. And no amount of practice could ever have given Peter power to walk the waves apart from the strength given by Him who said "Come!" And if Peter failed and began to sink, it was not through failing strength, but faltering faith. Christ blamed him, not because he had lost power, but because he had given up his faith which brought the power. As long as he kept believing and walking he could walk, just because Christ was able to make His strength perfect in Peter's weakness. But when his faith failed there was no connection between the Master and the disciple, and so the faithless man began to sink through the action of a natural law. And "these things were written for our ensamples."

O dear friend, you will never get rid of your fears unless your faith is strong enough to slay them. Look at your weakness, your difficulties, your duties, your dangers, apart from the God of grace; and you will have cause enough to fear. But then you have no right to do this. As a Christian you may never look at anything that concerns you apart from Christ. And with such words as these before us, which it will do your soul good to repeat upon your knees to God every day, asking for grace to grasp them with all the power of a full-hearted confidence, with such words as these, there is no room for fear; rather is there fullest room for a holy courage to face the future whatever it may be. Dare to believe these words of God, and you may dare anything and everything that God puts before you.

From King's Highway, London.

For the Guide.

THE SOUL'S SWEET HOME.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."—Psalm 79; 1.

As travellers in a desert waste
Long for their own sweet home,
And thither speed with eager haste,
Thus, Lord, to Thee I come.

Thou art my blessed dwelling place,—
My soul's delightful rest;
Oh, I would fly to Thy embrace,
And be supremely blest.

Amid my wanderings, day by day
I yearn for home with Thee;
For what are things that pass away,
And all earth's toys to me?

In Thee alone I find my rest,
With Thee I'm satisfied;
In Thy companionship I'm blest,
With Thee I would abide.

In Thee, dear refuge of my soul,—
My shelter from the blast,—
I'll hide me while life's billows roll,
Till all the storms are past.

Within my own dear resting place,
With all the sweets of home,
I quite forget past stormy days,
And fear no storms to come.

WESLEY'S DOCTRINE OF SANCTIFICATION.

REV. ABEL STEVENS.

For his doctrine of sanctification Wesley adopted the title of "Perfection," because he found it so used in the Holy Scriptures. Paul and John he deemed sufficient authorities for the use of an

epithet which he knew, however, would be liable to the cavils of criticism. The Christian world had also largely recognized the term in the writings of Clemens Alexandrius, Macarius Kempis, Fenelon, Lucas, and other writers, Papal and Protestant. Besides incessant allusions to the doctrine in his general writings, Wesley has left an elaborate treatise on it. Fletcher of Madeley, an example as well as an authority of the doctrine, published an essay on it, proving it to be Scriptural as well as sanctioned by the best theological writers.

Wesley's theory of the doctrine is precise and intelligible, though often distorted into perplexing difficulties, by both its advocates and opponents. He taught not absolute, nor angelic, nor Adamic, but "Christian Perfection." Each sphere of being has its own normal limits; God alone has absolute perfection; the angels have a perfection of their own above that of humanity, at least of the humanity of our sphere; unfallen man, represented by Adam, occupied a peculiar sphere in the divine economy, with its own relations to the divine government, its own "perfection," called by Wesley, Adamic Perfection. Fallen but regenerated man has also his peculiar sphere, as a subject of his mediatorial economy, and the highest practicable virtue (whatever that may be) in that sphere of "perfection," is Christian perfection.

Admitting such a theory of perfection, the most important question has respect to its practical limit. When can it be said of a Christian man that he is thus perfect? Wesley taught that perfect Christians "are not free from ignorance; no, nor from mistakes. We are no more to expect any man to be infallible than to be omniscient. * * From infirmities none are perfectly freed, till their spirits return to God; neither can we expect, till then, to be wholly free from temptation; for 'the servant is not above his Master.' Neither in this sense is there any absolute perfection on earth. There is no perfection of degrees, none which does not admit of a continual increase. * * The proposition I hold is this: 'Any person may be cleansed from all sinful tempers, and yet need the atoning blood.' For what? For 'negligences and ignorances;" for both words and actions, (as well as omissions,) which are in a sense transgressions of the perfect law. And I believe no one is clear of these till he lays down this corruptible body."

Perfection, then, as defined by Wesley, is not perfection, according to the absolute moral law. It is perfection according to the special remedial economy introduced by the atonement, in which the heart, being sanctified, fulfils the law by love—Rom. 12:8–10—and its involuntary imperfections are provided for, by that economy, without the imputation of guilt, as in the case of infancy and all irresponsible persons. The only question then is, Is it possible for good men to so love God that all their conduct, inward and outward, shall be swayed by love? that even their involuntary defects shall be swayed by love? Is there such a thing as the inspired writer calls the "perfect love" which casteth out fear?—1 John 4:18. Wesley

believed that there is, that it is the privilege of all saints, and that it is to be obtained by faith. "I want you to be all love," he wrote. "This is the perfection I believe and teach, and this perfection is consistent with a thousand nervous disorders, which that high strained perfection is not. Indeed, my judgment is that (in this case particularly) to overdo is to undo; and that to set perfection too high, is the most effectual way of driving it out of the world." "Man," he says, "in his present state, can no more attain Adamic than angelic perfection. The perfection of which man is capable, while he dwells in a corruptible body, is the complying with that kind command, "My son, give me thy heart!" It is the loving the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind." Such is his much misrepresented doctrine of Christian Perfection.

MOTHER MONROE.

CHAP. 1ST.—BEGINNINGS.

"Who hath despised the day of small things."—ZECH. iv. 10.

Of the early history of Mrs. Elizabeth Munroe very little is known. Her origin was of the humblest, and her early childhood was spent in obscurity and clouded with poverty and sorrow.

In the providence of God, she found a home during her early youth where He was acknowledged, and she was favored in receiving religious instruction. In conversation with intimate friends she sometimes alluded to her early life, and always with deep emotion. She often with tears and exultation would break forth in adoring gratitude to God for the miracle of grace she was, in having been snatched from the verge of ruin and brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd in her youth.

"Oh, how much I owe to Miss Minot!" she often said; "for she taught me the first lessons concerning God and salvation, and impressed my young heart with eternal things. I am so thankful to her!"

It was in the family with which that estimable lady—Miss Minot—was connected, that the destitute child was placed to be brought up, and to her religious instructions may be traced the hallowed influences that blessed the beginnings of a life which developed into such beauty and blessing to the world.

The name of Miss Minot is introduced here that she may receive the honor due to so noble a character, who, taking from the dust a rough diamond, was so diligent in her efforts to polish it for the Master's use;—a diamond which proved to be of such rare value,—so rich an ornament to God's Church on earth, and doubtless now one of great prominence in His happy upper Temple.

That young Christian lady knew not how great a work she was doing in teaching that poor little friendless girl. She little thought she was training a princess in Israel—one who would so glorify God in showing forth the power of His Gospel, and magnifying His grace in the world. Yet she labored as faithfully as if she had known that she was training an instrument who would "turn many to righteousness," and "shine as a star forever and ever." What a glorious work!—what an exalted

privilege!—what a distinguished honor, was hers who gave Gospel teaching to that little "bound girl," Betsy Munroe!

Although she made no profession of religion in her childhood, yet the foundation of her Christian principles and life was then laid. In addition to the good counsels and instructions alluded to, she had the advantages of attending Church, and in after years the Sabbath school, by which her purpose to serve God was strengthened, and finally in the Baptist Church she was converted and baptized. For some years she was a member of that Church and led a Christian life, but disobedience to the injunction, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," brought her into great trouble in marrying a man who was altogether unsuitable for her. Being in a partially backslidden state was the cause of her falling into this snare. A retrospect of that portion of her life gave her great pain and regret, and when she spoke of it, it was with the deepest humiliation.

From her own statement it must have been exceedingly unhappy, but not of long duration. In speaking of her sufferings as the result of her connection with a wicked man,—with a down-cast look and a heavy eye she would say—"Ah, my troubles were all deserved. Betsy Munroe was a very naughty girl, and Father had to whip me real hard to bring me back, but it was done in great mercy and wonderful compassion. I had wandered far from Him, but He brought me back again—bless His name!—and gave me a place among His dear children; washed me in His own precious blood, and put His pure and beautiful robe all over me! Oh, is it not wonderful—wonderful!

Of an event which exerted a mighty and controlling influence upon her subsequent life, she frequently spoke with greatest feeling. It took place at a camp-meeting at Eastham, Mass. One of those marvelous manifestations of converting and sanctifying power of which old Methodists of New England cherish delightful reminiscences.

Then a young woman, and knowing little of Methodist teachings or usages, Elizabeth Munroe visited the camp-meeting alluded to, and being a Christian, attended its services with interest.

Listening to the blessed Gospel, preached with the power of the Holy Spirit, in which the Christian's high calling and glorious privilege in Christ were clearly set forth, and fervently impressed upon believers, the heart of the young Baptist was deeply moved, and she desired to receive the fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost. Bowing at the altar of prayer, she humbly and earnestly sought the blessing. until the desire of her heart was given her.

Of that thrilling event Mrs. S. B. Holway, of Chelsea, who was kneeling by her side, gives the following account:

"In the summer of 1828 I met Mother Munroe, then a young girl, at Eastham Camp-meeting, where she heard the doctrine of full salvation preached by Rev. A. D. Merrill, which powerfully impressed her heart and induced her to seek—as a personal experience—the fullness of saving grace.

She had never heard it preached

as the believer's privilege, to be received by faith and now; and as soon as she heard it set forth she received the doctrine gladly. The text of the sermon alluded to was, 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.' Then she had her eyes open to see her great privilege,—that it was 'the will of God—even her sanctification.' She sought and found it. The clear witness was given her at that meeting. I was kneeling by her side in prayer at the time. She came so sweetly into the blessing of perfect love, and claimed Christ as her complete Savior,—'saving her to the uttermost,' as she said. Oh, how sweet was that hour when that precious one was 'sanctified through the truth,' by simply believing God's Word!—as soon as she heard she believed.

Oh, that glorious hour when she saw the cleansing stream and said, It cleanseth me!

Ever after that time she was a decided witness of the cleansing blood, and it was the power of full salvation that made Mother Munroe all she was in subsequent years. She had a present, indwelling Christ, and was "complete in Him.' She loved to speak of Him as a personal, living Savior, and it was the power of the risen Christ within her, which enabled her to do the work of her Lord and Master, which so distingushed her life. How wonderfully was she saved, and how wonderfully she saved others, as an instrument in God's hands, hundreds can attest—who knew her as a burning and a shining light!

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine."

For the Guide.

OVERCOMING FAITH.

ANNIE A. CLARK.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." "That which is not of faith is sin." "Without faith it is impossible to please God."

Having this mighty weapon—connected with prayer and fasting—huge mountains are leveled before us. Walls are thrown down that seemed to mount to the very heavens. They are removed with a single touch, like a tottering fence; and we are enabled to pass over with a song of triumph trembling upon our lips.

Faith puts upon us a coat of mail that Satan himself, with all his weapons, cannot make any impression upon. And although we may be called to pass through the fire, we shall come out with no smell of fire upon our garments. Although called to pass through the enemy's ground with a thousand bullets hurled at us, they cannot make any impression upon this shield of faith. "The Lord God is a sun and shield; He will give grace and glory." "All things are possible to him that believeth." Then who would not be a fully saved soldier in the army of the Lord, going on from conquering to conquest, achieving glorious victories in the name of Jesus,—until down by the riverside, we shall end this war, lay down the cross and take up the crown,—where rest shall be sweet and uninterrupted as long as the endless ages of eternity shall onward roll.

FRANKLINVILLE, N. J.

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

Bible Key-Words—Verily, verily.

HEAVEN OPENED.

Sabbath, May 4.—"And he saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."—John 1 : 51.

The double use of the word "*Verily,*" which signifies *truly*, is peculiar to St. John. Stier remarks, that the "*Verily, verily, I say unto you,*" of the Lord, is spoken in His co-equality with the Father; not as the "Thus saith the Lord" of the prophets. Here it occurs in the conversation of Jesus with Nathanael. Nathanael was surprised at Christ's recognition of him. And he was constrained to render Him becoming homage, saying, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." Jesus answered and said unto him, "Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these. Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open."

Here is the declared realization of what Jacob saw in symbol, in his vision of the ladder upon which the angels of God were ascending and descending. It does not refer to any literal opening of the heavens, but to the establishment of gracious intercourse between heaven and earth. Jesus is himself the medium of communication. He has removed the barriers, and made access to the throne possible to sinful man. And the immediate opening of the heavens was announced, "Hereafter." Alford renders it, "From henceforth." Thus he remarks,—"The glories of a period beginning from the opening of the Lord's public ministry, and at this day not yet completed, are described. Not the outward and visible opening of the material heavens, nor ascent and descent of angels in the sight of men, which our Lord here announces; but the series of glories which was about to be unfolded in His person and work from that time forward." Luther beautifully says,—"When Christ became man and had entered on His ministerial office and begun to preach, then was the heaven opened, and remains open; and has from that time, since the baptism of Christ in Jordan, never been shut, and never will be shut, although we do not see it with our bodily eyes. Christ says this: Ye are now heavenly citizens, and have your citizenship above in the heavenly Jerusalem, and are in communion with the holy angels, who shall without intermission ascend and descend about you."

A SOLEMN DECLARATION.

Sabbath, May 11.—"Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."—John 6 : 53.

This is remarkable language. The use of the double "Verily," in this connection, renders it very emphatic. The passage has, however, been strangely misapprehended and misapplied. Certain false teachers, concerned to uphold their system of superstition, have literalized it. Hence, in the administration of the Lord's Supper, they pretend that the elements are transformed into the real flesh and blood of the Lord Jesus. This is rendering an ordinance which is designed to be eminently spiritual, monstrously carnal. The very idea is shocking to our intelligence and refined sensibility.

Now, in the passage before us, we understand Jesus as teaching that as our natural food, by the wonderful process of digestion, is taken into the physical system, so as to nourish and build it up,—so, by faith we are to feed upon Christ, and to be thus spiritually nourished and strengthened.

Alford here inquires,—"What is this eating and drinking? Not merely faith—for faith answers to the hand reached forth for the food, but is not the act of eating. Faith is a necessary condition of the act; so that we can hardly say with Augustine, "Believe and thou hast eaten; but, believe and thou shalt eat. Inasmuch as faith will necessarily in its energizing lead to this partaking, we sometimes incorrectly say that it *is* faith—but for strict accuracy that is not enough. To eat the flesh of Christ is to realize, in our inward life, the mystery of His body now in heaven—to adjust and assimilate our own portion in that body. To drink His blood is to realize, in our inward life, the mystery of His satisfaction for sin—to adjust and assimilate our own portion in that satisfaction, the outpouring of that blood. And both these definitions may be gathered into one, which is—the eating and drinking of His blood, import the making to ourselves, and using as objectively real, those two great truths of our redemption in Him of which our faith *subjectively* convinces us." By faith we are thus brought into union with Christ, so as to be partakers of His life. Continuance in faith, living faith, perpetuates this spiritual vitality. In the absence of this there is no life in us. Reader, are you thus eating of the flesh and drinking of the blood of Christ? This is your life, your only life.

A GREAT FACT.

SABBATH, MAY 18.—"Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am."—John 8 : 58.

Jesus was holding a memorable conversation with the Pharisees. He had been telling them of the intimate relations which He sustained to the Eternal Father. But they had no true or spiritual apprehension of the Father. They said, Where is thy Father? To which Jesus replied, "Ye neither know me nor my Father; if ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also." In opposition to this they said, boastfully, "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man; how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free?" He further taught them that as the servants of sin they had no true freedom,—"If the Son therefore shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." All this testimony of the truth failed to make its designed impression. At the close of this deeply interesting conversation, the passage before us was given. Alford says the word "*made*" should be inserted,—then it would read, "Before Abraham was *made*, I am,"—contrasting the created with the uncreated. This was a sublime assertion of His pre-existence, of His absolute and eternal divinity. No other legitimate interpretation of the language can be given. Jesus is very God and very man—divinity and humanity conjoined in His glorious person. What a wonderful Savior! When we take this great fact into view, can we have any doubt of His ability to save to the uttermost? No, emphatically, no! There is ground for our fullest trust. Let us commit all our interests to Him, and never remove them out of His hands. Doing this, we are safe, eternally safe.

A WONDERFUL PROMISE.

SABBATH, MAY 25.—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."—John 14 : 12.

This is indeed a wonderful promise. Jesus has been seeking to comfort the disciples by telling them of His Father's house and the many mansions. Philip asked that He would show them the Father and it would suffice them. At this He declared His oneness with the Father, and that having seen Him they had seen the Father also. He challenged them, in faith, to accept this great truth, saying, "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in

me; or else believe me for the very work's sake." Then follows this 12th verse—teaching them to expect greater things, in a miraculous point of view, in their own experience, than they experienced in connection with His personal ministry. For this an all-sufficient reason was given—"Because I go unto my Father." Returning to His Father's bosom, in which He had dwelt from eternity, laden with mediatorial triumphs, even in the earthly arena, could aught He asked of the Father on behalf of the disciples be denied? Nay, verily! Pentecost, and subsequent years of apostolic history, witnessed the fulfilment of the promise. We live amid New Testament marvels. Say not the day is passed. We are in the very midst of wonders. And there are more to follow. Only let us believe.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS.

REV. A. B. BRADBURY, A. M.

Let holiness but fill the world,
How blest the human race!
All would rejoice,
And raise their voice,
For joyful inward peace.

This holiness delights the saints,
For it will reign within;
'Twill cleanse the heart,
All love impart,
And banish every sin.

It is the food for holy ones,
Wherever they may dwell;
'Tis sweetest peace,
And saving grace,
O wonderful to tell.

It comforts every weary soul
With heaven enduring bliss;
O holiness!
O righteousness!
Dear Lord, our joys increase.

It is a halo of delight
To those who love God's ways;
'Tis inward light,
And outward sight,
Through all our earthly days.

'Twould be a little heaven on earth
To go to glory in;
'Twould be all bliss,
And perfect peace,
Since God resides within.

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY.

ADELIA ROCKWELL.

To the glory of God, I would love to give to the readers of the "Guide" a few lines of my experience, that if possible some precious souls may be led into a life of consecration and trust by my testimony. For some years I have thought much at times on the subject of holiness. I had a longing desire for it, and believed it as a doctrine taught in God's Word. At times I felt that all was on the altar and could say I had given all for Christ, but when I read the Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," I could not apply it to myself and say it cleanseth me. I see now that I lacked an appropriating faith, to claim the promise, "I will receive you," consequently relapsed into my former experience, which was anything but satisfactory; until the eighth day of last March, 1878, during a series of meetings held in our Church by Rev. Mr. Stone, my desire for a pure heart became intense. In this frame of mind I went to an afternoon prayer-meeting, and there the spirit of the Lord led me to rise and tell them I was not resting under condemnation, but that I desired to give myself to the Lord, and if there was any others there that felt as I did, to kneel with me at the altar, and then asked those present to pray for us. This was a heavy cross, but I think it was a step in the right direction. I left

the house without any feeling of relief more than a sense that the course I had taken was right. It would be useless to tell of the tears and agonizing prayers, until about noon the next day I was kneeling with the Bible before me; I asked the Lord that from His Word He would show me what more He would have me do. I was conscious I had given up everything, the last presented, being my husband and children. Yes, I could say I give them all for Thee; take all, if need be, but give me thyself. As I was relating to a sister in the Church how I thus had to become willing to give up everything, she said "she could not do it." But Christ says, "If ye love father or mother more than me, ye are not worthy of me." As I opened God's Word, my eyes rested on these words, "This is the will of God—even your sanctification." Then immediately these words were presented to my mind, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray believe ye receive them, and ye shall have them." But in my unbelief I turned the Bible again for something else, but as nothing else was given, I turned back and said, What more do I want? God says it is His will, and also says "If I believe when I pray, I shall have it." Yes, I will believe; yes, I do believe, that He now receives me. For about a half an hour I held on to God's promise by naked faith; then came the witness of the Spirit.

Oh, the joy of that hour! I knew I had been given the desire of my heart; never have I doubted it for one moment since. Although the enemy has tempted me in several ways, he has never assailed me on that point. Blessed be God! I could say with the Apostle, "I know," which gave no room for the enemy. Dear reader, it was when I gave up my will, my way, and trying to make myself perfect by my own works, and believed His Word, that He gave me the sweet assurance of a sanctified heart. Oh, how Jesus did reveal himself to me! What an unselfish love did I see in my adorable Savior; and with what abhorrence did I look upon sin. It seemed that one sin looked more heinous to me than all the sins of a whole lifetime before. And heaven seemed so desirable, and I had such ravishing views of heavenly and spiritual things, that at times I hardly knew whether I was in the body or not; and thought perhaps I was not to stay in this world of sin much longer, and told my husband so. But I see now God was teaching me lessons and preparing me for the future. How I do bless God that he has kept me since that time, and that to-day I can say all is on the altar, and that the altar sanctifies the gift.

For the Guide.

BONDAGE.

BY M. D. WEAGE.

There are three conditions necessary to a state of bondage, namely, Law, a recognition of its claims, and a spirit opposed to its demands. We are subjects of law—physical, moral, and spiritual; so that we cannot if we would, do away with the first condition of our bondage. Without a recognition of law, we may be free in spirit while exposed to its penalties. But do away with the opposition and we have lawful freedom, the only true

freedom; because, while rid of the bondage, we are free from its penalties. The natural heart is everywhere in Scripture represented as being opposed to God's law; hence the necessity of a change of heart in order to true liberty. But suppose, without this change, an individual seeks to conform his life to the law. He recognizes its claims, but is in heart opposed to its demands. His reason approves, but his heart rebels. He has no genuine love for the service of God, and is impelled only by a sense of duty. He may be faithful, but there is no joy in the service. He is in bondage. The sweet privilege of speaking for Jesus is no longer a privilege, only a duty. It takes on the character of cross-bearing, and is considered rather meritorious.

We fear such is the condition of many in our Churches. They are urged to disregard their feelings and serve God from principle.

This seems to us a fatal error. How can such worship be true worship? Christ says, "The Father seeketh such to worship him as worship him in spirit and in truth," and if we worship Him thus it will be a delight. The outside pressure of Church obligation will not be felt, because of an inward prompting to the work. We would not undervalue principle, but can no more take the place of feeling, than the foundation stones of a building can be made to serve the inmates for food. It is this conscious union and communion with God that is food for the soul. Without it, there must be an eternal soul-hunger, that is most fitly represented by "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." It is said by a late writer, that "God has given us this sense of the spiritual, as he has placed the nerves in our bodies to warn us of our danger. Suppose we disregard the voice of these sentinels.—the result is death; and so spiritually we see it in all our Churches. A dull routine life, wanting life and heart power.

What is the remedy for all this? Let the truth on this one point be plainly taught and acknowledged, —that Christian activity must and will be spontaneous, if the heart be right. Duty will be lost in privilege. If it is otherwise, we are in bondage, and have need with renewed consecration to seek earnestly a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. It is this that quickens the paralyzed powers; breaks off our fetters and makes us free indeed. "Free from the Law; Oh! happy condition."

For the Guide.

GOING ON TO PERFECTION.

BY REV. D. NASH.

The doctrine of Christian perfection has met with a host of assailants, even among religious professors, who, not satisfied with railing against it as being unsound and unscriptural, have indiscriminately censured all who have supported and taught it. In the holy Scriptures, given to redeemed man by the God of all wisdom, the idea of perfection is associated with humanity above fifty times. It is therefore aspiring to an extreme of humility, an extreme of affectation "above that which is written" to disclaim the honor entirely. God has proffered to man the high privilege. It is a covenanted blessing, and although it may be a great

cross for some believers to think of it, it is obviously a plain Christian duty to accept it meekly and gratefully, and to set it before ourselves as the moral standard which we should never rest short of.

Every child of God should "be perfect," and not only so, but in that state of perfection he should be "established, strengthened and settled." But, if those who so believe that "in them the love of God is perfected" should for one moment make their attainment a ground of relaxation, they at once fall from their moral eminence and are in the utmost danger of a fearful downward course. This danger arises from grieving the Holy Spirit, by the twofold sin of pride and sloth; pride, in turning round to gaze on righteous self,—sloth, in the inevitable pause and the moral opiate administered by the sight. Perfection in the demolition of everything contrary to love is but preparatory to "going on" to the perfection of the eternally expanding principles of pure love itself. In this sense, perfection is unattained and unattainable. Hence the abiding everlasting duty, "grow in grace," increase in the divine favor and in your attachment to Jesus.

The difficulty of clearly understanding this point, and of properly entering into it, is one great reason why many who venture to profess that they have attained the blessing of entire sanctification, have fallen from the joy and the purity of that heaven upon earth. If God does give us power to believe with the heart unto this measure of righteousness, it is a sacred duty to make a humble but clear confession thereof.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. HENRIETTA BENNER.

Mrs. Henrietta Benner, wife of Mr. J. W. Benner, of Urbana, Ill., died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. S. J. Toy, in Chicago, June 1st, 1879. She was born in Martinsburgh, Virginia, August 6th, 1810, and was united in marriage with Mr. J. W. Benner, June 7th, 1830.

Deceased united with the Presbyterian Church when about nineteen years of age, of which she was a consistent member for three years, when she changed her relations, becoming a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she was a faithful and earnest member up to the time of her death. She loved her Church dearly, and worked for its upbuilding constantly. She was also very diligent in attendance upon all Church services so long as her strength permitted. The word that will best express her life is "mother." In her home she was a model, and her children have cause for real grief.

Mrs. Benner made it her duty to prepare the bread and wine for the sacramental service in the Church; and this sacred duty she delegated to her daughter, Mrs. M. B. Thompson.

Her daughter adds: "My dear mother, for many years a subscriber and admirer and lover of the doctrines taught in the "Guide to Holiness," whose home for twenty years has been Urbana, Ill., passed away to her heavenly home, on the morning of January 1st, in the full and complete triumph of that blessed Christian faith in which she had lived and professed for more than thirty-five years."

SAMUEL M. BARBER.

The subject of this memoir, Samuel M., son of Samuel C. and Mary Owen Barber, was born in the City of New, on August 15th, 1844; was converted to God under the pastoral labors of Mordecai C. Stokes, at Pedricktown, N. J. He was one of the witnesses for full salvation at the meetings held on Saturday evening, for the promo-

tion of holiness, in the Tabernacle M. E. Church. His experience, though positive, was always clothed with humility, giving God all the praise. On the fly-leaf of his Bible he had written: "January 17th, 1868—Converted to God through faith in Jesus, and united with the Church on probation two days after, and hope by the grace of God and faith in our Lord and Savior to remain firm.—Sept. 13th, 1868—Have been baptized in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, by the Rev. I. I. Graw, and accepted in the M. E. Church. I am still striving to be a Christian, to grow in grace; and with my trust in the redeeming power of Jesus Christ, I have cast all my care on the Lord, knowing that He will care for me.—Februry 28th, 1877—After following on to know the Lord and seeking to know what was the will of the Lord, I found it written in His Word. "It is the will of God, even our sanctification," and then when consecrating my all on the altar (Christ), I received the gift of the Holy Ghost, and I knew that I was washed and cleansed in the blood of the Lamb; and can now testify that the blood cleanseth from all sin, and always expect to be kept by the keeping power, having it assured me by trusting Christ and the merit of His blood with all my heart, soul, mind and strength."

In his illness, which was of some four weeks' duration, there was no lack of attention, surrounded as he was by wife, parents, sisters and brothers, whose associations in the home circle made it a happy place. Appreciating the kind attentions which their loving hearts prompted them to bestow, yet he desired to be with Christ, which is far better. After losing his sight for some five days, it was restored again, when he fondly looked twice at each of the loved ones in his room, and seemed glad to recognize them again. When he learned his physician's opinion—that he would not get well, he said, "Thank the Lord, I am ready for His will,—I am packed up and ready to go." His sufferings were intense, occasioned by Bright's Disease, yet he was so fearful of murmuring in them, that when they would abate he would ask if he had murmured; and for fear of becoming impatient at his delay in crossing the river of death, he would sing the praises of his God. His dying message was, "Tell everybody to come to Jesus."

Whilst suffering from the severe nervousness accompanying the disease, nothing seemed to quiet him so much as singing, and for the last two days of his life he wanted it almost constantly. During the last week he said several times, "Sabbath in glory," and he entered into rest on the Sabbath, December 22d, 1878, in the morning. Just at the time he usually entered God's house here, he entered the sanctuary above. He passed away under very distressing circumstances, from a hemorrhage, continuing nearly six hours, but through it all his mind was staid on Christ; and though his tongue was stiff, he sang with great difficulty three verses of that beautiful hymn, "We are Waiting by the River;" and as he finished singing, the angel boatman came and conveyed his happy spirit o'er.

HENRY HOMRIGHAUSEN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ASENATH PERKINS.

Sister Perkins passed away from earth, January 15th, 1879, in her 73d year. She experienced religion at the early age of nine years, and united with the M. E. Church. She was married to Chester Perkins, of Warsaw, N. Y., April 3d, 1834, and they walked together hand in hand for more than forty years, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, with the Saviors ever abiding presence to cheer them by the way.

Sister Perkins was a woman of frail constitution, yet she possessed a faith seldom equalled. She sought to understand the full import of a consecrated life, and could say that she loved God supremely, trusted Him perfectly, and that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. This she not only professed with her lips, but left her devoted life to demonstrate her blessed experience in the Master's service. She was a lover of the "Guide to Holiness," and often in reading it, was made to rejoice in her Savior's love.

She leaves four children to mourn her loss, her husband having passed triumphantly away some two years since. We know that our loss is her eternal gain.

W. M. C.

MR. ANDREW DE MOTT.

Mr. Andrew DeMott, of Marshall, Mich., bade adieu to his beloved wife and friends, Feb. 26th, 1879, in the 69th year of his age. He has gone to take possession of that mansion of rest, for which he had been making preparation for many years. He had been an active Christian forty-six years, and had been instrumental in bringing many souls to Christ. He had been a great lover of the "Guide to Holiness," and had taken it several years.

J. SHAW.

Another of the dearly loved friends of Jesus has been called to be forever with the Lord. His bereaved companion, with whom he had journeyed for twenty-seven years, thus gives her testimony: "A better husband and a more loving father never lived. The Bible and the "Guide to Holiness" were his constant companions. For eight years we have hailed and read the "Guide to Holiness" with delight."

J. Shaw was born in Allegheny Co., Md., Oct. 9th, 1827, and passed away from earth Sept. 17, 1878, after an illness of four weeks with typhoid fever. During his illness, he would often say that he felt so joyful that he was soon going to cross the river. When asked if it was bright on the other side, his reply was, "Thank God, it is." He was converted, October, 1851, and at that time joined the M. E. Church. He has been a useful member ever since. The Lord greatly blessed him during his sickness. He found it easy to be sick, for Jesus was with him. T. SHAW.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are very much gratified to receive tokens of love for those who love to read the GUIDE and cannot pay for it. We have received the following sums for this purpose:

A Friend, New Vienna, O.,	$2.00.
An Old Subscriber,	1.00.

Editorial.

HOLINESS ORGANIZATIONS.

We are disposed to look with jealousy on anything that would seem to take the place of, or in anywise interfere with already existing Church regulations. For many years the light of the glorious truth of full salvation has been steadily shining on the hearts and lives of many of the followers of Jesus, whose sole desire and steady purpose seem to be, to cry "Behold the Lamb," and accept Him as your present Redeemer from all iniquity.

That such spirits should affiliate, and find great comfort in speaking often one to another, and that God should hearken and bless them from time to time, is a truth as old as the Church, and as precious now as ever. In olden time, it is said by Malachi, "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him, for them that feared the Lord and thought upon His name."

We need not speak of the clinging of heart that those have, who through the blood of the everlasting covenant enter into the holiest, feel toward each other, and that they should wish to form "select bands." This course was even advised by Mr. Wesley himself. This, however, is different from forming "Societies" in the Church, which we have lately seen proposed, even though they should be called "Societies for the Promotion of Holiness." To us this looks revolutionary, and the Bible commands us to abstain from "ALL appearance of evil."

Let us not forget that the M. E. Church was established to spread Scriptural Holiness over these lands. To the praise of God, it is fulfilling its heavenly mission. The banner that God gave to Wesley to unfurl, with "Holiness to the Lord" inscribed upon it, now floats in triumph from one end of our land to the other. It is also showing its power in India, China, and all our missionary stations. We know that there are some who call themselves Meth-

odists, who are harping on the degeneracy of the Church; but who can estimate the LOSS to the CAUSE OF HOLINESS, if the M. E. Church was blotted out of existence? Ten thousand voices unite to-day in declaring that through her instrumentality they were led into the glorious "Highway of Holiness," and many ten thousand voices exclaim, "Glory to God in the highest, this year I was led to Christ through her instrumentality!"

It will not be thought presumption in one who has been identified with the cause for nearly a half a century, to affectionately exhort all lovers of Holiness not to have anything to do with any movement that tends to distract the Churches, and bring the witnesses of full salvation into collision with the Pastors.

BEWARE OF SCHISM!

On closing this article, we found a piece published twenty-seven years ago in the "Guide to Holiness," by the Rev. Jesse T. Peck (now our beloved Bishop), directed to professors of perfect love, on "Beware of Schism." The article is so timely that we would give it entire, had we space. A few extracts must suffice. The Dr. remarks: "This caution may startle you, but your very profession implies that you are teachable as a child.

"The Bible is the only standard of doctrine. No schism can be truly grounded in it. Let us cease from ourselves, and go to the fountain. In this way can we see eye o eye, and save the Church from hazardous speculations. Discoveries above holiness are just as dangerous, and as inevitably false as discoveries below.

"To my own mind, the views of the great Wesley are clear, safe, and a full exhibition of the teachings of revelation upon the great doctrine of holiness. But I do not—I dare not appeal to his writings as the authorative teaching on this vital subject. I claim nothing more than that he was made by the grace of God a very transparent medium, through which divine light poured out from the Bible upon the world. It is only because he kept so closely to the Scriptures, in his exposition of the doctrine, that so much safety, harmony and prosperity have resulted from strict adherance to his standard, and we have been involved in endless questions and imminent peril by stopping a particle below or passing a step beyond it. I say HIS STANDARD—I mean no more or less than THE BIBLE.

"A want of charity may lead to schism. * * * Should you conceive the impossibility of bringing up the great body of the Church to the standard which you have reached in experience, and hence feel like giving them up, and begin practically to withdraw yourself from them, you would inevitably bring upon yourselves the charge and crime of schism.

"True, you are to be distinct from worldly professors, but only by being more deeply humble, by greater simplicity and sweetness of spirit; by loving them more tenderly, and laboring for them and for the world more indefatigably and successfully than would otherwise be possible. Thus, not schism, but strong and indissoluble Christian union, will be the result of increased attention to the doctrine of holiness.

"Finally, after prayerful reflection and with the most tender regard for the dear brethren who have thought their circumstances justified it, I am clear that ANY ORGANIZATION OF THE FRIENDS OF HOLINESS, AS A DISTINCT WORK, IS UNDESIRABLE AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS. It must lead to invidious distinctions, which are by no means intended by the friends of the measure. * * *

"The example of Mr. Wesley furnishes no precedent for such a measure, for surely there is a wide difference between the moral and religious condition of the evangelical Churches of the present day, with all their imperfections and downward tendencies, and the secular, worldly and corrupt establishment within which he formed his societies. Besides, he organized upon no ONE IDEA, however central and controlling. His special fellowship included, distinctly and professedly, the whole scheme of Gospel morality and piety, as every Christian fellowship should, all tending to be sure 'to spread scriptural holiness over these

lands.' Blessed be God, this VERY ORGANIZATION EXISTS FOR US, in all its essential features, rendering, at least until its holy principles are generally repudiated, any other one unnecessary. * * *

"Special meetings for the promotion of holiness are not liable to the same objections, for they are open to all, and assert no disciplinary powers over those who attend them. As the advocates of entire sanctification, we have no new revelations for the world; no novel doctrines to advance; no startling discoveries in the means of grace. Our object is as old as the date of Redemption."

BE NOT DECEIVED!

Among the last utterances of our beloved Bishop Janes, in answer to the question "How it was with him?" said, "I am not disappointed." Paul said, "I have fought a good fight; I have finshed my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day." These friends of Jesus had relied on the truthfulness of the immutable WORD of Jehovah, and having obeyed the commands, as well as giving heed to the warnings, were now proclaiming in exultant strains the victory obtained by simply obeying and believing the WORD.

But we hear the voice of Infinite love sounding out in the Bible to all that would in like manner overcome, "Be not deceived." The call is imperative. The reason given is, "because your adversary the devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." The blood of the Son of God was the price paid for this glorious salvation, and nothing but eternal vigilance will secure the final victory. "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne," is one of the inducements held out by our adorable Redeemer. That there is danger of not overcoming, is evident from the command, "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil, for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Mr. Wesley says, "Two things are certain; the one, that it is possible to lose even the pure love of God; the other, that it is not necessary, it is not unavoidable; it may be lost, but it may be kept." Again,—What a grievous error, to think those that are saved from sin cannot lose what they have found! It is a miracle if they do not, seeing all earth and hell are against them; while meantime so very few, even of the children of God, skilfully endeavor to strengthen them." In writing to Dr. Adam Clark, he (Mr. Wesley) makes this startling announcement: "To retain the grace of God, is much more than to gain it. Hardly one in three does this, and this should be strongly and explicitly urged on all who have tasted of the perfect love of God."

In the Seven Churches of Asia we have examples given us by God himself. One had wandered so far from the Sun of Righteousness, that the light that was in them had become darkness. They said "they were rich, and increased in goods, and had need of nothing;" but He who was fully acquainted with their condition, declared "They were miserable and poor, and blind and naked." What a pitiable condition, and how greatly fallen! To another, Jesus said, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." It is not necessary to bring further proof that such a sad state may occur, or God would not have guarded so fully against it.

But what is the remedy? Our great Exempler has set us the pattern. Jesus in His message to the Churches, first enumerates whatsoever is worthy in them, thereby intimating, Dr. Clark says, "That God is more intent in finding out the good, than the evil in any Church; that those that wish to reform such as are fallen, or are not making sufficient advances in the divine life, should take occasion from the good which yet remains to encourage them to set out afresh for the kingdom of heaven. The fallen or backslidden, who have

any tenderness of conscience left, are easily discouraged, and are apt to think there is no seed left from which any harvest can reasonably be expected. Let such be told that there is still a seed of godliness remaining, and that it requires only watching and strengthening, the things which remain, by prompt application to God through Christ, in order to bring them back to the full enjoyment of all they have lost."

Would it not be well for all who are finding fault with the degeneracy of the Church, and reporting with seeming satisfaction its failures and backslidings, and her ministers as not worthy to be trusted, to read and consider the estimate of that eminent servant of God, Adam Clark, upon their doings He says: "Ministers who are continually harping on 'Ye are dead, YE ARE DEAD, there is little or no Christianity among you, &c.,' are a contagion in a Church, and spread desolation and death wheresoever they go. Is it not easy to say in such cases, Ye have not walked in the light as ye should, but God still strives with you, still loves you, still wants to be gracious to you; take courage, set out afresh; come to God through Christ,—believe, love, obey, and you will soon find days more blessed than you have ever yet experienced."

The royal law, as given by the Apostle James, reads, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and this would have forbidden any harsh words even to these dear friends of Jesus, for they had labored, and endured persecution, and could not tolerate evil men. They were admonished to do their first works over again. Abraham would not speak harshly to, or revile a damned spirit. Paul says, 'For all the law is fulfilled in one word—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; but if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.'"

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Every day we receive letters expressing gratitude that the GUIDE has not been discontinued to those who failed to remit at the first of the year. It has seemed to us to be imprudent and impracticable, as well as unkind, in a time of such general depression as we are passing through, to erase the name of every one who does not remit promptly. In doing so we would cut off some of our oldest and best friends, who have the will to remit as in former years, but have not the ability to do it instantly. We are glad to bear with them, and to await their pleasure. If we send them bills, it is not because we wish to dun them or press them for immediate payment, glad as we would be to receive every subscription. Presuming, therefore, that all from whom we do not hear, desire the Magazine to be continued, and that they will remit at their earliest convenience, we shall send out our usual July bills to all in arrears, and we assure our friends that while it will give us great pleasure to hear from them, it will also give us pleasure, if necessity require it, to await their convenience in the settlement of their subscriptions. By referring to the tag with the name of the subscriber pasted on each Magazine, any one can see to what year and month his or her subscription has been paid.

ANDREW C. WHEELER.

On Saturday, April 5th, by request of his daughter, Mrs. Spease, we had the happy and most earnestly desired privilege of visiting one of the early friends of Methodism in New York, Andrew C. Wheeler, now in his ninety-fourth year, and consequently his memory reaches far back to the infancy of our cause in this city. Desiring to know, we said, "Bro. Wheeler, can you remember who preached the dedication sermon of the Allen Street M. E. Church?" "O," he replied, "I remember well; it was Bro. Crawford."

Ever since our childhood we have known this dear brother as a decided follower of the Lord Jesus, a successful leader among the hosts of Zion, and a witness of the power of Christ to save from all sin. When chosen Assemblyman to represent our city in Albany, he there unfurled his banner, with "Holiness to the Lord" inscribed upon it, and kept it waving, so

that all might know in whose service he was engaged.

On our arrival at the mansion of his son Thomas, one and a half miles from Jamaica, Long Island, we found him in a sitting posture, on the side of his bed—sleeping, his disease not permitting him to lie down. On waking out of sleep, as soon as he recognized us, after affectionate salutations, with a happy and cheerful countenance, he reached his hand for the beautiful collection of Bro. Hillman's Zion's carols, called the "Revivalist," (which we were told he kept on his table), and commenced singing:

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
That far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

O how sweet it will be, in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips, and harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

During our interview, he also sang:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks;
The crossing must be near."

It was a great pleasure to converse with one (though with some difficulty, he being quite deaf) who so long had stood in the front rank of Immanuel's army, a lover and professor of holiness. He had nobly endured the burden and heat of the battle when Zion's hosts were but few, and her worldly resources but small; but he knew and exulted in the fact "that the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Before parting we sang:

"Oh, when I shall sweep through the gates,
The scenes of mortality o'er,
What then for my spirit awaits?
Will they sing on the glorified shore—
Welcome home? Welcome home?
A welcome in glory for me?

Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer.
Welcome home! Welcome home!"

We then bowed, and after Mrs. P. and ourself had prayed, the aged saint lifted his voice with all the pathos and fervor of former years, and commended us to the care of our covenant-keeping God. Truly God, the Holy Ghost, was there manifesting himself to his almost glorified aged servant.

We were not aware on leaving this honored and beloved disciple, that he was quite so near his triumphal entry into the celestial city, or that the heavenly harpers were so soon to strike the chord of "Welcome, welcome home!" though his joyous countenance, and his soul filled with rapture, bespoke the chariot near. We knew that the horsemen and chariots of fire on the other side of the river were in readiness, for he had given "all diligence to make his calling and election sure," and the mandate from the throne was recorded, that this long tried friend was to have an entrance ministered abundantly unto him into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

On Tuesday, the 15th inst., we were notified that our dear brother had been welcomed about 2 A. M. the night previous, by Jesus himself, to a seat at His right hand. With the confidence that the blessed Word inspires, we say, that he is now joining with the redeemed ones around the throne, in their new eternal song,—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion, forever and ever. Amen."

The earthly casket, that had contained this rich jewel of our Master's, was brought from his affectionate son's to the Chapel of the Cemetry, in Jamaica, where three beloved ministers took part in the funeral services. Rev. F. Bottome, his former pastor, gave a very interesting account of his long career of usefulness, and spoke of the great joy it must have occasioned on the other side, to meet the many old warriors that had preceded him to his heavenly home. "Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with him." "Blessed are the dead

that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

I WONDER HOW IT WILL LOOK?

We often take our standpoint away—away in the endless future. We think of the time when our deathless spirit will have been a million of years in the eternal world. Then we bid thought in its amazing activities fly over the intervening space, and plant our feet on that far distant point on the eternal cliffs. And then we look back on the point of time now occupied by ourselves and all earth's redeemed inhabitants.

O how small, and yet how great in results do many things appear, that occupied the attentions and influenced the actions of the inhabitants of earth. We see tens of thousands standing on the "narrow neck of land, 'twixt two unbounded seas," when suddenly the dashing billows of eternity's vast ocean roll up at an unlooked for moment, and they are engulphed. And thus, though momentarily in jeopardy, and aware that life is but a probation, how do they occupy that brief moment of time? What are they doing? Many are the acknowledged servants of the God of this world. Though aware that to be carnally minded is death—eternal death, still they fill up life's short probation as the children of this world—the servants of sin, and lo! the snares of the enemy, "Tribulations and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first,"—that is, those whom God would fain have made vessels of grace, having enjoyed superior religious advantages,—"and also of the Gentiles," who, though less favored than the children of promise, having failed to use the grace received, are swept away in their sins.

ERRATA.

In "Love His Appearing," it reads, "After speaking of his poor labors for his Lord,"—it should read, "past labors."

Bro. Hunt says the title of "Rev." prefixed before his name, is a mistake.

THREE POINTS,

OR, HOW TO BE SANCTIFIED NOW.

"It is important to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points," says Mr. Wesley. "Expect it by faith, expect it as you are, expect it NOW. To deny one of these, is to deny them all. To allow one, is to allow them all. Be true then to your principles, and look for this blessing just as you are, neither better nor worse; as a poor sinner who has nothing to plead but Christ DIED, and if you look for it as you are, then expect it NOW! Stay for nothing. Why should you? Christ is ready, and He is all you want. He is waiting for you,—He is at the door.

News Along the Line.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

[The following letter from our friend, Joshua Dawson, who is mentioned in "Four Years in the Old World," p. 85, will be read with interest. This dear brother, having to change his occupation, pleaded with the Lord to give him five pounds to commence business anew. He could have borrowed it, but preferred not to risk the debt. After praying earnestly, He found a letter on his table with the amount required, signed, "From a friend of Jesus to a lover of Jesus." Who was the giver he knows not to this day. The five pounds were judiciously laid out, and had so largely multipled, that when we were his guests he had a large and well filled store.—ED.]

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

MY VERY DEAR BRO. IN CHRIST:

When I returned home yesterday from my successful holiness services at South Bank, near Middlesboro, my heart leaped for joy to find a letter from you. I was so glad to read its contents. The important truths in it did my heart good. I do feel so anxious to work for Christ as long as I live.

"It was worth living for this,
To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus' name."

I have done very little in worldly business for the last twelve years, but go from place to place, preaching Christ to a perishing world, and proclaiming Jesus to believers as a full Savior. The Lord has opened a door which no man can shut. I cannot supply a twentieth part of the invitations. The Lord has enabled me to labor free of cost.

He has raised me up a grand co-worker in the person of W. J. Woolley, of Church Garforth, near Leeds. When I first met him, he was Town Counsellor of Leeds. He was giving an address on holiness. I had never seen him before. I said he ought to be employed in spreading holiness. He said he was not a preacher, but had obtained the blessing about a year ago; that he had promised the Lord he would do anything He called him to do. During the last three years he has gone with me as an evangelist,—left his business to be managed by his son.

He gave up being Town Counsellor, and the Lord does wonderfully crown our labors with success. We preach in turn, and then give the invitation for believers to come forward for holiness, and penitent sinners for pardon. I am almost as strong to labor as when you and dear Mrs. Palmer visited England. Mr. Woolley is treasurer of the "King's Highway" and I am one of the trustees. The Lord has blessed him with temporal means, so that he labors also without charge to any one. Pray for us. * * * I tell the people what a great blessing Mrs. Phœbe Palmer was to me, by telling me, In proportion as I testify of the cleansing blood of Jesus to others, so does the Spirit testify in my own heart. I meet with much fruit from your labors in England. Yours in Jesus,

JOSHUA DAWSON.

A letter since received from his daughter, Miss Phœbe Palmer Dawson, says:—"Father has been very little at home since last October. The Lord has given them very great success. Last week he and Mr. Woolley saw more than two hundred saved at Bradford, Yorkshire.

"And he cried, Lord, bid me to come to thee on the water, and He said, '*come*."

GOOD NEWS FROM SWEDEN.

Our missionaries in Sweden say: "God is with us everywhere in an evident manner. Revivals have been going on in many places of the districts, and not a few have been converted to God and received into the Church, and then we have had to be glad at such good success during the new year. Praise to God. Several new working fields are occupied and several more open.

It has been a time full of blessings for the Church, and in many places there has been an abundant outpouring of the Spirit, and extraordinary revivals have taken place. There has been an uncommon progress in some places, hundreds have been converted and joined our Church. There is a good spirit walking our country. The children of God seem to long for pure hearts, and I think that a holy Church will be a saving Church. May God pour upon us His Holy Spirit. Some chapels have been dedicated since last Conference, and the prospects for the future are brighter than ever. Blessed be the Lord that Methodism came to this country. Many of the preachers have had hard work and some of them have from twenty to thirty appointments to be visited regularly, and they must preach every day, sometimes two or three times a day. But the Lord will provide strength for every day. Blessed be His name!

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The London "Times" has called forth some sharp criticisms by asserting in its article on the death of the late Hugh McNeil that the Evangelical party in the Church of England has dwindled away to almost nothing. Dean Lore and Canon Ryle, both of whom are well known, say that the Evangelical party was never so full of life and vigor as it is now. Canon Ryle states that Evangelical doctrine is preached in five times as many Churches as it was fifty years ago. The large towns of England contain ten times as many Evangelical clergymen. The religious societies started by the Evangelicals are at least twice as wealthy. Evangelical con-

ferences are held through the country, and lastly, Evangelical truth is now preached by numbers of the clergy who do not professedly belong to the Evangelical party.

NEW HEBRIDES.

In the New Hebrides, in the South Pacific Ocean, the Gospel has achieved extraordinary triumphs. Rev. Mr. Inglis, who has been a missionary there for twenty-five years, said recently, in a missionary meeting in London: "When I went to Aneitum there was not a widow to be found on the island. There was not even a name in the language for widow, the reason being that the law doomed every woman, on the death of her husband, to be strangled, and her dead body to be thrown into the sea with his. Now, not only has this horrible practice entirely disappeared under the Christianizing influence of the missionaries, but the whole of this island, and another, have become Christians."

BISHOP SCOTT.

Our venerable and beloved Bishop Scott, at the Kentucky Conference Love Feast held recently, bore a rich testimony of his experience in holiness. The "Central Advocate" reports him as saying: "For fifty years I have been a follower of Christ, and for over fifty years a professor of holiness. I used to think that personal holiness was something different from, and higher than, personal Christianity; but it is not. Personal Christianity is personal holiness, and can be nothing else. For over half a century I have not only professed it, but have enjoyed it."

Revival Miscellany.

GOOD NEWS FROM BALTIMORE.

It is well known that Mr. Moody went to Baltimore to rest. The effect was that no great tabernacle was built, and no vast fund collected to pay its cost and expenses; but Mr. Moody distributed his labors over the city and directly or indirectly reaches all organized Christianity in Baltimore. The main question of personal salvation has been raised and pressed to an answer in a wonderful degree. One thousand reformed drunkards—the fruits of Mr. Moody's temperance work in Baltimore—partook of an elegant supper at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, on the evening of March 31st. The supper was tendered by the benevolent Christian ladies of the city. After the collation, fifty of the reclaimed inebriates narrated the circumstances of their rescue and conversion.

BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

Prominent among the interesting things of the late session of the Baltimore Conference, were the reports of conversions and accessions. In Baltimore District, there were 1,251 conversions, and 1,018 joined the Church; East Baltimore District, conversions 2,300, and accessions 1,700; West Baltimore District there were 1,100 additions to the Church; Washington District reported 1,000 conversions, nearly all having joined Church; Cumberland District. 600 conversions, 550 accessions. There were 4,960 probationers reported.

CONVERSIONS IN ROME.

Supt. Vernon writes, from Italy: "The work progresses well at nearly all the appointments. We have had some very interesting conversions at Rome recently. A great improvement and renewing is manifest in our Church in Florence, under the ministry of Bro. Gay, of Florence. At Milan there is a marked improvement under the ministry of Dr. Staci. At Modena, also, our prospects are improving. We have heavy trials, and encounter many obstacles, but we have also goodly encouragements, and persevere with good heart.

REVIVAL IN MEXICO.

Mexico, like all Roman Catholic states, is a hard field for Protestant missions. Yet that the work previously done there has not been in vain, is shown by the fact that a great religious awakening is now in progress there. It originated in the Presbyterian mission in the capital, under the charge of the Rev. M. N. Hutchinson, and all the Protestant Churches of the city are stated to be enlisted in earnest work. A number

of prominent citizens are among the converts from Romanism. The want of a fund is said to be the greatest present obstacle to the full success of the work, but it is one that will doubtless be speedily overcome.

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

A PLAIN WAY OF STATING IT.

Here is a sentiment from a man of God, who was never thought to be either fanatical or heterodoxical: "Any man who does not desire Christian perfection, and who does not constantly make it his aim to attain it, may set it down as demonstrably certain that he has no true religion."

These are the words of Albert Barnes. We hardly know of any more emphatic or radical statement concerning Christian perfection than this. Had it come from some modern preacher of holiness, or "high priest of sanctification," it would have been thought extremely ultra, and inexcusably uncharitable.

Christian perfection must be desired, this excellent man of God declared. If any one who professes to be a Christian, no matter to what religious denomination he may belong, does not desire Christian perfection, "he has no true religion." How will such a declaration be received by the many professing Christians throughout the land who not only do not desire Christian perfection, but spend most of their time and breath in berating and villifying those who do? Of thousands living within the pale of the Church, and professing to be Christians, it may be truthfully said that they do not desire perfection, but they heartily despise the very word. And yet, they call themselves Christians! Are they? Albert Barnes says that "it is demonstrably certain" that they have "no true religion."—"Banner of Holiness."

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

"ABUNDANT GRACE."

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

"That the abundant grace might through the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory of God."

A testimony was given at one of Dr. Palmer's Tuesday Meetings which thrilled many hearts, by one whose life of testimonies have furnished for over forty years a beautiful illustration of the above passage of the Sacred Word. During that period, and especially for the last ten years, he has had "a great fight of affliction," but also glorious triumphs through Christ.

The devoted servant of God alluded to is Rev. Henry Belden, whose name is held in veneration by a multitude of the lovers of Jesus. He spoke of his great sufferings from paralysis and rheumatism, and of severe assaults of Satan, in which the tempter tried to rob him of his confidence in God, but the Holy Spirit had come to his aid, bringing to his remembrance precious promises which had taken off the edge of the enemy's weapons, so that they could not do him serious harm.

Not long since, when suffering the most agonizing pain, and also the most dreadful temptations, the adversary said to him,—"Now this is too much for flesh and blood to bear. Your pains are so excruciating, and your temptations so fearful, you see it is impossible for you to endure all this. God has put too heavy a load upon you and you will sink under it."

Then the blessed Spirit brought to him the precious words, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common unto men, and God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will also with the temptation make a way for you to escape, that you may be able to bear it."

"With holy triumph," said the veteran saint, "I took the blessed promise, and waved it as a flag in the face of the enemy, and defeated him!"

Grand old soldier of the cross! Through all his conflicts he has been saying with the apostle, "Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph through Christ, that he may make known by us the savor of his knowledge in every place."

So faithfully has he followed his divine Master, that He could trust him under any circumstances; and so to make him an example of faith and patience, He permitted him to be tried by the tempter even to the uttermost, that like Job he might prove his fidelity and the power of the God in whom he trusted, to deliver; and "that the abundant grace might through the thanks-

giving of many, redound to the glory of God."

"THE ABUNDANT GRACE."

Ah, that is what brings glory to His name who hath called us to "show forth His praise."

But only those who follow Jesus fully can have this "abundant grace" which enables them always to "triumph through Christ," and thus to "make known the savor of His knowledge in every place."

The savor of His knowledge! How sweet that savor! How wonderful, and how transcendantly glorious that knowledge!

THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD!

And through the triumph resulting from this "abundant grace," we may make the savor of His knowledge known in every place. Wherever we go we may make known the power of His love, the sweetness of His Spirit, the blessedness of His salvation,—that souls may be won to Him by the loveliness of the Christ-life exhibited by us—

HIS REPRESENTATIVES.

And this abundant grace God is willing to give us. Yes—He is very desirous we should have it,—is urging us to receive it, pressing it upon our acceptance! He inspired His apostles to beseech us to "present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable unto God," that we might receive the "abundant grace" by which we may always triumph, and set before the sin-stricken, sorrowful, starving world, the

EXCEEDING RICHES OF HIS GRACE

in Christ Jesus.

Glorious privilege! Hallowed employment—to spread the savor of His knowledge!

Angels might covet such employment. Seraphs might envy us in such work as this; but the honor cannot be given to them,—it is given only to the redeemed of earth. Oh, shall not the holy ambition be ours to possess this "abundant grace?" and thus to win souls to Him, and glorify His name?

LETTER FROM CANADA.

DEAR SIR:—I have been a constant reader of the "Guide" for more than twenty years. Oft have I been comforted, cheered, and stimulated by reading the experiences of those that had made a full consecration of themselves to God and to His service; particularly in reading the sainted Phœbe Palmer's writings, Rev. Geo. Hughes, and other contributors. The reading of the "Guide," in connection with the reading of the Bible, has been a great help to me in my Christian pilgrimage.

I experienced the religion of Christ in the year 1840. I was then twenty years of age. I was very happy for months, but I found after a while that there was something within that troubled me. The conflict sometimes was sore and heavy. I remember some few months after I started for heaven, I was ploughing a piece of new land that was full of small stumps, very trying on patience. Evil thoughts would come, even wicked oaths would present themselves to my mind, (Now, I never had been in the habit of using bad language), then the evil one seemed to whisper,—"There now, you might as well have spoken it as to think it."

I would leave the horses and get off behind a stump of a tree, and down on my knees wrestle in prayer, using the Sword of the Spirit—the Word of God. Satan would soon flee. Some days, not less than eight or ten times was I driven to my knees, to cry for help from above. I always got the victory.

Well, I struggled on for nearly twenty years. I was in the habit of using the vile weed, tobacco. Some two or three years before I made the full consecration of all to God I gave it up. It was a struggle for about a year,—quitting its use for a month or two, then at it again worse than ever. I found that would never do. I thought man has got a will and he can use it if he wills to. I said, I will quit its use as long as I live. I asked the Lord to help me and to take away the appetite for the foul stuff. The Lord answered my prayer and I got the victory,—even the desire for its use was taken away. It is now over twenty-

five years and not one puff have I ever taken since. Thank God for the victory. I believe if I had kept using it, I would have been in the grave years ago. A few years after, I was led to give up all for Christ, and I experienced the great blessing of full salvation. I have enjoyed it, more or less, ever since. I am now getting old and feeble; disease seems to be fastening its grasp upon my mortal body. It is only once in awhile I can meet with my Christian friends with whom I have so often taken sweet counsel.

I will not complain. Sometimes I lay awake nights coughing. I say to myself, coughing for Jesus. Yes, O how sweet to trust in Jesus at all times. I often think of what the apostle said, "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of the Lord ye may inherit the promises." I want to know more of the power of Christ to save even to the uttermost. I praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that is to come."

ALVIN WOOLLEY.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by singing

"Now I have found the ground wherein,
Sure my soul's anchor may remain."

Many requests for prayer were presented, and Rev. Geo. Hughes, followed by Dr. Palmer, presented them at the throne.

GOD LOVES TO BE SOUGHT.

Sister Palmer then read the 62d chapter of Isaiah, remarking that the heading of the page is "The blessings of the faithful," and the heading of the chapter, "The fervent desire of the prophet to confirm the Church in God's promises." Her heart was going out in prayer that the prophet's desire might be realized in her case. Some think that Christ is here represented as interceding for us, "Until righteousness goeth forth as brightness, and salvation as a lamp that burneth." It is wonderful! Shall all these promises be fulfilled through the intercessions of Christ? "Give Him no rest,"—urge Him to fulfill His promises, for God loves to be sought unto to do what He has promised. Parents love to have children manifest their earnest desire for promised gifts. The blessed Word says, "Give Him no rest, till He establish and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Prepare the way,—remove every stumbling-block: permit no hindrance, and you shall find the "mighty to save," who never fails to fulfill His promises to every one who comes to Him with earnestness of purpose.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Dr. Palmer's heart was never more in tune with the "Glory to Jesus!" just uttered,—the message was so wonderful, so overwhelming. "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh?" Do we belong to that company? How much of this salvation will we have? God has made provision for the world, but He did not send angels to be distributors, but put it into the hearts of His people. Mrs. Palmer once said to her nephew, "There may always be one right, and that one may be me." The message from the Word to-day is, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace." Shall we ask the Lord to set our hearts and tongues on fire? He knew nothing of a perfect love that does not go out after the salvation of the world,—but he had known this kind of perfect love for over forty years, and he had been reading of the first preachers in New York. They were all baptized with the Holy Ghost, and preached full salvation; and it was no uncommon thing for fifty or sixty to be sanctified in one meeting. Did Jesus come from heaven to rescue you, and shall not you be aroused when your friends are going down to death? Will not you say, "I will not rest until the righteousness of Zion go forth as brightness?" May God make us just such Christians that He can shine through us,—fill us with the Holy

Ghost. If every lover of Jesus would have his lamp newly trimmed and burning, what a light there would be. Jesus intends that we should be waymarks—don't shrink from it. He rejoiced in this salvation, and did not expect to have much longer the privilege of holding up the banner, but he had been permitted to nail the banner on the cross and fling it to the breeze, and on it was written—"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

DO NOT HINDER GOD.

Bro. W. P. Smith was impressed with the thought that we are almost nothing, and yet a mighty creation. We may hinder God; but there may be a consecration so deep that the Holy Spirit will take possession of us, and we need not hinder God. Hearts in the realm of desire may come out into eternal joys. There, in that place, when coming from a baptism of sorrow, broken hearted and rebellious—after a dear child had been taken from his home—the Holy Spirit came down on his soul, and he had since known what it was to abide in God, and had been going into a deeper and deeper life in God. Sorrow is the gateway of joy and eternal glory.

TEMPLES OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Dr. Franklin.—As he understood the word "Jerusalem," it was delightful and inspiring, and his heart was filled with love for God's children—the temples of the Holy Ghost. This Jerusalem that comes from heaven is a city of peace, and composed of those blessed temples in which Jesus loves to walk and dwell. If he had ten thousand tongues, he would not hold his peace till God's children became a praise in the earth.

PREACH HOLINESS.

Rev. Bro. Odell was in early life given to Christ by praying parents, and given by his father to the ministry for a life of holiness. He entered college to study for the ministry when eighteen years of age, and as he left home his father laid his hand on his head, and said, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." This was an inspiration and a benediction under which he had lived ever since and was on his soul still. The first years of his ministry were spent in the mountainous district of Wales, and it was his privilege to see many souls won to the Redeemer, and many rejoice in entire sanctification. He had had many impressive calls to preach entire sanctification during his ministry. One special case, where he went to see his former superintendent, who was dying. Putting out his thin, white hand to greet him, he said, "My lad, preach holiness! Preach holiness! Preach holiness!" On his knees he pledged himself that that should be his mission on the earth. He believed in Jesus as a full, perfect, and entire Savior. "Of His fulness have we all received, and grace for grace." One of the greatest facts of New Testament teaching is, that there is grace upon grace for all who will take hold of the blessed Redeemer. As we have received forgiveness, so may we receive the fulness of the New Testament glory, that we may be witnesses of a perfect Savior.

HE IS MY PEACE.

Rev. Henry Belden.—By God's grace he had received Jesus as his "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." God had been revealing himself all the way along in new relations. He had of late great trials and severe mental conflicts, but the Spirit alone had led him to the passage, "He is my peace."—Eph. 2:14. With it was associated another passage,—"Lo, I am with you always." So, when his peace was assaulted, he would say, "He is my peace," and it cannot be shaken unless God consents to it. He had asked his attendant that morning to read to him 1st Pet. 5:10. "But the God of all grace who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus." If God had called him to eternal glory, then He had provided a place for him and made provision of a way to get there. "After that ye have suffered awhile." Yes, God will take care of us all through the suffering and trial, and the devil cannot tempt us above what we can bear, because God keeps watch of him. While safe in the arms of Jesus we need not fear earth nor hell, and

surely nothing from heaven, for it is all on our side. Jesus had been his sanctification for thirty-six years. He was almighty, all worthy, all glorious, He was willing to live if it was God's will, but he should be glad when by and by he should slip away and go to glory and be among the redeemed forever.

PORTRAIT OF A SAINT.

Rev. Geo. Hughes was thinking what a beautiful house the Lord has given us to dwell in on the earth—a tabernacle whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise. He never had perceived such beauty and splendor in the chapter read, as when hearing it this afternoon, and while meditating on these wonderful things. If Isaiah had lived under the full blaze of the Gospel dispensation, he could not have more accurately painted a full-length portrait of a saintly life and character, than is given in the first verse. What is this portrait of a saint? Quenchless desire and ceaseless testimony, until the righteousness of Zion—or holiness—go forth as brightness. What sort of a Church will it be, when it presents holiness to the world with the resplendence of the noon-day sun, and salvation as a lamp burning with the power and glory of God. God forbid that we should rest till the world is covered with righteousness.

BELIEVE AND REST.

Dr. Ball.—Coming to God for pardon, he did not get sanctified wholly. He had been helped all the way by testimony, and when he heard a brother say that he had victory over sin, he said, "That is what I want;" and getting on his knees, with deep earnestness he cried to God for deliverence, and then and there Jesus came as his sanctifier; and he slipped out of himself, his weakness, into the living Christ, and he marvelled at the victory. Why hunger longer, when God our Savior is waiting to fill you with His fulness, and change you from glory to glory? One act of faith is worth a world of works. He was nearly at the end of the race, and a home in heaven, for if God loves to save sinners, why not save him?

BE IN EARNEST.

Sister Palmer remarked that Dr. Ball's hope was very strong. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure," and only those who purify themselves have any right to this hope of seeing God. The Dr. was not saved until he became in real earnest, and this business can never be settled until we have made up our minds to give God no rest, till our hearts are cleansed. Walk up to the light you have, believe the promises, and accept the Savior. Accept Him now as your Savior from all sin. Sister Palmer then desired that those who were looking to God for a clean heart, and were determined to make an entire surrender this afternoon, should rise. A number rose to their feet. She then proposed, that as far as the crowded state of the rooms would permit, we all kneel and ask the fulfillment of the promise, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you." While kneeling, solemn words of consecration were sung, and while pleading the promise, "I will sprinkle you with clean water, * * and cause you to walk in my statutes," &c. several believed and received the sanctifying seal, the earnest of their inheritance, for which they gave glory to God by testimony.

E. J. C.

Book Notices.

TABOR MELODIES.

A Book of Sonnets; by Robert Evans, of Hamilton, Ont. 12 mo., 125 pages. Toronto, Samuel Rose. Price, 60 cents.

This little volume is neatly gotten up and does credit to the printer, as well as the author. It contains two hundred and fifty sonnets of real poetic power. The readers of the GUIDE are familiar with the author's style, as we have been favored with some of the sonnets for publication from time to time. We join with Prof. Withrow, who says: "We venture to affirm that this collection is of extraordinary merit. In choice of themes and mode of treatment, the author has been guided by a devout spirit and a correct taste." The lovers of poetry will have their spirits refreshed, and their communion with the Unseen increased, by its perusal. For want of room we give but one of the sonnets:

ONLY A LITTLE SPACE.

Oh! not to me is heaven a place far off!
I feel the presence of its holy calm;
I breathe the fragrance of its hills of balm,
And though the desert's way is parched and rough,
The glory in the cloud is more than proof
That just beyond it waves the victor's palm,
And that within it breathes the seraph's psalm,
Whose highest notes might strike some echoing [bluff,
Touched by the Jasper sea so near in sight,
Only a little way my Lord withdrew.
Oh, could I hear it trembling through the light—
As I have heard the lark without the blue—
In dripping strains, as through the riven cloud
That mantles now the risen Son of God.

REST! SWEET REST!

Words and Music by L. HARTSOUGH. Harm. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.



3 Oh! what rest, sweet rest, in Jesus,
As we trust Him day by day;
He, the precious Burden-bearer,
Bears our burdens by the way.
Oh! to give Him each endeavor,
With a loving heart and will,
Welcoming the mighty Saviour,
All His wishes to fulfill.

4 Oh! what rest, sweet rest, in Jesus,
From our sin, and all its load;
For its stains, what precious cleansing,
Perfect cleansing in His blood.
Resting in His love triumphant,
Washed, and kept, and led alway;
Resting, though amid the conflict,
Resting, for in Him we stay.

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GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JUNE, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Authority.

Jesus was the son of God with power. During His earthly ministry He demonstrated His divine sovereignty, swaying the sceptre of power over discordant elements in nature, in controlling human passion, and holding in due subjection malignant demons. The three evangelists, Matthew, Mark and Luke, present us with a sublime Picture of Authority—Christ stilling the winds and the waves, as He was passing over to the other side of the sea of Tiberias, into the country of Gadara, His disciples being with Him in the ship.

It was the even-tide as they embarked. Our divine Lord had, during the day, been fulfilling His prophetic office, teaching the people by similitude,—giving them the beautiful parables of The Sower, and The Mustard Seed. This teaching was by the sea-side, a great multitude being gathered unto Him; and as He sat in the ship, He opened to them the wonderful things of the kingdom of heaven.

Having laid upon their hearts the momentous truths contained in these parables, as the evening shades were gathering around, He said unto His disciples, "Let us pass over unto the other side." The people, however, captivated with His words, were not disposed to depart. As He pushed off from the shore they followed Him in little ships, eager to catch more of the gracious utterances of His lips. How well would it be now, if men everywhere were as solicitous to hear the words of Jesus, to know the truth as declared by the Master Teacher of Israel!

The vessel being well on her course across the lake, Jesus, wearied with His day's employ, fell asleep on a pillow in the hinder part of the ship. The pillow on which He laid His weary head was probably the seat used by the rowers at the stern, not a cushion, but of *wood*. Toil-worn pilgrim, look upon this picture! Thou hast a softer pillow on which to recline. The hard-wood was the pillow of thy adorable Master. Remember, amid thine exhaustive labors, Jesus knows how to sympathise with thee. He knew what it was to be weary. This slumbering of the Son of Man gave opportunity for the disciples to exercise themselves in faith, and in fortitude, in the hour of trial. There are times when He seems to leave His loved ones alone, to measure the poverty of their own resources, and hence to appreciate more fully the vitality of their connection with Him.

The occasion for the gracious intervention of the Master was at hand. A storm arose. The little ship was terribly buffeted by the winds and waves. It is described as "a great storm of

wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was full." The tempest thus howling around their watery pathway affrighted the disciples. Although the Mighty One was with them in the ship, they were nevertheless filled with fear. How like ourselves, when storms arise! Too many show, alas, under such circumstances, that they have not a faith that will not shrink.

These disciples were not conscious of their absolute safety even with the presence of their Lord in the vessel. They did not apprehend the great truth which has been so beautifully presented by the poet, Geo. Herbert:

"When winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it, He doth steer,
Even when the boat seems most to reel,
Storms are the triumph of His art; [heart."
Though He may close His eyes, yet not His

There are times, even in saintly experience, when the Lord God seems to hide himself. As Isaiah expresses it, "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." The Crucified himself, even in the agonies of the cross, experienced the awful obscuration of the Father's face. But it is only a seeming hiding. He is never so fully awake as when His servants are in peril. The Keeper of Israel does not so much as slumber. This apparent hiding of the divine countenance gives opportunity, however, for faith to assert her sublime mastery, and to achieve her resplendent conquests. But the timorous disciples were unequal to the occasion. Their lack of faith made them a prey to their fears. This is often the case with us. Hence the ground for the work of full salvation, to give us a faith that will march boldly on, when the darkness is dense and the storm most fearful. Reader, have you come to the occupancy of this vantage ground? If not, make haste to enter this realm of power. The porter is at the gate and will grant you instant admission.

The terrified disciples came and awoke their Master, crying piteously, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" What a question to ask? Could they doubt His care of their every interest? Yet so it is. The weakness of humanity is surprising, even under gracious auspices. There are times when the storms sweep over our pathway, when we dolefully cry, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Neither His conscious presence, encompassing us with eternal strength,—nor His exceeding great and precious promises,—nor yet the memories of His marvelous deliverances thronging our life, suffice. No! Our confidence is, in a moment, storm-swept—the fierce winds and waves overpower us. O that we could get into the munition of rocks and know the joy of perfect peace and rest. It is written, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Then may the hurricane-blast howl terrifically, and the sea boil as a cauldron, the whole elements around assume their most malignant aspect—we are safe, divinely safe, *rapturously* safe. We may sing triumphantly,—

"While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy,
I lean upon my Saviour's breast."

The PICTURE OF AUTHORITY was soon filled. It was only the work of a moment. A word, and the victory was won. Jesus declared that winds and waves were at His command. "*Be still!*" was the omnific utterance. The noisy winds instantly obeyed the summons,—the mountain-surges sank into quiescence. It is written, "The wind ceased and there was a great calm." Nature confessed the presence of her Sovereign. One more storm had to be allayed. The storm-swept bosoms of the timorous disciples needed, internally, the stretching forth of a scepter of power. A word was sufficient. "Why are ye fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?" The reassuring words of the Master pro-

duced an inward calm. Once more they were at rest. It is recorded,—"And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?" Their eyes were opened. The revelations around them were brilliant. Their new apprehensions of power and eternal sovereignty were surprisingly grand. They were filled with rapturous awe.

Beloved, we may be brought into a large place. The revelations of Christ's sovereignty may flame around us. Our life may bring us, constantly, joyous surprises. Our vision may be entranced with the contemplation of new and grander achievments. Our faith may attain a stronger grip. We may know that winds and waves are obedient unto Jesus, in the realm-spiritual as well as in the realm of nature. We may know how to stand still when the storm rages, and be trustful in the darkest night. "Be still, and know that I am God," is the word of command. Hold to it, ye saints of the Lord, and the life of eternity is yours.

For the Guide.

MOTHER MONROE.

FIRST CLASS-MEETING TESTIMONY AFTER EASTHAM CAMP-MEETING, &c.

"I feel like saying, 'Lord keep me little, humble, simple, honest, innocent, sincere.'"

How fully that prayer was answered many hundreds who knew her could attest.

MOTHER MUNROE'S TESTIMONY IN CLASS-MEETING AFTER FORTY-FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D.D.

While I was pastor of Tremont Street Church, Boston, in 1872, Mother Munroe by my invitation attended a class-meeting of which the pastor was leader.

The testimony made an inerasible impression on my mind.

I had recently entered into the blissful experience of perfect love, and was choked by the scriptural terms, "perfection" and "sanctification," and was timidly substituting for the words which "the Holy Ghost teacheth," such soft and cross-evading phrases as "the rest of faith," "the higher life," and "entire consecration."

The words which came from beneath that Quaker bonnet were an effectual rebuke of this weakness.

With perfect composure she gave her testimony amid a company of fashionable Christian professors, who had no theoretical or practical sympathy with the Wesleyan doctrine of evangelical perfection as a distinct blessing instantaneously received.

She said: "I was justified in the year 1820 (giving month and day). Eight years afterward (giving the year, month and day, as before), I was entirely sanctified, and I have ever since walked in the blessedness of this grace of perfect love.

I can recall no more of her testimony, except her answer to my question whether she had not backslidden after her justification, and had mistaken a renewal of that blessing for the experience of entire sanctification. She replied, "No, I had not backslidden in the least; but was conscious of spiritual growth and aspirations after that state of grace which was not regarded by my people as attainable before death. For this reason I left the Baptist Church and identified myself with Methodism, and there I found full salvation through faith in the blood of the Lamb. I know that I was then entirely sanctified, and all my spiritual foes cast out."

The impression made by this clear and unequivocal testimony to the power of the Holy Spirit to cleanse from all sin—actual and original—will go with me through the ceaseless cycles of eternal ages.

This testimony accounts for a life so saintly and so fragrant, that her name in Boston is "as ointment poured forth."

A gentleman—member of the Congregational Church—once said to her, "Tell me if you are wholly sanctified?"

"Why do you ask that question?" she said."

"Because it is a great puzzle to me," he replied. "I hear people say they are sanctified, and I don't believe they are. I never heard YOU say it, Mother Munroe, but I would believe YOU. Now if there is such a state to be attained, I believe YOU enjoy it, and I ask you because I really wish to know."

With great humility she said,—"Well, brother, I will get away down and hide myself behind the cross, and looking up to Jesus, as His precious blood flows all over me, I can say, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all unrighteousness, and I am wholly sanctified."

He said, "Then you are the only one I know, but if it is my privilege I wish to experience it."

"Well now," she replied, "my brother, if you will get down behind the cross and let the blood flow over you as it does over me, then you can say it as well as I, and there will be two sanctified ones."

He said,—"I do desire it above all things, and now I will seek it if you will pray for me."

They knelt in supplication, and the Holy Spirit came down in His mighty power. The cleansing stream indeed flowed over that soul, and he arose renewed in the divine image, to a new life—so beautifully expressed in a stanza of a hymn composed by the sainted Mrs. Palmer:

"I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin;
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within."

From that glad hour he went forth to be a burning and shining light, and for a number of years has been shedding the lustre of a holy life in the city of Boston.

For the Guide.

FREED.

MRS. M. N. VAN BENSCHOTEN.

It was at the Saturday-night prayer-meeting. A large company of ladies of different denominations had assembled. The devoted Mrs. M. had charge of the meeting. The theme for the evening was, "God's gracious purposes concerning the penitent sinner." After Scripture reading and prayer, the meeting was thrown open for a free conversation on the subject. Several had repeated passages of Scripture embracing some gracious purpose of God, when the elegant Mrs. R., of Albany, with God's open Word in her hand, spoke of His purpose in the forgiveness of our sins, and then added,—"But, my dear Mrs. M., we are so weak and sinful, we constantly sin—walking and falling; and it must be so as long as we live, for not until we die can we be wholly freed from sin; is it not so?"

"I suppose it is," replied Mrs. M.

There was a pause, when a voice eager and trembling with emotion,

inquired: "Allow me, Mrs. M., did I understand our friend to say, that the child of God must be constantly sinning and repenting, and that there is no greater deliverence from sin in this life?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. R., "that is just what I meant."

"O, where then," the sister said, "is our Christ? Have we no Deliverer—no Jesus to save us from our sins? Is Satan mightier than the God-sent Redeemer? Is his work of ruin too great for the Infinite Christ to restore? Is this the extent of God's gracious purposes concerning us in this life? It cannot be! All through God's Word are assurances to the contrary. He has promised to free us from our sin; not only from its guilt and power, but from its very inbeing—the bent and tendency to sin. The body of sin is to be destroyed, and our natures so utterly cleansed, that, rising triumphantly over sin and the devil, we may shout—this side heaven—'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

With earnest words she spoke farther of a Savior able to save to the uttermost all who come to Him. There was much questioning and opposition of opinion, but at the close of the meeting, the leader, Mrs. M., whispered, "Can you speak an hour with me tomorrow?" At once on meeting she asked, "Do you indeed believe we may be delivered from the tendency to sin—the bent of our natures to evil? I do not—I never thought that came within the realm of redemption."

She was a sincere inquirer, and looked grieved as her friend replied, "Then you make our Lord a very imperfect Savior,—you rob Him of the glory that is due Him, as being able to lift us from the ruin of the Fall; for it was the devil's chief work to produce this evil nature, which is ever tending to actual sin. The Savior came to restore our souls to a state of moral purity, so that even in this life, the whole tide of our natures may tend toward holiness and God."

"O no," she quickly said, "it will be done at death."

"Then you make Death, which is one sad effect of sin, greater than our Christ, or the blessed sanctifying Spirit. O, do not rob our bleeding, crucified Lord of His crown of redemption. Jesus is our Savior—Jesus alone, mighty and able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think. 'He saves and He alone.'"

Our sister represents multitudes of believers. God speaks plainly, "For this purpose was He manifested, to destroy the works of the devil,"—but they understand not. They read, "Knowing this, that the body of sin might be destroyed that henceforth we might not serve sin," and yet they serve on, more or less. The most of redemptive power they ascribe to the Infinite Savior being to deliver us from the guilt and power of sin and Satan. They say, the "root of sin must remain; the Enemy of all righteousness will be chained, but cannot be cast out, until heaven's gates close on us."

O, cross of Christ! O, bleeding Jesus! wounded thus in the house of Thy friends. Was not the agony at Gethsemane sufficient? Has not the blood of Calvary virtue enough to take the crimson

from our natures? Cannot the Eternal Spirit who taught us to cry "Abba, Father," free our souls of every enemy?

Yea, verily; "where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound." The work of Christ far out-measures the work of Satan. By His merit He more than matches the ruin wrought, by the surplus of blessing which it brings. We may be free, utterly and entirely freed from all that is sin, while yet in this life. We have a glorious Liberator,—O, let His power fall upon us."

MR. WESLEY'S CONSECRATION.

"Lo! I come; if this soul and body may be useful to do anything, to do Thy will, O God; and if it please Thee to use the power Thou hast over dust and ashes, over weak flesh and blood, over a little vessel of clay, over the works of Thine own hands, lo! here they are, to suffer also Thy good pleasure. If Thou pleasest to visit me with pain and dishonor, I will humble myself under it, and through Thy grace be obedient unto death, even the death upon the cross. Whatever may befall me, either from neighbours or strangers, since Thou employest them, though they know it not—unless Thou help me to some lawful means of redressing the wrong—I will not "open my mouth before the Lord" who smiteth me, except to bless the Lord. And hereafter no man can take away a thing from me, no life, no honor, no estate, since I am ready to lay them down, as soon as I perceive Thou requirest them at my hand. Nevertheless, O Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me; but if not: Thy will be done. Whatsoever suffering hereafter may trouble my flesh and spirit, O Father, unto Thy hands will I commend my life and all that concerneth it. And if Thou be pleased either that I live yet for awhile or not, I will with my Saviour bow down my head. I will humble myself under Thy hand; I will give all Thou art pleased to ask, until at last I give up the ghost."

For the Guide

HIS WAY.

MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

All praise for the way Thou hast led me,
My Shepherd so tender and true!
Sweet work lies before me to do—
And all work is precious for Thee.
Fill my hands as the hours hasten by,
Fill my heart with Thy glory and grace,
Oh, give me the pure, single eye—
Which only shall look on Thy face.

There's a song on my lips, blessed Master,
A song of rejoicing and love;
O'er my soul there decends from above
Richer gifts as my life years flow faster.
Strength in weakness Thou ever hast given,
Tender comfort when earth ties were riven,
Light in darkness—in weary hours rest—
My Savior!—I lean on Thy breast—
As John did of old—and the power of Thine arm
Shall keep me from falling—shall shield me from harm!

Lead me ever more, for I care not
To know or to choose my own way;
Thou wilt give the cloud pillar by day,
The fire pillar by night—so my lot
Shall be blessed, wherever it may fall—
And my rest shall be deep as Thy love;
'Till *sometime* I shall hear Thy "*last call*,"
And "go home" to Thy city above.

CANNONSVILLE, N. Y.

For the Guide.

THE DELIGHT OF FAITH.

M. ANNESLEY.

We never hear people speak of the pleasure of faith, but a good deal about its trial. "My faith is tried" is as common as that the wind blows, and that in a tone in-

sinuating that the Lord is dealing hardly with me. It is as much as they can do at times to believe there are wonders and beauties beyond their sight. Their faith varies with their emotions under the control of their actions, so that their faith is more in themselves than in God. Bunyan calls faith the mother grace, and justly so, as we think but little of those in whom we do not believe.

Faith is often an involuntary principle, producing its work without a proper acknowledgment of its power and presence, and the truth is, that people generally with a sincere knowledge of God have more faith than they think they have, for their actions often in emergencies prove it, if words deny it.

And then again, people have in some way got it into their heads that their intellect is of such a high order, like some of the infidels, that they cannot believe as easily as others do. We hear them exlaim in a sort of exulting way, "Oh, it is so difficult for me to believe!" when the truth is that some reigning sin or sins are the hindrances, and they are unwilling to put them out of the way.

Put away your idols and cleanse your heart from all double-mindedness, and you will be able to believe in God like a simple little child. A spark of faith is a searching power and will show where the difficulty lies, if we are willing it should have its way. In the believing moments of the new-born soul, how clear the vision is upon the hindrances and helps. I must do this, and must lay aside that, is the colloquy of the secret work going on, and the decisions are made and the opportunity sought for obedience.

And how full of meaning is that word obedience, the hand-maid of faith.

The obedient shall eat the good of the land, because faith lives and incites to obedience. Did you ever see an idler full of faith? Impossible! The talk of the lips tendeth to penury of spirit without faith in the soul. We are apt to think that faith is a sort of iron grace, good for girdings, bracings, &c., but there are times when from the secrecy of the soul we are ready to exclaim, "How delightful, Lord, it is to trust in Thee! Though blind in my soul to the way Thou art taking, yet I know Thee so well, that I fully believe Thou art leading in the right way." We should cultivate the joy of faith by relating its conquering doings and present peace. How many times has the rising of uneasy feeling been silenced by "I have comitted all to the Lord—He will take care of it?"

The threatening disaster has been checked by the faith in the request for safety through the journey. Like the little boy with his aunt, on a dark night, in a disabled boat, knocking among the ice in the East river, when she drew him near and whispered for him to pray. "Pray for what?" he inquired. "That you may get safely to your aunt Eliza's." "O, that I prayed for before I left home," was his reply. He believed in his own faith, and was satisfied that it would be so.

Have we faith in our own sincerity? Do we remember our petition, or only speak to God in a formal way—with no consciousness

of His presence, and are not sure He has heard or minded us, therefore have no expectation of an answer? Cultivate your faith by referring to your requests, as the servant who had lifted up her heart that she might not break the china, and when about to handle it, she thought, "No, He will not let me break any, for I asked Him to save me from it."

Some people worship God as if He was not a reasonable Being, but was ever expecting us to be supernatural.

But the blessed Scripture saith, "Come and let us reason together." Talk the matter over in a plain, common sense way, and lay out our arguments before the Lord, with all the circumstances of the case. Just as a man with his friend, so with the Man Christ Jesus—our Friend. Then wait upon Him for His answer to your desires.

Faith has its joys as well as love and hope.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were every blade of grass a quill,
Were the whole world of parchment made,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love
Of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor would the scroll
Contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

For the Guide.

HEAVEN.

ABBIE MILLS.

"ALL OF SELF AND NONE OF THEE."

There are multitudes in the highway that leads to death who are mistakenly dreaming of heaven, while they are slaves to lust.

For them the world has not lost its blissful ring, but their heaven cannot be in the mansions prepared for Christ's followers, for they do not love them now. It must needs be a Christless heaven, for His presence they have never desired. What kind of a place must an unbelievers heaven be?

I once met a lady who seemed intelligent and refined, but who was literally opposed to Christianity. She spoke with bold irreverance of things divine, and said that during the delirium of a dangerous illness she went to heaven. She said it was a beautiful place—full of flowers, but she could find no one there but herself. All her own!

The unrenewed heart seeks selfish gratification here, and no lapse of time or eternal ages will change its characteristics. But, alas! for those who worship self, there is no heaven provided in God's universe, but the power of this strong man armed is broken, when the weary soul seeks rest in Christ; but the weary, stopping short of receiving the full liberty that Jesus designs to give His people, find themselves in a middle kingdom whose motto is

"SOME OF SELF AND SOME OF THEE."

These from the fightings and fears, without and within, find but short interludes in which to sing of "heaven begun below," and so the strain is oftener about the "home over there." They are joyful in the prospect of finding a home after death, where they may dwell with Jesus, and "never, never sin." They believe in a heaven of purity, where Jesus is King forever and ever. They are not holy now, and in thus far are not ready for heaven; but they hope that when they leave the mortal part behind, forgetting that

Jesus' blood alone can cleanse the heart, and that is available here and now,—as clouds of witnesses are testifying on every hand. This blood-washed company have learned to sing, as they journey toward the New Jerusalem,

"NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE."

With self completely dethroned, and the kingdom of God set up within, they know, by a blissful experience, that the presence of God, in a saved soul, creates a paradise in the midst of earth's tribulations; and where the Lord is, there is heaven. Not that this renders void the Word, "I go to prepare a place for you." Not that it lessens the joy of anticipation as we view by faith the "many mansions." But the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty with joy declare, that to live in such a world as this—is Christ; and having Christ in them, and they abiding in Him, is victory all the way along, with the assurance of every good thing needed. But amid the unspeakable blessedness of being Christ's here, and living for Him, they exclaim, "To die is gain."

The exceeding and eternal weight of glory is not found where Time's foot-prints are seen. But the heaven of those who have been crucified with Christ, is one where all crowns are laid at the Savior's feet, and the multitudes out of every nation unite to crown Him Lord of all. They find their happiness in ascribing all majesty and glory to Him who redeemed them, and by the destruction of the self-life brought them to abide in Him and with Him. None can truly know what heaven is, but those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and have become heirs of God by faith.

THE CELESTIAL GARB ASSUMED.

PHŒBE PALMER.

"And we marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."

Satan is well aware that light cannot have fellowship with darkness. He therefore does not approach the holy soul as a fiend of darkness; otherwise, his rejection were certain. For in the truly holy, Satan comes and finds nothing. It is only that which bears the semblance of light, that the sanctified soul can have fellowship. But how high is his view, and how wonderful his audacity? Who would have thought he would come to our Lord? Surely, he could not have thought to find anything there. And shall the disciple imagine that he may reach in this world a state of exemption from his attacks? "As he was even so are we in this world." "The disciple is not above his Master; but every one that is perfect shall be as his Master."

"And now the deceiver comes to the disciple even as he came to our Lord, bringing detached portions of Scripture, and with much sagacity, suiting the temptation to our physical emergencies or mental aptitudes. Blending truth with error, he now suggests,—"You are holy. All your desires and affections must, therefore, spring from a pure source. Satan, therefore, can find nothing in you, and wherefore should he come? Your body and soul having been, by an irrevocable act, forever consecrated, set apart and sealed, the tendencies of your being must, therefore, be

wholly spiritual and without alloy. The energies constraining your actions must, of course, be divine in origin. Your whole life being, therefore, one of ceaseless aspiration toward God, you will not need stated seasons of prayer. Acts of this sort would indicate that you were going before the Spirit, rather than following the Spirit. As you have given yourself up to follow the leadings of the Spirit wholly, you may now expect to be led into all truth, and will not need any man to teach you, for the anointing that you have received teacheth you all things. In relation to the observance of various religious duties, your inclinations are to guide you, for since they all originate in purity, resistance to them will be resistance to the Holy Spirit. To be passive, then, is your highest duty."

"But," asks the inquirer after the old paths, "am I authorized in believing I shall be led by the Spirit apart from the written Word? Does not our Lord say, 'Except a man deny himself and take up his cross daily, he cannot be my disciple?' Am I not by the teachings of the Bible, continually being urged to be 'instant in season and out of season,' and 'pray in all prayer and intercessions for all saints?' Does not the Spirit, through the Scriptures, ever admonish me to be 'steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord?' Am I not warned against neglecting the ordinances of God's house 'as the manner of some is,' and am I not, in the command to follow Christ, required to fulfil all righteousness, and in all things to be an example to believers?"

"Ah!" replies the questionable Spirit, "You are not yet in the light, and therefore cannot apprehend the privileges of this higher state. You have not yet submitted to the entire crucifixion of self. In the principles that prompts the restless doings—*doings*—self, in a specious form, is to be seen. You know not yet what it means to be dead indeed; and not until the life of nature expires, can you know the holy liberty which the Spirit gives to those who are made free indeed. In this holy resting out of self, where all the animal propensities have been so fully crucified that they can never again revive, there are mysteries which the unitiated cannot receive."

Thus in obscurity, and as an object of compassion, is this inquirer after the old paths left. This questionable Spirit having taken its victim into a higher state than for which a reason can be given from the Bible, the inquirer after the old paths cannot of course be initiated, until he also concludes to travel beyond the limits of Bible experience.

THE WORTH OF THE SOUL.

P. P.

How unwilling is the God of all grace to give the sinner up. And in view of the infinite price paid for man's redemption, can we wonder at this? The value of the soul is above all earthly computation. It is infinite, because it cost an infinite price. Its existence runs parallel with eternity. What a solemn, momentous thought! This spark of immortal life which now lights up and actuates this frame is destined to live on—on—on—forever!

It is the land of the dying which we now inhabit. It is true, we sometimes call it the land of the living; but it is far more truthful and befitting that we should call it the land of the dying.

"'Tis the land of the dead, the land of the dying,
Where death's doings with anguish are known,
Where with cruel precision His arrows are flying,
And He marks the most loved as His own:
Did'st thou see His sure aim? Lo! His victim is [dead,
To the land of the living the spirit is fled.

There's a land of the living a region of pain,
Of unuttered, unheard of distress,
Where deathless and changeless the soul must
In hopelessness longing for rest: [remain.
To those regions of sorrow hope never hath pass-
Never will, for they ever and ever must last. [ed;

There's a land of the living with joy so replete,
It all human conception trancends;
Where the weary worn pilgrim hath taken his
Where the transport of bliss never ends. [seat,
There raptures untold to the righteous are given,
'Tis the land of the just, 'tis the bright shore of heaven."

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

Bible Key-Words—"In Love."

OUR CALLING, "IN LOVE."

SABBATH, JUNE 1.—"That we should be holy and without blame before Him in love."—Ephes. 1 : 4.

In the context the apostle adores the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ for His great love in blessing us "with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." In the passage before us he declares the high purpose of our divine calling, viz., "that we should be holy and without blame before Him *in love*." Love is, then, the essence, the centre and circumference of the Christian life. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Thus also in 5th chapter, he affirms that Christ hath loved the Church, and given himself for it "that it might be holy and without blemish." And again, in writing to the Colossians, he says, "He hath reconciled you in the body of His flesh, to present you holy and unblamable and unreprovable in His sight." Now, this holiness and blamelessness to which we are called is "in love." Love is the prolific cause; indeed, it is the source of all true excellence, whether of the Christian character or life. As one writer appropriately says, "Love, that which man lost at the fall, but which God is, and to which God restores man by redemption, is the great element in which, as in their abode and breathing-place, all Christian graces subsist, and in which, emphatically, all perfection before God must be found."

ROOTED AND GROUNDED "IN LOVE."

SABBATH, JUNE 8.—"That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."—Ephes. 17 : 19.

This is part of Paul's wonderful prayer on behalf of the Ephesians. The true saint is represented as having in the first place a vital connection with Christ,—"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith,"—faith in Christ is then the starting point. Now, having come into Christ by faith—a true, evangelical faith—the life-connection is made. He therefore prays that such may be "rooted and grounded in love,"—a double image seeming to be employed in this language. "*Rooted*," like a tree, striking its roots into the ground, so we are to be rooted in love. And this is but another form of teaching that we are to be rooted in Christ, as the fruitful soil in which we are to grow, and develop those moral excellences and graces which are the adornment of the Christian character. "Grounded," too,—settled like a building,

standing firm and strong upon solid foundations. As the apostle expresses it again, in writing to the Colossians: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him; *rooted* and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving." Thus "rooted and grounded *in love*," we may be brought up to a comprehension, with all saints, of the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and know, or experience the love of Christ—in all its richness and power, and be filled with all the fullness of God. Oh, this fullness of love, this fullness of God! How eager we should be to know the riches of this grace!

On one occasion, Mr. Rowland Hill was endeavoring to convey to his hearers, by a variety of striking illustrations, some idea of his conception of the Divine love; but suddenly casting his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed, "But I am unable to reach the lofty theme! yet I do not think that the smallest fish that swims in the boundless ocean ever complains of the immeasurable vastness of the deep. So it is with me; I can plunge, with my puny capacity, into a subject, the immensity of which I shall never be able fully to comprehend!"

FORBEARANCE "IN LOVE."

SABBATH, JUNE 15.—"Forbearing one another in love."—Ephes. 4:2.

Love calls us to some beautiful exercises. There is one here presented, "forbearing one another." Before God we are to walk in all lowliness and meekness—toward each other we are to be long-suffering—not taking vengeance upon an offender, but leaving him a place for repentance. And there is to be forbearance under all circumstances of provocation. It is love bearing with each other's infirmities. This grace of Christian forbearance "in love," is exceedingly beautiful—and as strong as it is beautiful. An old writer says, "As the ship that is well made and sufficiently trimmed, neither the mighty winds, raging waves, nor stormy tempests do make it leak; or as the palm-tree, which though mightily laden, never bendeth; or as our Savior Christ was whipped, mocked, and crowned with thorns, yea, and crucified too, and yet prayed for His enemies; even so, if we are once armed with this corslet of proof, (I mean patience), not only words and injuries, which are but the point of the thorns, should not pierce us to be angry, but also the sharp arrows of Satan, his lances and pikes, should never be able to touch or move us to the quick."

Reader, do you know the sweetness and power of this grace, Christian forbearance? Life furnishes numerous occasions for its exercise; let it shine in your character, by putting on the Lord Jesus, who was all love and forbearance.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH "IN LOVE."

SABBATH, JUNE 22.—"But speaking the truth in love, may grow up with Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ."—Ephes. 4:15.

The simplicity of true Christianity is here presented in contrast with the false. In the context the apostle speaks of those who are like children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine. One well remarks here,—"Only light substances are *easily* wafted by the wind to and fro." They are also tossed to and fro by the sleight of men—"by their dexterous manipulation of truth for personal ends"—"and *craftiness*"—craftiness tending to the deliberate system of error.

Now, in opposition to all this, he calls for the simplicity of truth, "speaking the truth in love," in sincerity, without guile and hypocrisy. No matter how potent the temptations to swerve from the line of truth, still holding steadily to it.

It has been well remarked, If a man be sincerely wedded to truth, he must

make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and he must take her for herself alone. The contract, too, must be to love, cherish, and obey her, not only unto death, but beyond it, for this is a union that must survive not only death, but time, the conqueror of death.

WALKING "IN LOVE."

SABBATH, JUNE 29.—"And walk in love."—Ephes. 5:2.

This epistle, the reader will surely think, is very full of love—the love of Christ to us, and our love to Christ, strongly inculcated by apostolic sentences. Here we are enjoined to "walk *in love*." This is in harmony with Christ's new commandment—He said to His disciples, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."—John, 13:34. The great thought of the apostle seems to be, that children who are dear, that is, beloved, return love for love—so be ye followers, or imitators of God. As Christ has set the example in offering His life for us, "in love," a wonderful sacrifice—so let your lives and your whole walk be "*in love*"—like Christ's, "an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor." A life "in love" is a splendid manifestation,—it is the brightness of heaven cast upon the darkness of the world. O, let us keep the holy flame ever burning!

It is said, in ancient Rome there was a temple dedicated to the heathen goddess, Vesta. At its altar virgins ministered as female priests, and their duty was to keep the sacred flame ever burning. We are priests unto God. Within our hearts are the love-altars, consecrated to Christ. We must keep the flame ever burning, never let it go out.

"Watch, for the time is short;
Watch, while 'tis called to-day;
Watch, lest temptations overcome;
Watch, Christian, watch and pray!"

For the Guide.

MIRACULOUS CURE, OR GIFT OF HEALING.

Q. Q.

We know the divine history of immediate cures in answer to faith and prayer, and would no more think of doubting it than any other historical truth of Holy Writ. And it is said, that the gift of healing was extended down to the close of the second century, and after that such cures were only accepted in the Church here and there through the centuries.

But within the last ten or twenty years these cures have been more common, and well authenticated; and whether it is a restored gift in the Church to be continued unto the end of time, we cannot tell. We only know that our faith relies upon these well authenticated facts, and in our own personal cases, we are encouraged to trust in healing power in answer to prayer, whether it be a sudden or progressive restoration to health and cure. And while we look at this matter scripturally, we of course expect Scripture effects to accompany the evidences of the cases coming under our notice. One thing we observe, the Savior never intruded this power upon those around him; but when it was perceived that He possessed it and was ready to heal, they sought Him, and believingly pressed about Him, that they might receive His virtue. And so of the apostles, they were mostly sought; but "Paul perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked." Thus the cripple was restored to the use of his limbs. There was no need of entreaty or persuasion on the

part of Paul, and we may read of similar cases under the Savior's notice; for instance, the four men who brought their friend through great difficulties into the presence of Jesus, and "He, perceiving their faith, healed him." Their action showed their faith, and the poor sufferer was the passive recipient of the mercy, for he was not able, had he desired it, to resist the power of his faithful friends, who meant to prove that power of healing they had heard of, and no doubt had seen.

We do not read that Jesus refused any application made to Him to restore and heal; neither of any refusal by the apostles. Yet we do not believe that all the sick beds were emptied. Some would not believe and others were not able to get to the healing power, like the man at the pool who was always too late for the blessing, until he found the One who commands all circumstances,—then he was healed without getting into the pool. Then, no doubt, there were others who were content with their sick-beds, and expected to be translated from them to their heavenly home, as some now do.

But faith will show itself, as did the Shunamite woman when she laid her dead child on the prophet's bed, and went to seek him in the fullness of her trouble, and would take up with no less than his own power exercised in her behalf. This secret influence impelled her forward from one act to another, until she reached his presence, where her faith seemed to reach its end, and then she insisted on his personal work in the case, and received her dead raised to life. Whether we can get to the Savior, be taken by our friends, or He come in a very merciful way to us, we know not which will succeed, until our faith tries all its own suggestions, and we are satisfied that we have the ear and attention of the Omnipotent Healer. There is a point reached where faith has its decision and we are satisfied that we shall have the answer. Then, there are cases where there is no thought about the healing, for the patient sufferer is passively doing all the will of God, expecting to pass through all the steps down to the tomb in peaceful trust on the bosom of Jesus,—and if spoken to about being healed by divine power, they have no leading of mind about it, and are rather straightened by the suggestion in their case, as they seem to stand so fully in the will of God in their present state.

Now, is it right for us to persist in rather afflicting them with our suggestions or leadings, contrary to their own, about being healed? We have before our mind's eye two cases, both of years' standing, and cases of eminent usefulnes, whose faithful service in their present infirm state, is more of a miracle than if they had faith to be suddenly healed.

We know that it is afflictive to them to speak about their being healed, yet in some cases they have yielded to persistent efforts in their behalf without their assent, as they could not bring their minds to an issue so contrary to all their leading, as they thought, in the will of God.

Now, Paul did not cure all under his knowledge, but left Trophimus sick at Miletus, and directed Timothy to use a remedy for his

weak stomach. There is a point in a person's decision of his own case, beyond which we cannot pass with our entreaty, and must allow they have their own divine guidance, which is entirely satisfactory to themselves.

For the Guide.

SOWING AND REAPING.

IRA S. LOCKE.

It is sometimes thought that strict neutrality can be preserved on questions concerning the general good; but the fallacy of this is seen in the encouragement thereby given to its enemies. All exert an influence for good or evil, and are worthy of commendation or reproval. The problem is presented in many ways; it has but one conclusion; and since by our example we assist in its establishment, we have a just rule for our guidance.

Acts speak louder than words. To live a pure life, to respect the rights and wishes of others, to use our influence for the encouragement of right and the suppression of wrong, is quietly to sow seed that shall spring up and bear a hundred-fold; while to be careless in conduct, negligent of others, or to be indifferent about the success of worthy measures, is to sow the seed of a hundred-fold of evil. To the active faithful members of a Church is due the credit of its success; to the faithful Christian members of a community, the credit of its respectability. We do not always know when we sow; a kind word spoken, a pleasent smile given, a small favor performed, a good example daily set, are slight things in themselves, but they are fruitful in results. All along the pathway of life seed is being sown, and that which grows where it was intended is not all that springs up. Again, the young and inexperienced sowers imitate the experienced. Habits are formed for life.

Where do we sow? The fields are many and their extent unknown. Every community, society, family, individual, wherever one is known or his influence felt, is a field in which seed is being sown. When evil thoughts are allowed to rest in the mind, or improper impulses are obeyed, or the conscience disregarded, or duty to God and our neighbor neglected, seed is being sown to our own confusion. How like the parent is the child, and how blameworthy is he who by his careless or reprehensible example encourages the development of evil tendencies. Truly, the family is a rich nursery for the development of good or evil. So also are society and the community fields for the propagation of the seed. Indeed, there is no place where we do not sow, and the sowing is constant. How carefully, then, should self be governed and the conduct regulated. There is, too, a peculiarity in the results. Besides the good or evil accomplished in others, we receive a just reward in our own selves. The consciousness of honest effort and well-doing is promotive of a cheerful mind and a happy heart. Moreover, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." If he sows wickedness, or discord, or strife, or iniquity, he shall reap the same; but to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward.

We have also the comforting assurance, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." These sheaves may be gathered on either hand, and are oftentimes the product of casual sowing in the daily walk. When kind words are spoken to the friendless and unfortunate, who knows how deeply they may sink into the heart and how much good they may do? Kind acts are often followed by happy results. How many have been encouraged to make an effort in the right direction by a kind word or act, and have struggled to honor and respect; or been cheered in their darkness by the glowing of some Christian heart, and attracted to the cross; or warmed into activity in seeking divine forgiveness and love and assurance? If by a kind word or act, or good example, some soul can be incited to enter the right path, have we lived our life in vain? None of these things shall be forgotten before God, but when the books are opened we shall be judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to our works.—Rev. xx. 12. Therefore, "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi. 9.

For the Guide.

JESUS AND HIS WORD.

MRS. A. C. LYNCH.

My Jesus left His home above
  My wandering heart to win;
He came to earth in pitying love
  To set me free from sin.

He wore a thorny crown, to gain
  A starry one for me.
He bore the cross in grief and pain,
  And died on Calvary.

But, blessed thought! He lives again;
  He lives and I shall live.
My faith and trust cannot be vain;
  He full assurance gives.

His blessed Holy Word I read,
  And claim its promises.
know it is the truth indeed,
  Above all price it is.

Tho' heaven and earth may pass away,
  That ever must endure;
My precious Guide to endless day,
  With thee I am secure.

For the Guide.

INGRATITUDE.

M. A. HAWKINS.

"God loveth a cheerful giver,
  Tho' the gift be poor and small;
What doth He think of His children
  When they never, never give at all?"

Is there another sin so mean as the sin of ingratitude. To receive favors rich and many, yet never cast one grateful glance toward the giver,—never try to make compensation for favors received,—what sin can harden the heart more than this? Ingratitude, sin of the basest dye! We are taught this from man to man, how much more so from man to his Creator and Preserver?

He has not only given us the physical comforts of life, but He has given us our birth in a Christian land where we may worship our God according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience; where we may learn of Jesus and try to imitate His pure example. Well may our hearts and voices unite in singing, "We praise Thee, oh God, for the Son of Thy love." How can we close our eyes to these and the many other blessings of life, while "streams of mercy never ceasing call for songs of loudest praise?" Surrounding circumstances are so unpleasant sometimes, it seems that one must sink into the slough of despond, forgetting to be grateful.

It was the last Sabbath of the old year. I saw one who had long been traveling this good road. Now the way looked rough and dark, and the cold winds of distrust penetrated into the soul's very centre. The poor earth-child, foot-sore and weary, sank down ready to die, wishing he had never been born. Fortunately for the wandering one, a faithful friend stood near, ready to point him to that One, "who was born to redeem, and strong to save." Doubts and fears fled from before the face of the Mighty One, and the lonely child found rest in the arms of Jesus. Months have past, but he is safe, with "nothing to wish or to fear."

God's children must not yield to complainings and discouragement, no matter how high the wave of temptation may rise,—listen to the Father's voice! "MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT." That grace will keep the heart above the wave.

"Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?"

No, but rather—

"Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear."

Does it seem impossible to revive the drooping spirits? Count your blessings,—sing! What pen can picture the untold power of music. How thankful should we be for the soul-stirring songs, that are scattered broadcast over our land. If you cannot sing, perhaps an innocent child may be found in your home. Look into the deep of those eyes, catch the merry smile playing around its lips; let it put its arms around your neck, and tell you that it loves you; and while you are making another heart happy, perchance the healing balm may be applied to your own. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." O, blessed work for Jesus, how can we sink down when we have His peace, His joy, and His love to reward our every effort.

There is much in this life that is untrue, yet there is one grand truth that encourages every believing heart,—"If I go away, I will send the Comforter, even the Spirit of truth, that shall abide with you forever," teaching every trusting one how to perform each duty wisely and well.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This is the most precious assurance of all. Though everything else should be taken away, if the Holy Spirit is still dwelling richly in the heart, we cannot be ungrateful,—we are supremely blest."

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. FANNIE GEDNEY.

Mrs. Fannie Gedney passed from earth's sorrows to heaven's joys on the morning of Nov. 8th, 1878, in holy triumph, at the residence of her son-in-law, David D. Searles, near Holder, McLean Co., Ill., in the 71st year of her age.

My dear mother was born in Greene Co., New York, Aug. 11th, 1808, and married Bartholomew Gedney in 1823; was the mother of twelve children, nine of whom survives her.

She has been an earnest, faithful member of the M. E. Church forty-seven years, and a devoted reader of the "Guide," and a witness for full salvation twenty-five years. She was converted at the age of twenty-five years, at a camp-meeting held at Greene-

ville, N. Y. At the age of forty-five she was convicted for holiness of heart, and received the blessing of entire sanctification by reading the life and journal of Hester Ann Rogers.

For thirty years she has been afflicted with deafness, unable to hear preaching, which was borne with patience and meekness; but she gave close attention to reading the Holy Scriptures, and all holiness literature. When she received "Faith and its Effects," (written by Mrs. Phœbe Palmer), it was very highly prized by her. She said it seemed like a message from God, to help her on in the highway of holiness.

In 1875, she came to Illinois on a visit, expecting to return in about a year, but her declining health would not admit of it. For the past year she has been almost entirely helpless; but her perfect resignation to the will of the Lord has marked all her stages. Her joy and peace has been abundant full and free.

She was confined to her bed only one week; and only two weeks before that we noticed that she was failing, and more feeble; and she would often say she would not be with us long. Her "latest sun was sinking fast." She was all ready, waiting, and anxious to go; was often heard repeating the doxology, and the precious promises from God's Word, which had been her daily perusal and delight as long as she could hold her book. Her sufferings were very great, but endured with great patience; saying, she ought to be willing to suffer, because Jesus suffered so much for her. She seemed to have a warning just a week before she died, that she would not get well, and sent messages to her children in the East to meet her in heaven, saying her prayers for them were ended.

She had a word of exhortation to all that came to see her, and while she testified to her own joyful experience, the room seemed filled with the presence and power of God, and some were convicted and convinced of sin. But in the hours of intense suffering, thanksgiving, and praise, "Glory to God," were heard from her lips. She had her senses till the last, but had hard work to speak much; and just before she breathed her last, I asked her if she knew us all. She answered, "Yes." I then asked her if Jesus was with her? She answered, "O, yes; and precious, precious." At one time she said, (when she saw us weeping,) "Do not mourn for me, but rejoice that you have a mother in the realms of glory."

Thus my dear and loved mother passed away, in the triumphs of a living faith.

DELILA C. SEARLES.

MRS. NANCY C. CHICK.

Mrs. Nancy C. Chick was born Jan. 15, 1831, and died March 13, 1879, aged 48 years.

In 1849, she was united in marriage with Jacob Chick. For five years she suffered constantly with cancer. Every effort was made to prolong her life, but all in vain. Many friends visited her in her sickness. For many years she was a sincere and earnest professor of holiness. This to her was a delightful theme, as death drew near. Her testimony, which was always clear, grew more confident as she approached the grave. The prospect of meeting with all the good who had gone before seemed to fill her with delight.

The 'Guide to Holiness' was read by her, and through her was introduced to many another home. She was its agent for quite a number of years, but at last she was forced to give that up, by the progress of disease. But when she could no longer canvass for it, it still possessed a charm for her, and solaced and soothed many a weary hour.

When death came she was ready, and passed away in the triumphs of a living faith. Her language was, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Words written before her death, will tell how patiently she bore her pain, better, probably, than can be done in any other way. These are her words: "To-day I have suffered much, but am trusting in the Lord. I am remembering that 'these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

WILLARD S. WILLEY.

Departed this life March 22d, 1879, near Denton, Caroline Co., Md., in his 22d year. He fell asleep after an illness of three months, by that fatal destroyer of our race, consumption. Five weeks previous to his death he received the blessing of a clean heart. He realized that the blood of Jesus cleansed him from all sin, and ever after Jesus was his theme. While suffering intense pain, he would say, "Jesus helps me to bear all my suffering." There was no murmuring or complaining.

There was not any marked change, till within three days of his death; we then placed him on his bed. He then said, "Glory be to God, I am resting at the cross." At different times he would say, "What a blessed thought, to be with Jesus, and to hear him say, 'Come; ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.'" He exhorted all his friends to meet him in heaven, especially his unconverted brother. At one time when he seemed almost gone, he bade farewell and said, "I am going to glory." After awhile he commenced singing, "The old ship of Zion is passing by." His mother asked him if he was on board? He replied, "I am almost landed, and Jesus is on the shore to welcome me home." One morning after waking, he seemed a little disappointed, and said to his mother, "I thought to be in glory when the morning sun should rise, but the Lord has ordered it otherwise."

When nearly across the river, if anyone would repeat the name of Jesus, he would say, "Glory, I am almost home." His last words were, "Glory, the gate is open for me." Thus passed away peacefully our beloved brother. J. H. WILLEY.

GONE HOME.

Mrs. Sarah S. Nightingale, wife of T. S. Nightingale, of Loup City, Neb., and daughter of Stephen and Sarah Goodman, died of child-birth, March 3d, 1879, in the 26th year of her age. After three days of great suffering, she passed away to a loving Savior's arms.

She leaves a dear companion and two lovely children,—Lily, five, and Fannie, three years of age,—a mother, six brothers and one sister, to mourn their loss, but her great gain. She gave her heart to Jesus in early life, was baptized and joined the M. E. Church when eleven years of age, and lived for heaven.

A short time before she died, she said, that "she was aware of the approach of the king of terrors, but she feared him not, for her anchor was moored in the Rock of Ages, and that the God in whom she trusted would ever support her." About 10 o'clock, A. M., of the 3d, she said, "O, what a happy change." The children were brought in and she gave them her last kiss, while a smile of angelic sweetness overspread her face. The glories of heaven were resting upon her face, and, without seeming regrets, she left the dearly loved ones with Jesus, and sweetly passed away from earth, to meet her dear father and brother James in heaven. She was a loving wife and mother, beloved by all who knew her, and always seeking to do good. She cannot come to us, but we can go to her. She, with the dear loved ones, will be waiting for us at the golden gate.

BY HER MOTHER.

ISAAC BALL.

Bro. Ball passed away to his heavenly inheritance from Draketown, Erie Co., Penn., Dec. 7th, 1879, aged 60 years. At the age of nineteen, he sought and found that Jesus was able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him. He united with the M. E. Church at East Hickory, and was always found among the earnest followers of Christ.

After a term of years, he removed to Washington, Erie Co., Penn., and with his wife united with the M. E. Church at Ash Corners, where they engaged heartily in their Master's cause. Bro. Ball was appointed class-leader, and continued in that office until called home. It is felt that one of God's faithful warriors has fallen. He was a kind husband, an affectionate father, and an obliging neighbor. He has left a beloved wife and five promising children to mourn his departure from earth, but their loss is his eternal gain.

Editorial.

DEATH OF BISHOP AMES.

There is ringing through all the realms of glory this day, April 25th, 1879,—the song of victory and triumph. Our beloved Bishop Ames has reached the shores of immortality and eternal youth, and has been greeted with a hearty welcome of "Well done!" from the Captain of his salvation, as well as a welcome from many of the old warriors who had occupied the field before him. May we not follow him by faith, and behold him in the palace where Jesus is? You remember Jesus said to His disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."

One of Bishop Hamline's old friends had recently passed away to the celestial city, and one remarked to him, "Bro. —— knows much more about heaven now than we do; his reply was, "I don't know as to that, his love to Jesus was so intense, that I am inclined to think he has not taken his eyes off of his beloved as yet, to see anything about his surroundings." May we not believe it is so with our beloved Bishop, that he still is looking at and admiring the One who is altogether lovely, and the fairest among ten thousand, and through whom he has obtained the victory?

But a company of old warriors crowd around, with inquiries similar to these, "Does the M. E. Church retain its spirituality? Is it being built up with living stones? Is it a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, offering up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ?" We shall not be able to give the answer of our beloved Bishop, but we can imagine, that as he is among the blood-washed and white-robed company, he will not be afraid to say, many are testifying that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," and that the Church is advancing with her banner unfurled, with "Holiness to the Lord" inscribed upon it, for the conquest of the world.

We are aware that there is an earthly side to this picture, that while heaven is aglow with glorious delight, that an heir of glory has been welcomed home,—that we of earth have occasion to deeply mourn a champion dead. He was one of the older Bishops, who were elected upon their own apostolic merits, before modern electioneering had found its way into Church politics. He was truly an apostolic superintendent. His family and the Church are aware of their great loss. We might feel it a calamity to have such a noble specimen of God's workmanship removed from earth, did we not know that He who hath re-called the accomplished workman, doeth all things well. He says, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

He was not the flowery orator, but he was the messenger of God. He preached the Word with power and demonstration of the Spirit. "He seemed like one confident of the truth, and so reposeful in it, that its power often bore down everything before it." We had the pleasure of hearing him at Lakeside Camp-meeting two years ago. The Bishop, who was very feeble, preached on the Sabbath to a very large congregation. His text was, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." He sat most of the time while preaching, but as he came to the close of his appeal, rising from his seat he seemed to be newly inspired, and with the energy of his youth, and with the authority of a commander, he called upon the vast multitude of about five thousand to choose, and in the most solemn manner, to manifest their choice by rising. The effect was overwhelming. The whole congregation rose en masse.

He then said,—"This scene is causing heaven to rejoice, and all the heavenly company are praising the Lord, and we will join with them. I want the whole congregation to lift their hands with me, and as they bring them together say, "Glory!" each time, for three times. To describe the scene that followed is impossible. It was glorious! Many made choice for heaven during that service.

Bishop Edward Raymond Ames, D.D., LL.D., was born in Amesville, Adams Co., Ohio, May 20th, 1806, and passed away

from earth April 25th, 1879, in the city of Baltimore, Md. He graduated from the Ohio University, was converted during student life and joined the M. E. Church in 1827. In 1840 he was elected Missionary Secretary, an office he filled with great ability for four years. In 1852 he was elected Bishop.

Some months before his death, when suffering a severe attack of his disease, his physicians having examined his case, were retiring for consultation, when he said,—"Gentlemen, you need not retire, I am no child. I desire to know my exact condition." In his last hours, he so dictated the order of his funeral, as to make it a rebuke of the extravagance of modern funerals. He ordered a plain coffin of live oak, with perfectly plain trimmings of galvanized iron, and no flowers.

He came to the last hour with supreme composure. On April 10th, returning from down-town, as he entered his home he said, "There, that is the last time. I shall not go out again. My work is done." When his family physician came, he said to him, "I shall die now. It is God's will that I shall die." He went to his bed and gradually sank. He refused all artificial stimulants. The editor of the "Christian Advocate" says:

"As he moved quietly on into the opening eternity, as the great company which no man can number rose up before his wondering eyes, and sight began to supplant faith, he called back to his weeping friends, "ALL RIGHT!" "ALL RIGHT!" General Berry took up the pass word, "All right," and the Bishop again, with the fluttering remnant of his earthly strength, and with evident rapture, answered, "ALL RIGHT!" and his great soul marched into the company of the Church triumphant, and into the presence of God."

THE NEW JERSEY METHODIST.

Our friend, Rev. G. Hughes, has commenced a four-paged monthly paper, called the "New-Jersey Methodist," published in Trenton, N. J., at fifty cents per year.

One great purpose will be to present Methodism in its entirety, and extend the Redeemer's kingdom everywhere, and yet do it in such a catholic spirit as to render its visits to other circles of the Christian brotherhood welcome. It is his purpose to make the paper a real, thorough, lively Christian family paper, full of sunshine, which shall be heartily welcomed to the homes of the lovers of Jesus. The first number has more than met our expectations.

DIVINE ANOINTING.

We have thought much of late of the Divine anointing, which the blessed, loving Spirit loves to confer on every longing, waiting disciple. When the Holy Spirit descended as a cloven tongue, and sat upon the head of each of the one hundred and twenty disciples, they were all filled with the Spirit. And what was the Spirit with which they were filled? Surely it was the Spirit of Christ their ascended Head. He had ascended into heaven, and carried glorified humanity there. And now at the first great model prayer-meeting under the Christian dispensation, while the newly bereaved brother and sister spirits were unitedly pouring out their souls in prayer to God, in the name of the newly ascended Head of the Church, His Spirit was sent down upon them. The divine anointing was received. (See Isaiah, 61st chap.)

God would not have His people misnamed. O, no. But what does He say? "Ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord, men shall call you the ministers of our God." Wonderful indeed are the dignities which our God would confer on all His redeemed people! And how unworldly and wonderful their responsibilities. "Ye are not of the world, for I have chosen you out of the world, and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he may give it you."

O, wha an amount of power is in reserve for the Church in her individual membership, if she will but claim the privileges of her inheritance! How soon, through the power of an indwelling Christ, would she

subdue and claim this redeemed world for the world's Redeemer? It belongs to our God and His Christ, and as a purchased trophy ought speedily, through the power of this Divine anointing on God's people, to be laid at the feet of the world's Conqueror.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

It will be grateful to the lovers of Zion to know, that the "Court of Common Fame" that brought charges against Dr. Talmage, have passed a vote "That they were not sustained." The resolution adopted reads as follows:

Resolved, That the charges be dismissed as unproved and disproved, and that the Presbytery express to Dr. Talmage its heartfelt confidence in him as a minister of Christ, and its earnest desire that he and his Church may share abundantly in the divine blessing, and that his ministry may prove the source of rich spiritual influence to his people, and to the community among whom he labors.

The ordeal has been a severe one, but our brother has this to comfort him, that no new thing has happened unto him.

Jeremiah took the recordings in his own case for just such a court. He says,—"I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side. Report, say they, and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, 'Peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge on him.' But the Lord is with me as a mighty terrible one; therefore my persecutors shall stumble, and they shall not prevail; they shall be greatly ashamed, for they shall not prosper," &c.

"Common Fame" had something to do with David, for he cries out, "I have heard the slander of many, fear was on every side, while they took counsel against me." It is certainly true, that they who look for faults, find faults, and become FAULT-FINDERS by profession, but those who look for truth and good, find something really good.

May we not hope that these over-anxious friends for the cause of the meek and lowly Savior, will take the direction given for all such cases, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother?"

News Along the Line.

ITALIAN CONFERENCE MEETING.

The Superintendent of the Italian mission, Rev. L. M. Vernon, in giving an account of the Conference, Bishop Bowman presiding, remarks:—

"The preachers invited by the president, after his well-chosen remarks, reported of their work during the past year, each in turn, specially on the following points,—1. His own personal experience. 2. The spiritual condition of his own particular station. 3. The number of members, probationers, and general attendance on the services. * * * While the obstacles, embarrassments, and serious difficulties, frequently encountered, were not at all concealed, a healthy and secure growth of our cause was made abundantly manifest. Especially our stations in Florence and Milan, under their present pastors, have acquired new character, energy, and thrift, the usual attendance in each case being more than doubled. The members and probationers of the mission aggregate about seven hundred; the Sunday-school work, fully appreciated, is now well begun, and the attendance upon our services is nearly everywhere improving. Three were recommended for admission on trial; two of whom are young men who have completed a regular theological curriculum after a classical one, and the third is a converted Roman prelate. Enrico Caporali and Daniele Gay were ordained as deacons.

"A mournful circumstance gave unwonted solemnity and impressiveness to this ordination service and to our entire session. On the second day of our meeting, about two o'clock, P. M., while calmly presiding over our group of workers like a patriarch in the midst of his family, Bishop Bowman received the sad tidings of his dear wife's death nearly twenty days before. It fell upon him with cruel but unavoidable abruptness. Despite his well-known composure and Christian fortitude, for the moment he was stunned and almost overwhelmed. And when the writer announced

the mournfully sad circumstance to the little Conference, every face was suffused with tears, and every heart wrung with sorrow. As the good Bishop drew aside to read, as he might, through tears, the letters burdened with the sad particulars, the Conference, with one heart, as if moved by one impulse, betook itself to prayer. This baptism of affliction, under circumstances so painful, strongly bound the hearts of all the brethren to the good Bishop; and there are no other sixteen men in the wide world who will ever, for the time to come, think of him with more tender filial affection and reverence. After an hour's absence the Bishop returned and resumed the chair; but to the brethren, who, standing, received him with bowed heads and every evidence of profound sympathy, in that brief interval, ten years seemed to pass over him.

"During the session two young men, of their own accord, asked to be received on trial; and since, our preacher writes that Count M. has united with the Church. This Count is a reputed son of the late Cardinal Antonelli, and brother of the Countess Lambertini, plaintiff in the famous suit for the Antonelli estate. Our pastor says of him: "He has bought a Bible and said to me yesterday evening that he could not express his joy, so happy was he to have embraced Christ and the Gospel."

Revival Miscellany.

Very cheering reports have been received along the line of our beloved Zion, during the Winter and Spring months, of revival seasons, and of souls being born into the kingdom. Other portions of God's militant host have also been favored with a gracious ingathering. This winning souls to Christ is a glorious work. It causes rejoicing in heaven. In future ages, we are told that it will be announced that "this and that man was born there."

It is written, "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." It is a grand work, and all honor is due to the instrumentalities that God has used, to help these many thousands to come to the decision, and take upon them the vows of God. But a very important question arises. What is to be done with these converts, that they may never lose the freshness and vigor of their first love? They will need nursing fathers and nursing mothers to care for them. In a revival where from five to six hundred were converted in eighteen days, the district chairman said: "This is the result of the combined membership, and they will know how to take care of the converts." Ten years after the same ambassador told us that he did not know of one that had backslidden.

In the case above referred to, the Church did not fail in caring for the young of the flock, but is there not frequently a failure here? These persons so recently brought out of Egypt have to learn to walk in the way of God's commandments. A mother, when her little one is learning to take its first steps, does not chide, if it should even stumble and fall. She does not whip it, or turn it out of the house. But she tenderly kisses it, and says, try again.

One dear brother now in heaven very frequently would repeat, for the encouragement of new converts: "I keep so earnestly at work for my blessed Savior, that I cannot find time to backslide." This is the grand secret of final perseverance. It is very important that every one that has engaged in the service of Christ should be employed in the vineyard. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

The Lord has been very graciously owning the labors of his female workers, and though ordination as Local Preachers has not as yet been fully accorded by the Church, yet they have received the universal ordination of the family. "Kings and Priests unto God." The Head of the Church says unto every disciple, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

The chief instrument under God in the

glorious revival in the Cohocksink M. E. Church has been Mrs. M. E. Lowrey. Over one hundred persons have been newly converted and received into fellowship with the Church, since the close of Conference, and the good work is still going on.

The "Christian Worker," the Friends' paper, says:

"A series of meetings were held in East Goshen, commencing Second month, 9th, and closing on the 19th. It was a time of rejoicing, as the shout of victory went up from the camp, blind eyes being opened, deaf ears upstopped, and tongues loosed to tell how the Lord was blessing many hearts. About forty were especially blessed. Some in finding the Savior; some in coming back, as did the prodigal, and others receiving the blessing of full salvation,—throwing off the burdens which had bound them down, and coming out in the full liberty of the children of God, for which we give God all the glory."

NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.

Glens Falls has been shaken by a powerful revival, such as its oldest inhabitants say has not been known for the last one hundred years. The instrumentalities used were A. B. Earle, and Methodists, Presbyterians, the Friends, and Baptists uniting in holding meetings, alternating in the different meeting-houses, and on Sabbaths in the largest hall in the place, for three weeks, most of the time three meetings per day. Over three hundred bear evidence of rejoicing in a newly-found Savior, and a general reviving of life and interest among professors in general. Meetings had been continued in the Friends' house some weeks before, and nearly thirty added to the Church, "such as should be saved."

THE OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

This meeting was greatly owned of the Lord, and the friends are saying, "We have gained the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," and many now testify that they are saved in Christ. Seventy-seven have professed to be converted or reclaimed.

EAST OHIO CONFERENCE.

The Lord has done a good work on Huntsburg and Burton charge. Over ten have professed sanctification and fifty conversion.

The Lord has greatly revived His work at Urichsville charge. Under the labors of J. H. Rogers, some two hundred and fifty have united with the Church on probation, most of whom are hopefully converted. A great many railroad men have been converted,—engineers, brakesmen, master-mechanics, all tell in their own language the wonderful works of God.

MICHIGAN.

After twenty weeks of continuous work in revival meetings on New Buffalo Circuit, Michigan Conference, Rev. I. Wilson, pastor, closed March 30, with 116 professed conversions, and 110 united with the M. E. Church. Sunday-school children, many heads of families, and some over three-score-years-and-ten are among the happy converts.

As a result of the revival in Olivet College, Michigan, almost all the students are giving evidence of conversion. Above forty have united with the college Church, while numbers will make profession of their faith at their several homes.

BRANTFORD, CANADA.

The revival with which Brantford has been blessed is worthy of special mention. The Rev. E. Payson Hammond is well-known as an earnest and successful evangelist. All of the Churches have worked with him, and the utmost harmony has prevailed. A building capable of seating 6,000 persons was crowded night after night, and the converts have been numbered by hundreds. The fire has spread, and successful meetings have been held in Paris, Burford, Cainsville, Mt. Pleasant, Tilsonburg, and other neighboring places.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

An M. E. Church, South, exchange says: "The ingathering in our Church for three months past has been large beyond precedent, while the proportion of conversions

is much greater than usual. More than fifty thousand new names will go upon the roll-call this winter."

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The "Western Christian Advocate" records the conversions in last week's issue as 924; the "North-western Christian Advocate," conversions and additions, 644; the "Central Christian Advocate," 330; "Zion's Herald," 179; "Holstein Methodist," 146; "Central Methodist," 142;

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

OFTEN TO DRILL.

Bunyan's pilgrim prayed himself out of the giant's dungeon. His devotion won him the key that unlocked the way to liberty. A story of a similar divine rescue from a situation that would have brought despair to a wicked man, is told in the writings of Hugh Miller, who probably heard it from the descendants of the chief actor in the scene.

"A Highlander in the British army, during the war of the Revolution, was caught one evening creeping out of a thicket just beyond the lines, evidently returning from some secret errand. The American outposts (along the Hudson) were then quite near those of the British, and being concealed in the forest, their exact number and distance were always uncertain. Under the circumstances, the Highlander was suspected of being an informer, that is, in communication with the enemy. It was shortly after the execution of Major Andre, and the enraged British were in no mood to let a man go who was accused of sympathy with the Americans. The soldier was taken before the colonel, and the witnesses of his presumed guilt told their story.

"What have you to say for yourself? demanded the colonel, with a threatening frown.

"Only this, sir: I had got away slyly from my comrades to pray a bit while in the bush, and was coming back when the soldiers took me."

"Are you in the habit of praying?" demanded the officer.

"Yes, sir.

"Then pray now. You never needed it more in your life." And the colonel took out his watch. Fully believing that he had but a few minutes to live, the Christian soldier knelt, and poured out his soul in such language as only a friend of God can use. All who heard it were astonished, the commander himself among the rest.

"Go," said he. "You have told the truth. If you had not been often to drill you could not have done so well at review."
—"Advocate of Christian Holiness."

Correspondence.

BLESSINGS ON A PREMIUM.

[It is very gratifying to us to receive so many testimonies of the blessings which have attended the reading of the premiums which we have issued to our subscribers. "Faith and its Effects," "The Way of Holiness," and "Christian Counsel," have been especially blessed to many. To publish one-half the thankful letters we have received, would encroach too much on our space. We are led to give one as a representative of multitudes.—ED.]

"It is for the honor and glory of God that I now write. Many thanks for sending me that little book which pointed out so plainly the "Way of Holiness." I read it over and over with prayer. It was just such instructions as were needed, and I praise God to-day that He has raised up such persons that are not afraid to proclaim this full and free salvation.

Very early in the morning of April 4th, I was conscious of a heavenly power stealing into my soul. It became so overwhelming, that I was almost afraid to walk, for fear of interrupting the glorious intercourse of God with my soul. It continued for three hours, and all at once it broke out in praise. It did seem as though I could not praise God enough. I said, this is a baptism of the Holy Ghost, and this to me is the witness of my entire sanctification.

Praise the Lord, it seemed as if I lost sight of everything but Jesus. Praise the Lord, O my soul, for this wonderful power. Pray for me, that the Lord may make me a successful witness in testifying of this great salvation. Yours in Christ,

MRS. E. HINKLE.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by singing—

"Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of the day."

Requests and thanksgivings were offered, and Rev. Bro. Odell, followed by Dr. Palmer, led in prayer.

Dr. Palmer said his heart was going out in thankfulness, that God had baptized poets who knew the soul's needs and the privileges of the royal family. They had been singing—

"Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above."

All that sing the new song in heaven had learned it on earth, and the Teacher was present to teach them the same song, and perhaps add some new notes. What do the heavenly choirs sing? "Unto him that loved us—(you and me)—and redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, * * * to him be glory and dominion forever and ever," Let us all get our souls filled with love, and then tell what a dear Savior we have found.

Sister Palmer was glad that she was one of the redeemed, and not even among the angels; for she thought no song was so sweet as, "Unto Him that loved me—washed me." He has made provision to do it; and all day her heart had been exceedingly joyful in view of this glorious provision, and we may say,—

"'Tis done, Thou dost this moment save."

She then read a portion of Scripture, commencing at the 19th verse of the 5th chap. 2d Cor.: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. It seemed almost incredible, after reading the blessed Word, that we have to beseech people to be reconciled to God! Past sins and failures cannot keep us from Christ, if we will bring them and lay them all on Him—the Sin-bearer. And the only time that is ours to do it is the present time, and the only way to be saved is by faith—faith is the breath of the soul. We cannot live, spiritually, one moment without it. We may have our faith tested, but if we keep on trusting, we will say, "He is precious." Let us come out and be separate, and believe God will receive us, just because He says so, and HE is never mistaken. Having these precious promises, let us cleanse ourselves; let us consecrate these temples, that they may be filled with the Holy Ghost.

"SO HAVE I LOVED YOU."

Dr. Palmer's mind was arrested with the exhortation, and he thought, if our eyes were opened to see things as they really were, we would see Jesus present, saying to each one, "Dearly beloved." Was He so dearly beloved as to have opened for Him a full salvation, and have such precious promises made to Him? The Book says we are temples of the Holy Ghost,—will we let God cleanse them to-day? Jesus will not find fault with those who are not just right, but urges you to cleanse yourselves, and let Him make you fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in.

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

Rev. I. M. See.— The Lord Jesus loves His promises, and they are dearer to Him than any estimate we can put upon them. He stood with security on every word that God had uttered. There is a great deal of questioning about God's Word; some say, that is Paul's Word, and this is someone else's Word, but there is one Word that is repeated in so many places, it cannot be questioned,—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This promise of the divine presence is repeated early and later, from

the beginning to the end. Millions can testify of the life-giving power of the Word, which is as living water which comes from God—the Fountain. Not one word of God shall fail; and whatever may be our difficulties, we may abide and trust in God's promises. When asked by a friend, How do you get along? he had but one answer, which was as sweet as heaven to him,—"He that sits on the great lap always gets along well."

AMEN TO GOD.

Rev. Henry Belden was glad that the things of God were made familiar to him in his childhood, that he had not left them till he became old and infirm. He was now 66 years old, and the prostrating nature of his disease (paralysis) affected body and mind, but there was one passage that gave him great satisfaction,—"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." God's love was manifest to in him the kindness shown to him, not only by friends, but by strangers, who seemed to take satisfaction in steadying his tottering footsteps and rendering little services. Forty-nine years ago he was converted, and thirty-six years ago was sanctified, and had been often baptized with the Holy Ghost since. He believed he was drawing near to the close of life; and the ties that held him to the world were strong, but he said Amen to anything God wills. He belonged to Jesus and knew He would take care of him.

HE IS WORTHY TO BE PRAISED.

Sister Clark.—She was almost overwhelmed with the divine presence, and the words of Jesus came to her with great power,—"And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." Wonderful! She had been passing through three weeks of the severest temporal trial that she had known, but the Lord had said to her again and again, "Fear not, for I am with thee. Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." (Isa. 43 : 1, 2.) The presence of God had been wonderful, and He had wrought out her deliverance. Glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost! Jesus had taken possession of her heart, and her body was the temple of the Holy Ghost.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Rev. Bro. Odell desired to give glory to God for the experience of the grace of full salvation in his heart. God had been exercising his soul on this full salvation, and frequently came to him in the sweetest and simplest manner; as one morning, when desiring that his life for the day might be consecrated to Christ, he entered his study, and throwing back the shutters and raising the shade, the light came streaming in in a flood, as near and as fresh as when God gave the first flash of light in the garden of Eden, and the thought came that his Redeemer was as able to flood his soul with light; so bowing before God, he threw back the shutters of the soul and drew up the shade, and such a fullness came in as never before, and he was filled with the fulness of God, and walked in the light of God in new fellowship. As he testified in his classes of three things,—the realization of the fulness of grace, the freeness of the Spirit, and the fellowship divine,—some had said, "I must have that experience."

RIGHTEOUSNESS NOT IMPUTED.

Dr. Lowrey.—In the lesson read, this precious utterance came with special emphasis to his soul,—"That we may be made the righteousness of God in him." We are the subjects of this righteousness, not a righteousness of God substituted for a lack of righteousness in Him, and placed to his credit outside of him and leaving him as bad as he was; but there is a making process going on in us. We are rough material, but He fashions us, and re-impresses the image lost of righteousness and true holiness. He had been anxious to be present at the meeting. Physicians told him electricity would do him good, so he thought he would try the electricity of the Holy Ghost here in the meeting, which does soul

and body good. He had been shut up for three months and had been living a life of faith, and had learned with Paul—in whatever state he was, therewith to be content. He had tried to bring the Lord to his way, but He will have His own way, and He is faithful to His word, if we will keep within the limits and ask according to His will.

BY FAITH.

Sister —— never felt so rich, because of the possession of these precious promises. Her mind ran along that chapter where it is written, by faith they did this and by faith they did that. The difference between the faith of Abraham, is—Abraham, after accepting the promises, left the consequences with God. Paul brings the witnesses all up, and then says, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight," &c. Sometimes only a feather comes between us and Jesus. For a long time pride kept her from confessing Jesus, but when that stumbling-block was removed and she became obedient to the Spirit, she had freedom and an abiding rest.

OUT OF THE PIT.

Rev. Bro. McNamara loved to testify how Jesus had saved his soul and brought him out of the mire and clay, and placed his feet on the rock Christ Jesus. The Lord Jesus had given him work to perform and he was doing it with him. God had thrown him among a strange class of people, and he prayed that the Lord might cleanse them and make them pure. He knew what the Lord had done for him As a priest he pretended to forgive people their sins when there was a cloud over his mind, and he knew not that his own sins were pardoned. As he turned from pope and bishops, he went groping about in the dark, not knowing where to go, till one Saturday night he was led into a prayer-meeting among the sailors. He thought he knew more theology than all of them together, and their prayers and testimonies had no more effect upon him than upon a stone; but when the leader of the meeting said, "Who is there that will raise their hand for Jesus? he flung himself on his knees and went to confessing to Jesus, and He saved him as never before. Later, as he came to this meeting, and Dr. Palmer asked those to rise who would consecrate themselves to God, he stood up, and at that time received a baptism, and God had since been leading priests and students and people into the light.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Sister T—— gave a very sweet testimony, —how she in her youthful days was finding the blessedness of looking away from self, which was her stumbling-block, to Jesus, who is mighty to save; and how naked faith in God's promises was rewarded by conscious salvation.

GLORIFY GOD.

Sister Rose testified that God never forsakes or di-appoints us, though He will test us: and when He takes away the things we enjoy, don't fret, but show the world that God is our Father, and would not take anything that would be for our good or His glory.

NO OTHER NAME.

A young brother (late studying for the priesthood, and secretary of a priest,) testified that Jesus dwells in him, and that he had broken the fetters and chains of Rome by the Word of God. If the Bible could be placed in the hands of his people, they would be emboldened to testify for Jesus. He formerly halted between the saints, angels, or his beads, but now he saw no other name but Jesus. E. J. C.

Book Notices.

MISSIONARY TIDINGS is a new magazine, edited by Rev. A. C. Rose; price, 50cts a year.

The editor says: "We purpose to make it the best missionary magazine extant. We shall glean from all sources. We shall endeavor to make it glow with a radiance and flame that shall kindle an enthusiasm in the Church for converting the whole world to Christ, in the next fifty years, or less."

THE

Guide to Holiness.

EDITOR:

DR. WALTER C. PALMER.

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GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JULY, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Wisdom.

How to deal with men, wisely, in the intercourse of life, is a great question. That is, how to deal with them so as to secure the divine glory, and at the same time compass human well-being, is no trivial matter. There is such diversity of character, and such varied action springing from that diversity of character, as to render it a work of no small magnitude. To be ready for these emergencies, to give judicious answers to puzzling questions, to rightly meet passionate outbursts, and to give timely relief to over-burdened and anxious minds,—these are among the nice discriminations and holy exercises of our Christianity, which call for the possession of heavenly wisdom in abundant measure. Jesus has furnished in this, as in other respects, the model. We see in Him the meekness and the sharpness of wisdom in sublimest manifestation. We say the sharpness as well as the meekness of wisdom. There are times when folly is so interwoven with human utterances as to demand silence,—hence the counsel of Inspiration: "Answer not a fool according to his folly." Then again, folly assumes such a shape as to demand a reply—and the other counsel of Inspiration is before us; "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." Wise discrimination is to be brought into exercise at this point, to determine when to be silent and when to speak.

There is peculiar significance attaching to the New Testament declaration, "Christ is made unto us *wisdom*." Where Christ has a *full* enthronement in a human soul, we may naturally look for a good measure of sanctified common sense, and a degree of sanctified un-common sense, likewise. Wisdom is defined to be the proper adaptation of means to ends. This will apply to language as well as to other things,—that there shall be such a choice of words, or such silence, as is precisely adapted to the demands of the moment. Having an indwelling Christ, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," we have in possession infinite resources upon which to draw in response to the ever-recurring exigencies of daily life.

Let us contemplate A Picture in the life-annals of our adorable Savior, our Wisdom. We have it in the twenty-second of Matthew. Jesus—"our wisdom"—is there seen in a remarkable encounter with the wisdom of this world. Never was human prowess more thoroughly presented,—never did it meet a more ignoble defeat. Human malice was embodied in profoundest subtlety, and yet the Master sounded it to its depths and exposed its horrid deformity, holding it up to the scorn of the ages.

He had just delivered one of His beautiful parables, the parable of the supper at the marriage of the king's son. It had a terrible home-thrust. The Pharisees appreciated its practical bearing,—they felt the keen penetrations of the blade as wielded by that master-hand. The majesty of His speech overpowered them,—they were unable to resist the wisdom by which He spake. They saw that the imperative need of the hour was, if possible, to neutralize the force of His marvelous utterances. To this end they bent all their malicious energy. The record has it, "They took counsel how they might entangle Him in His *talk*." The scheme was well-laid—well-laid in malice and cunning. The citadel to be attacked was the unparalleled speech of the Son of Man. The citadel was before them in its great proportions and towering strength. It looked upon them frowningly. To conduct a successful assault—to penetrate its thick granite walls—to raze it to its foundations—that was the work to which they set themselves. A formidable undertaking to be sure.

"*To entangle Him in His talk*,"—that was the objective point. Until then He had never had a *stammering* tongue. Now they proposed to strike it with paralysis, and to bring the colossal superstructure of Messianic glory to the dust. Well done, ye Pharisaic flatterers! Ye planned wisely, according to the cunning policy of this world. Could ye have brought such a purpose to consummation, under the guidance of the ingenious Chieftain of darkness, the system of Christianity would to-day have been but a heap of ruins.

They had agents ready to carry out this design, the Herodians—probably a political party who had supported Herod the Great. They favored, what the Pharisees discountenanced, the payment of taxes to the heathen power. They were, therefore, suited to the work of propounding a question deeply affecting the ruling power, in whose interest they were thoroughly enlisted.

They accordingly came to Jesus on this Pharisaic errand. They sought, in the onset, to beguile Him with their flatteries, a common weapon of deceivers. They said, "Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man; for thou regardest not the person of any man." What deeply-studied hypocrisy! Beloved saints of the Lord, think it not strange if Satan, transforming himself into an angel of light, in the persons of some of his loyal subjects, make to you some of these fairy-like advances. Then, O then, must you hear the trumpet-call, summoning you to the exercise of wise discernment.

> "Discern the well-dissembled hate,
> And circumspectly tread."

Having made this sunny, airy approach to Jesus, they came into closer quarters. "Tell us, therefore," they continued, "What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not?" Note, if you will, the exceeding craftiness of the question! It was a question in universal controversy. The Romish yoke sat uneasily upon Jewish necks. It was utterly revolting to the descendants of Abraham to pay tribute to any man. Yet the sceptre of Romish sovereignty was stretched forth. Now, these Herodians cast Him into this dilemma: His answer must, as they conceived, inevitably, array against Him the civil power, or popular prejudice. He was either to bring down upon Him the crushing maledictions of the Roman power—or, to be destroyed by popular fury. What was He to do? Do? Why, it was only the work of a moment. In an instant, He showed how conversant He was with their dark design. He unmasked their hypocrisy, in the blaze of His omniscient eye, saying, "Why tempt ye me, *ye hypocrites?*" How must they have been abashed by this

pointed, heart-reaching exposure! And, dear servants of the Lord, if we keep under the burning rays of Eternal Wisdom, if "our life be indeed hid with Christ in God," we too may look through hypocrites. We do not believe that saints, panoplied with Christ's wisdom, are to be snared by every device which Satan and his emissaries spread before them. No! We may have a quick, discerning eye. The vail upon the face of hypocrisy may be thickly spread—and yet, after all, it is but a gossamer covering, and the skilled hand of saintship may tear it off, and the disgusting ugliness of the countenance be revealed.

As for the question framed so cunningly, that was as easily disposed of as the unmasking of the hypocrisy in His glorious presence. "Shew me the tribute money," said Jesus. "And they brought unto Him a penny. Whose is this image and superscription or inscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Render therfore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." The whole question was of easy solution in His hands. Divine wisdom in a moment triumphed over the craftiness of man. What could they say to His answer? "He is sovereign who stamps the coin," was a Rabbinical maxim. Their own standards were employed against them. And from the lesser He sublimely turned their attention to the greater—from the earthly to the heavenly—from human to divine sovereignty. The coin bearing Cæsar's inscription let it go into the State treasury, according to well-established law—man, bearing the signature of Eternal sovereignty, let him be in high and complete consecration, in all his powers, to his Maker-King.

The issue of this contest with the Herodians is briefly and tersely written, by the pencil of Inspiration: "When they had heard these words, they marvelled, and left Him, and went their way." Alas, for them! Like many others, listening to the marvelous words of Jesus—then leaving Him, and going their way. Going their way! to wander in the mazes of this world, without star or guiding hand,—ultimately working out their ruinous destiny.

The Herodians vanquished—next came the Sadducees to propose knotty questions concerning the resurrection. They fared no better than the Herodians. Retiring from the arena, smarting sorely under their discomfiture, it is written, "The multitude heard this and were astonished at His doctrine."

Then came the Pharisees themselves—putting forth one of their expert lawyers and scribes, who came inquiring concerning the law—specially, the great commandment. This was met with a comprehensive answer—a sentence or two from the lips of the Master Teacher wrote it out before the view of the questioner, and the surrounding listeners with becoming resplendency.

Before these chiefs in this evil work were, however, suffered to retire to their musings over the strange and overwhelming influences of the day, Jesus in turn asked them a question, —"What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?' A pertinent question to the hour! "They say unto him the son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David in spirit call him Lord?" They were effectually silenced.

The PICTURE OF WISDOM is drawn. It is glorious—it shines in heavenly light! JESUS, again covered with unearthly splendors—here is the record: "And no man was able to answer Him a word, neither durst any man from that day forth ask Him any more questions." How we should exult, ye saints of the Lord, in having a leader of such acknowledged strength! The ages do Him reverence. Philosophy, science, legal lore, fall prostrate at His feet! The servant is not above

His Lord. As the malicious and the crafty Pharisees sought to entangle Him in His *talk*—we may expect like treatment. Having an indwelling Christ, in the fulness of His divine wisdom we may vanquish them. Not in our own but in His wisdom—looking to Him, depending upon Him, being thoroughly furnished by Him, we may cover our questioning foes, in their subtle advances, with the speechlessness of defeat.

SEALING OF THE SPIRIT.

PHŒBE PALMER.

"After that ye believed ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise."

Though we do not believe in the attainment of any state of final and unconditional perseverance, where we may not be in danger of yielding to the tempter and falling from our steadfastness, yet we do believe, that it is the privilege of the believer to attain to a state of such conscious abiding in Christ, that there may be a divine conviction, inwrought in the heart, of our ultimate steadfastness and final salvation. Yes, our goings in the highway of holiness may be established. We may be divinely persuaded that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature will be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

This special state of grace, we do not doubt, is the result of a special act of eternal and absolute devotement on the part of the creature. This state requires the absorption of all the redeemed powers, in the service of the Redeemer. It contemplates a whole burnt-sacrifice, calling forth ever-consuming zeal, whose manifestations may often call the devoted disciple to feel that he that is perfect shall be in reproaches and sufferings, even as his Master. The cost being counted, and the sacrifice made, He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, and with fire, sets the seal, and the ever-consuming flame of all-absorbing love, energizes and impels the soul in holy endeavors for the salvation of men. And this is the endowment from on high, which the Sanctifier imparts to those who thus set themselves apart, to be specifically answerable to all the self-sacrificing duties of their high calling. And who, that has thus received the sealing of the Spirit, but feels that it is an ever-abiding secret of power?

Said a dear ambassador of Christ who was in our hearing, speaking of the desirableness of this grace, "Often when I would fain strike a bold stroke for God, the tempter says, Hold! be not too fast, you may yet fall away from your steadfastness; then, how the precious cause you so much love will be dishonered!" It is due to the glory of grace to say, that this beloved minister was enabled, on the same day, soon after we heard these longing utterances, to feel that he was empowered by the Spirit to lay hold upon the promise, "I will betrothe thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment, and in loving kindness and in mercies." The doctrine of the sealing of the Spirit, is a Bible doctrine, and not at variance with the doctrines taught by Wesley, and other fathers of Methodism.

"It was worth living for this,
To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus' name."

[We copy the following interesting article from a work of Rev. A. Mahan's, called the "True Believer," his character, duty and privileges, elucidated in a series of discourses; published by the Harpers in 1847. The work is now nearly out of print, but the cause of holiness would be benefitted by a new edition.—Ed]

THE BELIEVER'S CONFIDENCE.

REV. ASA MAHAN.

"Verily verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you."
"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He may give it you."

Christian, have you comprehended the infinite privileges and boundless influence with God, which Christ has conferred upon you, in permitting you to use His name when you approach the throne of grace? Suppose Christ to be now upon the earth, as He was eighteen hundred years ago. He comes to you and requests you to make known to Him your wants, assuring you that He will then "pray the Father for you," that these wants may be fully met. You comply with this request. Christ kneels with you and fervently beseeches the Father that, for the sake of the Son, He will confer these blessings upon you.

Would you not feel an absolute assurance that that prayer would be all-efficacious to secure the good desired? Now, in permitting you to use His name at the throne of grace, Christ has conferred upon you all the influence there, and that in respect to all necessities, temporal and spiritual, which He himself would have in the circumstances supposed.

A poor beggar calls for the supply of his wants upon a man who has great treasures in a bank. He writes a check, and directs the petitioner to go to the bank, and in his name to draw for the amount specified. How much influence has that beggar now at the bank, in reference to the sum mentioned in that check? Just as much as the individual has whose name he is permitted to use. So, when Christ says to you, "Ask in my name," He has conferred upon you, in reference to all appropriate objects of prayer, all the influence that He himself has at the throne of grace. He has put into your hands a check upon the bank of heaven, signed by his own name; a check covering all your necessities, temporal and spiritual, in time and eternity, and required you in virtue of His name to draw upon the Father, till every want of yours is fully met—till your cup of blessedness is full and overflows forever.

Christ not only permits us to use His name when we approach the throne of grace, but himself as our High Priest, stands in the presence of the Father, and intercedes for us. "Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost all them who come to God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Suppose the beggar, in the case above referred to, says to his benefactor,—I have no doubt your name would be sufficient to gain my object, if I could only secure a hearing. But they know me only as a beggar, and will at once drive me from their presence, without hearing me at all. His friend, to allay his fears, says,—I will go with you, and when you present your paper, I will request them to give you a hearing, assuring them that my name is appended to the paper which you present. So, when Christ says to the believer, "Ask

in my name," He adds, "I also will pray the Father for you," that your petitions may be heard and answered. Such are the relations of Christ to the believer, when he approaches the throne of grace for the supply of any real necessity.

For the Guide.

AS THOU WILT.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

"Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

My heart, responsive to His will,
Adoring, loving. trusting still,
Through all life's stormy way;
Amid the toils, and griefs, and tears,
I mount above earth's woes and fears,
And triumph day by day.

So, loving His most blessed will—
In furnace fires I'm holding still,
Though heart and flesh are grieved;
I answer, "As Thou wilt," dear Lord!
And rest on His unfailing Word,
In whom I have believed.

When in the dark and starless night,
Without one ray of cheering light,
I lift my eyes above;—
Then 'mid the gloom, and falling tears,
My great Deliverer appears,
And cheers me with His love!

Oh, wondrous power of Gospel grace,
To fill the heart with joy and praise,
When earth seems dark and drear!
To shed its radiance o'er the gloom,
And fill this desert world with bloom,
And make an Eden here!

CHRIST'S WITNESSES.

"It should be remembered," says the Rev. Asa Mahan, "that Christians are in fact, at all times and in all circumstances, in their example before the world, giving their testimony either for Christ or against Him. Their very profession has made them 'spectacles to God, to angels and to men.' They are therefore, in their conversation and deportment, always giving their testimony in favor of or against God's truth. How solemn the position that man assumes, who before the world professes himself a child of God. He stands as a medium of communication between God and the world—a medium to transmit the beams of the Sun of Righteousness—or, by obstructing those rays, to perpetuate and render more dark the darkness which covers the earth." —*True Believers.*

[A valued correspondent has been urging the republication of Mrs. S. A. Lankford's experience, as published in the GUIDE of 1841. Believing that many of the friends of Jesus may be strengthened thereby, we cheerfully accede to the request, and give it with some additional items of interest.—ED.]

THE WAY THE LORD LED ME.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

When near thirteen, seeing a minister apparently very happy, I desired the same enjoyment; and was instantly prompted to secure it, by seeking to become a child of God. On the Wednesday following, after an earnest struggle for pardon, I heard Jesus whisper,

"Thy sins are forgiven;
Accepted thou art!
I listened—and heaven
Sprung up in my heart."

My transported soul, perfectly unconscious of earthly objects, was permitted, as if disembodied, to mingle with the heavenly choir, in praise and adoration. The witness imparted that moment has never since been questioned. For weeks my joys were uninterrupted, not even a temptation was permitted to cloud my sky.

But soon school-days came. Hard lessons required attention, and the little happy convert could

scarcely consent to turn away her thoughts, even for a short time, from her precious Bible and little hymn book. Her teacher was unconverted,—this gave her anxiety. Her schoolmates sometimes ridiculed her strictness. But as trials came, victories multiplied. The blessed Spirit soon taught her that she must study hard lessons to please the Lord. Then hard lessons became easy,—no longer irksome.

A triumph which lasted long, was given one day at noon recess. Persecution was unusually annoying; her heart was ready to faint. Her hand was on the door opening into the school-room, when she withdrew it, saying, "Dear Father, I cannot go into the room feeling so; I must be refreshed." She put her hand in the school bag, to take out her little Testament, but the little hymn book came out. Thinking it was her Testament, as she opened it to get comfort, her eye rested on

"Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
It is the Lord's command;
Never let trifles stop your way
To Canaan's happy land."

When in my fifteenth year, my class-leader presented me with "Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection." I began to pray earnestly for all that was my privilege to enjoy. My desires were intense, temptations powerful, but O, how often in flying to Jesus for refuge, have I felt all the sweetness and security of a babe in its mother's arms.

My views were not clear, but I wanted something. A Camp-meeting came, and I said, I will get the blessing there. On Monday at the first meeting, seekers were invited forward for prayers. I presented myself as seeking a clean heart. All the week, at every meeting, I was found at the mourners' bench, praying and struggling. The last night of the Camp-meeting came, and I was not satisfied. The whole night was spent in tears, with unutterable groaning. Often was heard by me, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," only believe. My heart as often replied, I do believe, but I want to feel.

Dear ones remained with me. The day was dawning, but I said, I cannot give it up, I must be blessed. My dear mother whispered, "You must leave this place." She put loving arms around me, gently raising me to my feet. Finding I could struggle no longer, I consented to believe, and as I said, "Lord, I will believe, the blood of Jesus cleanseth," my swollen eyes met the first crimson ray in the eastern horizon. The instantaneous joyous transition of that moment cannot be described. My heart and my voice exclaimed, Glory! The Son of Righteousness has risen with healing in His wings. Truly faith has power in it.

For many days the breathing of my heart was, glory, glory! feeling truly

"Heaven already is begun,
Opened in each believer."

Then came a longing for the fruition of heaven, and a subtle temptation to fear that I might fall by the hand of my enemy, and grieve the Spirit, as some of my dear youthful associates seemed to be doing; or, that I mght live to be old and useless. So strong was this temptation, that on returning

from a funeral, I said, Oh, that they had laid this one away, then should I have been safely sheltered. I shall never forget the power with which the heavenly Reprover spoke to my heart at that moment, and said, "How ungrateful! God has given you an existence that you might glorify Him on earth, and enjoy Him forever."

The reproof was followed by such precious intimations of love, and promises of care, as brought plenteous tears of shame and confessions. Soon after the promise, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age," was given with much distinctness and power, (I was now about fifteen), and with much feeling I said, "If I live to be sixty years old, I will claim that promise."

New responsibilities were now constantly opening before me, and I was continually looking to the strong for strength, but at times was strongly tempted to shrink, feeling conscious of my own insufficiency. When just converted, I promised to obey, and told the Lord I would believe it to be His voice, and obey the dictates of His people as to religious duties. On one occasion, to keep this promise seemed almost impossible, but the blessed Holy Spirit strengthened my heart in the night season. I dreamed that my class-leader asked me to lead the meeting. I could hardly believe that I understood him rightly. A silent whisper said, "Remember your promise! Don't you ask the good Spirit to direct Bro. Moore's thoughts, and clothe them with words, etc.? Can He not direct yours if you ask Him?" In my sleep I went forward, depending on promised help, and in waking hours was blessedly strengthened to walk into every open door.

When about sixteen, circumstances made it necessary to go into another class. Leader and members seemed fearful of what was called a high profession. Gradually the witness of holiness became dim. Soon it was relinquished.

Up to this time I had not had very clear or painful views of the natural depravity of the human heart. It was not until 1824 the veil was lifted, that I might glance at the corruptions of my nature. Almost overwhelmed at the sight, and while abhorring myself, was astonished that even the infinite love of Jesus could look on one so impure. My views of sin, its awful demerit, and anguish felt in consequence, was now much, *much* more clear and keen, than before justification. It now seemed as if the enemy must be forced to surrender, by continued resistence; and the conflict was sore.

In the early part of 1825, I obtained the "Christian Manual," by Rev. Timothy Merritt, and through this means was led to expect deliverance through faith in the atonement. While in this state of extreme anxiety, I dreamed one night of being alone in a large, beautiful field of snow, on a lovely moon-light evening. Nature looked so pure and heavenly, I thought surely God is here—I will kneel and ask him to purify my heart just now. I did so, and was immediately filled with light and inexpressible glory, and exclaimed, This is not holiness, but heaven! I awoke filled with holy rapture, and said, If I had only been awake,

I should have no doubt that God had purified my heart. I immediately arose, and fell on my knees to ask the blessing, but prayer was lost in praise; yet I did not confidently claim the witness of holiness.

Those distressing views of depravity seemed to be withdrawn, and the enemy often suggested, that I was losing my convictions; but my soul was all athirst for the full impress, my views of faith became more clear, and I often attempted to believe *now*.

Thus I went forward for about three months, generally rejoicing, and sometimes believing the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth.

One Saturday evening I resolved not to rise from my knees the whole night, or even the next day, without the witness of purity. I plead earnestly. Several times the promise was presented, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth." Tremblingly faith would take hold and say, I do believe; but impatient for further manifestations, I would resume pleading. About one o'clock in the morning, I opened the precious Bible on "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promises. For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith." I felt the reproof; also the encouragement; and calmly said, "Lord, I will believe; I am wholly Thine; help me to abide in Thee." I then retired, resolving to live by faith.

At the dawn of day I awoke, desiring the Lord (almost as a condition of perseverance) to confirm my faith, by directing my eye to some special passage; and for this purpose reached to take a Bible. The suggestion came, "It will only open on some passage which you have marked." Indulging the impression, I withdrew my hand and took another Bible, which I had not used; when the Holy Spirit in infinite condescension, directed my eye to—"Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." A thrilling sensation came over me; I felt to draw back would be death, and cried, "Lord, keep me now." Throughout the day, a most profound solemnity rested on my mind. Holiness seemed written on every object.

On Monday the enemy suggested, "It is possible you may yet be deceived; you have not received this blessing as you expected." But my heavenly Father soon assured me, if an earthly parent would not give a stone for bread, or a scorpion for fish, neither would He. My soul was now sweetly and continually sustained by the precious promises. It was only to ask and receive. On Tuesday morning, a very powerful temptation being presented, I hastened to the closet, and pleading my youth and inexperience, felt encouraged to ask another, and a still more powerful assurance of purity. The answer was instantly given by a most powerful application of—"Now are ye clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you." It was enough, and my enraptured soul could only adore such infinite condescension.

On Thursday evening, being invited to a class where the leader was peculiarly clear in his teaching, before going, I dared to ask that Bro. J—— might be led to say something to me, that I might

more clearly understand the witness of the Spirit. The room was crowded, but no Bro. J—— was seen; the class being led by a sister. My faith was tried. The suggestion was, You have asked too much; the Spirit is grieved. You ask that Bro. J—— might give you light, that was asking another sign. The Lord will not indulge you; you have gone too far. But when the sister had finished leading, what was my surprise, Bro. J—— rose from an obscure corner of the room, and said, "I heard a sister say that she desired the direct witness of the Spirit; that she was wholly the Lord's." Coming to me, he inquired, "Are you wholly the Lord's?" I answered, "I think I am." "Don't you know that you are wholly the Lord's?" I replied, "I believe I am." "Don't you know it?" I had to say, "I believe I do." He continued, "Do you want to know it?" Again he said, "Do you know what street you are in?" Receiving an affirmative, he continued, "Do you want to know? Do you know the sun shines? Do you want to know?" until I was truly ashamed of wanting to know a fact which I did know. For nearly a week, I was permitted in a manner unknown before, to walk and talk with God, continually receiving repeated and powerful assurances of purity.

(To be Continued.)

For the Guide.

PEBBLES.

M. ANNESLEY.

How differently we think of God's dealing with us when we are intimately acquainted with Him.

Faith forgets care, and love lives in the holy place.

It is a great opportunity for good to have the ears of a congregation.

The art of holy living is in continually picking up blessings in all circumstances, for all things work together for good to them that love God. Says one, "I do believe God has a people here on earth whose greatest joy it is to be wholly His, and whose lives do praise Him in all things."

We may simplify too much for children and dwarf their powers by not giving that instruction, which they may not yet understand, but would have the power to incite to greater attainments.

God takes care of all we commit to Him, although we may forget when, and where, we asked these favors of Him.

In watching unto prayer we give thanks for answers.

The cross is the healing fountain for all the woes of earth, and happy they who make the personal application of the cleansing stream. And what but vapors are all the sorrows and troubles of life, if we are only in friendship with Jesus?

While we are lamenting, the sorrow is passing, and why not drop all the bitter, and take up with the sweet—the blessed Savior's smile?

Keep the psalm singing in the soul by night and by day—it is often in a very simple, plain tune amid the din of the busy world—Bless the Lord, O my soul! Praise Him! He will carry me safely through the crook in my lot. He has taken me for better and for worse, so there is no danger that He will cast me off, for He hates putting away. Glory hallelujah!

For the Guide.

MOTHER MONROE.

CHAP. II.—ENTIRE DEVOTION AND ITS RESULTS.

"That we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life."

The experience described in the former chapter, marked an important era in the life of Elizabeth Munroe.

In speaking of it, she always said she was not in a backslidden state previous to that wonderful baptism,—but in a state of conscious acceptance with God as His child, having been fully reclaimed, yet feeling that the bent to sinning was not removed; that roots of bitterness were remaining in her heart, and rising up, sometimes troubled her. And when she was brought to see her privilege to be free from these, she could not rest till the work of purification was accomplished, and she was brought into the full liberty of the Gospel.

From that hour there was a steadiness of faith—a fixedness of purpose—a singleness of aim, and devotedness to God that was apparent to all with whom she had intercourse. Conforming in her life to God's Word, and imitating her divine Redeemer in "going about doing good," she was truly "a living epistle"—read and known of all men—setting forth the power and blessedness of an uttermost salvation.

And this was her favorite theme. The precious passage, "He is able to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him," was often upon her lips, and that, she considered, settled all questions in reference to the attainability of perfect purity. What could "uttermost" mean, if it were not an entire cleansing of heart and perfection of the Christian graces? That word "uttermost," in connection with that other little word, "save," it was the delight of her heart to repeat. It was soon after the beginning of that deeper and richer experience that she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the City of Boston, and from that time she shed the hallowed lustre of her beautiful Christian example, for more than half a century. Although in the humble walks of life, she won the respect and confidence not only of her own Church, but of the community to whom she was known.

There began her walks of usefulness, in which the sick, the poor, the sorrowful and the sinful hailed her as an angel of mercy; and there, through the remainder of her long life, she diffused blessings, precious and unnumbered.

Long before her advanced age warranted the title of Mother Munroe, she was truly "a mother in Israel," and looked up to as a counsellor, comforter, and "succorer of many."

A mother, to whom the babes might come for the "milk of the Word,"—and the weak, the lame, the halt, and the blind, for strength and healing and comfort.

Mrs. Rev. J. H. Mansfield thus writes of her "sweet and precious recollections of Mother Munroe:"

"The Christliness, the spiritual influence about her, the holy atmosphere in which she lived, "making her presence," as one has expressed it, "a continual benediction;" this was her chief attraction: hence the impossibility of

giving a correct portraiture of her character. One was constantly charmed by her unassuming manners, her self-forgetfulness; while in her public efforts, that sweet, childlike simplicity in prayer and exhortation, the entire absence of everything that savors of self-exaltation, and the hidden power of the Holy Ghost which attended her words, attracted us, we scarcely knew why.

"One of the first outward manifestations of her entire devotion to God, was a great change in the style of her dress, from excessive gaiety to extreme plainness.

"Alluding to this change, she gave her reason for it as applying specially to her own case; but she never urged, or even intimated that it was obligatory upon anyone to imitate her in her apparel.

She said dress had been a snare to her before her entire consecration to God, and her natural desire for gayety and conformity to the world she found must be crucified, for it stood right in the way of her complete salvation; so, to crush out her love for it, she chose to go to the other extreme. Whether God required her to do, or whether a middle course would not have been more pleasing to Him, and would not have recommended religion more than her extreme plainness, is not for us to determine. The matter was between herself and her God; but that she was willing to make such a sacrifice for His sake, furnished evidence the strongest of her sincere love and fidelity to Him, and must have been acceptable in His sight.

Her way of dealing with persons whose dress she deemed inconsistent, is illustrated by the following: "Wishing to impress a company of young ladies with the sin and folly, as she deemed it, of putting on gold and gay attire, Mother Munroe quaintly remarked,—'God made my face so pretty that I don't need any ornament.' Her face, though very plain, wore a charm of which none of that band could boast, but which they were compelled secretly to admit."

In the chapel of the old South Church, many years ago, she made a very touching appeal to Christian women in regard to worldly conformity. Assuming that they were conscientious in the matter, she said, in her sweet motherly way: "My dear sisters, don't feel obliged to conform to the fashions and customs of the world. The devil will tell you it is necessary, in order to gain an influence over all classes, but don't you believe him! He is a liar! You will have a stronger influence, and greater power, by keeping separate from the world."

She was a living exemplification of the truth she asserted. Though singularly plain in her attire, she gained the esteem of all classes.

She remarked to one of her friends, in regard to her singular dress,—"I don't know that I would do it again, if I had my time to live over; for it makes others sin by laughing at it. Well, it may have done a few people good,—thank God if it did."

Art thou weary with life's weary cares?
Arise from earthly labors and depart
To some still place, where God awaits thy call,—
And falling on thy knees before Him, plead
For strength, and rest, and comfort.—He shall lift
Thy tired heart up, as if on angels' wings,
And give thee fruit from the celestial trees,
And the pure water of eternal life.
So shalt thou go from out thy closet glad
And buoyant with the rich supply of heaven.

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

Bible Key-Words—"Amen."

Bible *Amens* are very precious. They are full of significance—they have a divine emphasis.

Bishop Hopkins says: "When it is prefixed, it is assertory,—as in the Evangelists: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee;' that is, 'Amen, amen, I say unto thee;' which is a vehement assertion of the truth and necessity of what he speaks. When it is subjoined, and used at the end of a speech or prayer, it is *precatory*, and signifies our earnest desire to have our prayers heard and our petitions granted; as, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting: Amen, and amen. In the former case it signifies, *So it is*—in the latter, *So be it.*"

AN OLD TESTAMENT AMEN.

Sabbath, July 6.—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel for ever and ever. And all the people said, Amen, and praised the Lord."—1 Chron. 16; 36.

An Old Testament Amen! It is found in David's Thanksgiving Psalm which he delivered to Asaph to be sung. It was a jubilee occasion—the bringing up of the ark from the house of Obed-edom to its wonted resting place. David was clothed in a robe of white linen, and all the Levites that bare the ark, and the singers, and Chenaniah, the master of the song (or carriage) with the singers. And all Israel brought up the ark of the covenant of the Lord with shouting, and with sound of the cornet, and with trumpets, and with cymbals, making a noise with psalteries and harps.

The Psalm of Thanksgiving which was sung is full of majesty—it is recitative, embracing historic remembrances, in which the mercy and power of the Lord are adoringly commemorated. It closes with the elevated strains of the passage before us—and the impressive *Amen*, in which all the people united, and praised the Lord.

What would be thought of such a service now,—all the people with loud voice praising the Lord, and rolling out the *Amen?* We have something akin to it in some of our forms of Christian worship. But this Jewish Festival, the songs and high praises of God, must have been a sublime occasion. So let our hearts go out, and our voices too, so far as there is opportunity, in these lofty ascriptions of praise. And our public services should be spiritual and eliciting general participation. St. Jerome tells us, it was the custom in his days to close up every prayer with such a unanimous consent, that their *Amens* rung and echoed in the Church, and sounded like the falling of waters or the noise of thunder. So Israel of old and Israel of the primitive age have been in unison in the use of this wondrous *Amen.*

AMEN TO A PRAYER.

Sabbath, July 13.—"And let the whole earth be filled with His glory: Amen, and amen."—Psalm 72: 19.

The Psalmist was in an adoring mood. He was celebrating the glories of King Solomon, the breadth and splendor of his kingdom—and prophetically of the King of Zion, of whom Solomon was a type. This was the closing sentence: "And let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and amen." With this sublime sentence, "the prayers of David the son of Jesse were ended."

Moses had his eye on the coming glory when he said, prophetically, "But as true as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." Prephecy is full of the unfoldings of Messianic glory. Thus Zechariah writes: "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in

that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one."

To the eye of sense the prospect seems dubious. So dense is the darkness overspreading the earth—so mighty the combinations of evil—so powerful the thrones of iniquity—that the skeptical may well ask, How can these things be? The eye of faith, however, pierces the clouds, sees the combinations broken, and the thrones of iniquity demolished. To the eye of faith, prophecy is as written history—because it has the potent *Amen* attachment. That note, like a trumpet blast has been rolling along the ages, giving an inspiration and life to the faithful when all seemed lost. The processes are full of grace, and are steadily contributing to the grand consummation. So, let us continue to pray, "And let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and *Amen!*"

THE AMEN VERIFIED.

SABBATH, JULY 20.—"For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. 1:20.

Jesus makes the promises of God a verity in the experience of His people. They become substance and life. Alford renders the passage thus: "For how many soever be the promises of God, in Him is the yea; wherefore through Him is the Amen, for glory unto God by us." Jesus is the affirmation and fulfillment of them all. No matter about number or magnitude, the Amen secures their verification. Let us not, then, stagger at the promises through unbelief, but live upon them, grow thereby, finding every promise true.

The faith of Dr. Watts in the promises of God was lively and unshaken. "I believe them enough," said he, "*to venture an eternity on them.*" To a friend, at another time, he thus expressed himself: "I remember an aged minister used to say, that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises for their support as the common and unlearned; and so," continued he, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the Gospel that are my support, and I bless God they *are* plain promises, which do not require much labor and pains to understand them; for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that." Reader, live upon the promises—*venture your eternity upon them!*

AMEN EMBODIED.

SABBATH, JULY 27.—"These things saith The Amen, the faithful and true witness.—Rev. 3:14.

Here we have the Amen embodied, in the glorious person of Jesus Christ. As such He is the faithful and true witness, having a voice to speak to the Churches. Thus to the lukewarm Laodiceans, He addressed words of faithful counsel and beseeching love.

Jesus is "*The Amen*"—steady and unchangeable in all His purposes and promises. He is the "faithful and true witness,"—not only having a voice of power, but also a hand of power. Hence He is also declared to be "The beginning of the creation of God—all things at the beginning were made by Him—and by Him all things consist." So also, He is the beginning of the new creation of God, giving life to dead souls, and putting on them the beauteous habiliments of spiritual life.

Reader, has "*The Amen*" become to you the beginning of the creation of God? Has He breathed upon your nature the breath of life, and have you become a living soul, all aglow with life and love? If so, let your light shine; let the divine workmanship within cast its beauteous rays upon the world without. As men trace the signature divine upon the framework of nature, so let it be with the new creation. Let men behold the glories of "*The Amen*" revealed in your character and life, that they may be moved to adoration and praise.

"THE GLORY THAT EXCELLETH."

REV. B. D. PALMER.

"Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist; notwithstanding, he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."—Matt. 11 : 11.

There can be no question as to their superiority of privilege, who were permitted to hear and see the Lord Jesus when in the flesh, and witness His mighty works, over those that lived before that day. While many now look back to that time, as one of blessedness the like of which earth is never to witness again, it is plainly and repeatedly taught by the Lord Jesus, that all who are truly in the dispensation of the Holy Ghost enjoy incomparably greater privileges. In John 16 : 7 for instance. St. Paul, in 2 Cor. 3; 6–18, deserves study in this connection, but our limits will not permit it. The passage at the head of this article presents the same truth in a different form of words, and its study may serve to re-awaken gratitude in the breasts of such readers as have found its reality, and, perchance, rouse some to seek it.

Let us in the first place pause to discriminate true greatness from that which is false. The two conceptions are exemplified in Mark 9 : 34, where the apostles disputed the pre-eminence, and the Master, taking a child in His arms, showed the right way. Great as was the privilege of association with our Lord in the period of His ministry, yet the apostles' conception of greatness was in harmony with the world's standard at that time; but after Pentecost it was radically different. Prov. 16 : 32 is a notable expression of the nature of true greatness; and except to such as gain the standpoint, our Savior utters exexplicable language when He says, (John 14 : 12), "Greater works than these shall he do that believeth on me, because I go unto my Father."

In the next place, it is needful to be clear as to what is meant by the "kingdom of heaven." The phrase continually meets us from the lips of Jesus. We could hardly make a greater mistake than to understand it of the sphere of future blessedness. That would be saying very little of the life in glory. Our eternal home is so transcendant, that it is an impossibility for words to convey, or men in the flesh to receive, any description of it; and this fact of its indescribableness is most suggestive of its glory! Paul's statement of the nature of this kingdom —"not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"—is definite and comprehensive:—the dispensation of the Holy Ghost ushered in on the day of Pentecost.

Let us next consider our Savior's testimony of John's equality with the greatest that lived before him. "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist. John was now in prison, and in his doubt and gloom had sent the inquiry, Art thou He that should come, or look we for another? And it may be that some were ready to indulge depreciative judgment of him. As we call up the greatness of Moses, and Elijah, and David, we are prone to hesitate at what is here affirmed of John, as if the words could not bear the instruction that lies upon their face. But wherein did John's greatness consist? He was no

legislator, like Moses; and there is no point of comparison with the regal eminence of David, or the eloquence of Isaiah;—his pre-eminence lay in his relation of Herald of Messiah, and closer approach to full-orbed mercy; preparing the way of the Lord—spiritually exalted to behold the witnessing Dove—the first to point to the Lamb that taketh away sin!

(*Concluded in our next.*)

HOLINESS.

REV. A. R. BRADBURY, A. M.

O holiness, O blissfulness,
Thou wilt thy faithful foll'wer bless;
Thou art the source of perfect joy,
No mixture of debased alloy.

How thou wilt bless the human race,
And its pure happiness increase;
Thou wilt enlarge the panting heart
With solid peace,—Thou wilt impart.

Thy radiance beams from heaven above,
Where all is purity and love;
Where seraph's shout, "holy, holy,
Holy, Most High, Thou Almighty."

O holiness, the Lord oft gives
Thy joys to those whom He forgives;
Fills them with heaven while here below,
And future blessings will bestow.

Of the whole world, thou art the light,
Of all thy saints, their pure delight;
The heavenly hosts rejoice in thee,
And will, to all eternity.

The Lord, our God, then let us praise,
And loudest hallelujahs raise
For holiness, while here on earth,
The harbinger of heavenly mirth.

For the Guide.

A FEW THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

A. A. HOBART.

"It is not bread alone by which we live, [give;
Heaven's bounteous store-house richer dainties
While we're nourished here with angels food,
Vouchsafed by Providence through Jesus' blood."

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and are safe."

O, what a refuge! what an asylum! always accessible, and we have only to think of Jesus to find our weary souls within this tower. There reposes here all that serves to lighten the burdens of this mortal life. It is the one fold, whose Shepherd carries His lambs in His arms, safe from all surrounding elements calculated to disturb or disquiet. How much there is in the name of God. The Psalmist in almost every verse speaks of Him, and even down to this late generation,—"This God is our God forever and ever. He will be our Guide even unto death."

When Jesus Christ cried from the cross, "It is finished," and the whole plan of human redemption was completed, then, and all the way down through these last nineteen centuries, the world of humanity have had a right to claim free salvation through His shed blood. What a power in that love, and what an enormity, in sin, to require such a sacrifice. No pains have been spread that He may possess us wholly, and yet how dim the spiritual vision.

Have any of God's people, at any time, felt prayer to be a penance, or some holy drudgery, which opens and closes each day with a forced devotion, without spirit or power,—and God's Word to be a sealed book, whose truth at times seems meaningless,—if so, dear friend of Zion, let us rally to the help of the Lord against the powers of the mighty.

To feel the pressure of the everlasting arms, and to stand on the Rock of ages; to hide ourselves under His wing; to feel that the air is perfumed with His love,—is truly worth more than all burnt

offerings and sacrifices. Those who are fully yielded unto God, enjoy a fullness of peace which none knoweth, save those who receive it. To such there are no sleepless nights from anxious or corroding care. They walk through the burning furnace and come out unscathed. They have a cloudy pillar by day, and one of fiery burning by night; and sunshine meets darkness, while they ever sing,—"This is heaven's border land."

When the Holy Ghost comes into the heart, He comes as His own regulator. All superfluous things fall off without effort, because the will is harmonious with God's will. He comes as a sanctifier, He comes as a refiner and a purifier; and where this Spirit reigns, reason teaches us that no sin can reign.

O, that the faith of God's people may increase until this world is deluged with divine power, from east, west, north and south, and all kindred nations and tongues shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest.

PORTLAND, ME.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. C. W. ROLLINS.

Mary Elizabeth Ely, wife of C. W. Rollins, Esq., of Ida Grove, Ida Co., Iowa, one of the most highly educated, amiable, and fully consecrated Christian ladies of the State of Iowa, on the morning of Thursday, May 15th, 1879, passed triumphantly from earth to the house of the redeemed, aged thirty-eight years, 5 months, and 22 days. She was born in Pittsfield, Mass., on the 17th day of December, 1840. Coming to the West while young in life, she became one of the teachers of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. She held this position for five consecutive years, securing the respect and esteem of the students and all who formed her acquaintance. In June, 1870, she removed to her former home in Pittsfield, Mass., where, on Aug. 22, 1870, she was married to C. W. Rollins, Esq. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Rollins moved to Tipton, Iowa, but soon found themselves in the new little city of Ida Grove, where everything seemed so promising for those first starting out in life.

She was a member of the M. E. Church, being converted when only twelve years of age, and connected with that Church ever since. She was the first President of the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church of Ida Grove, Iowa, and always looked carefully that nothing should be done in forwarding our Church building enterprises, that was contrary to the pure, devoted Christian life. In class-meetings, love feasts, everywhere, she was always ready to do or say something for the Masters honor and glory. Her death was a grand illustration of the Christian's triumph over that dreaded monster. She was always ready for death, and when it was evident that the hour was near, she called the family around her, and, after making arrangements for her burial, and bidding farewell to husband, children and friends, she sweetly exclaimed, "Its so bright! its so bright! It is nothing to die!" And so she passed away with the same heavenly sunshine upon her countenance she always manifested while among us. She leaves a husband and two children—one four years of age and the other born one week previous to her death—to mourn her loss.

We cannot close this memoriam in better language than that used by Henry Worcester, Esq., in reference to her, which, as coming from one outside of the Church of her choice, shows how keenly her death is felt in the community: "Mrs. Rollins was one of those, who, when they go hence, leave the world a little better than when they found it. Possessing a mind adorned with all the Christian graces, with intellectual faculties of a high order, cultured and scholarly; her faith in God a living example; her heart full of human sympathy,

heard throughout the borders of our Zion. But let us remember that Church communities are made up of individuals. And if you, beloved reader, as an individual, are not living under the full power of the baptism of the Spirit, ask for it with that faith that will take no denial, NOW. You need not wait till you go to Camp meeting; get it NOW, then you will be prepared to go to the tented grove, so full of faith and power, that through you scores may be led to the cleansing fountain.

WHO WILL OBEY?

Feed my Lambs! The call is imperative, but the work to be done is delightful. It is Jesus, the great Shepherd, that gives the command. It is He alone that has been encouraging the hearts of His servants in the ingathering of these lambs into the fold, that have occurred during the fall and winter months, in so many different localities of our beloved country. Showers of blessings have descended, and the wilderness and the solitary places have been made glad, and the desert has been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. A large number of persons have united with almost every branch of the Evangelical Church. It may not be generally known, but the beloved "Society of Friends" have been holding revival serviees, and hundreds have been added to their membership.

In the M. E. Church, perhaps, a hundred thousand probationers have been received within its pale, and it becomes a question of deepest interest, and may we not say, of some solicitude, what manner of instructions and treatment the babes in Christ shall receive, knowing as Paul said of the Corinthians, "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers."

Many years since, Rev. Samuel Merwin, one of the noble generals that had led many an army of Immanuel's legions to glorious victory, urged the young converts to obtain a Bible or pocket Testament, and as opportunity offered to read it, as it contained minute instructions how we may always be victorious. He stated that he never knew one to backslide who carried the Word of God with them, and made it their daily study. It is Bible Christians that our poor world needs. Shall these young converts become Bible Christians? that is, "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might?" Shall they learn to use the "Sword of the Spirit," which is the Word of God? Shall these newly-enlisted ones honor the God of the Bible, by making it the first book in the morning and the last book at night? If so, "an entrance shall be ministered unto them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

We knew one who was frequently invited to give advice to the youthful disciples, who recommended keeping short accounts, never letting a day pass without having a full settlement with heaven before retiring to rest, so that sudden death would be sudden glory. Another recommended studying Peter's arithmetic, or sum in addition, as recorded 2 Peter i, as a certain recipe for final perseverance, where he commands, "giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity; for if these things be in you and abound, they make you, that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." He then adds, "If ye do these things, ye shall never fall." We here realize the fact that obedience is necessary, if we would be winners of the prize of endless life.

A brother who went with his family to camp-meeting had two children converted. Before leaving the encampment they united with the Church on probation, and partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On returning he was accosted by his brother, who shook his head, and exclaimed, "Quick work! quick work! converted, joined the Church, and partake of the sacrament all in one week! Where will your children be in six months?" He replied, "I do not know, but by the help of the

Lord we will keep them at the feet of Jesus."

On returning home he told his wife what had occurred. The family consisted of himself, wife, his daughter Manilla, about ten, and Chester, a little boy of eight, and a pious servant woman. He proposed to his wife to have class-meeting over the supper-table, and prayer-meeting before retiring, saying, "These dear children can't backslide so far in one day, but we may bring them back before going to bed."

The effect of such training was, Manilla grew up an earnest and devoted Christian, and became a helpmeet for one of the ambassadors of the court of heaven. Chester, boy-like, was a little oftener out of the way, but he too retained his piety, and became a class-leader and steward in the house of God.

News Along the Line.

A GREAT PIONEER.

REV. C. P. HARD.

The South India Conference during its recent session at Madras, unanimously, by resolutions, expressed its love and thanks to Rev. William Taylor, and requested Bishop Bowman, presiding, to appoint him the "Agent" of the Conference. They recognized his providential mission with reference to South America, and endorsed his delay as to returning to India, while they very much regretted his absence. They were gratified for the assistance rendered in securing the consent of men to go from America to their Eastern field, and that of bishops in transferring them, and for the furnishing of their passage money. Bishop Bowman encouraged the brethren in their submission to this providential detention by speaking of the magnitude and importance of that South American work.

In Bombay, where a Parsee hotel agent said, in the beginning of 1872, that he had "never heard the name of Methodist" in that city, having a population in Queen Victoria's dominions ranking next to London, the foundations of our Church were laid by this pioneer, with such real spiritual success that, as Bro. Gamble says, in a letter giving first impressions: "They are primitive Methodists, and their Monday evening prayer meeting shames the frequently small attendance in Western lands." Their two hundred members represent many hundred attendants, daily street preachings in several languages and a native Church and congregation having a pastor preaching in Mahratti, Rev. Geo. Bowen, editor, author, scholar and holy man. Their printed quarterly plan, as long ago as June, 1877, had the names of a half a dozen native (Hindoo) local-preachers, who preach in real primitive style and win Hindoos to the Lord Jesus. One of his Parsee converts has now improved his education in London, and has returned to India and is preaching powerfully and boldly to the sun-worshippers. The Bombay Methodists gave between seven and eight thousand dollars to our Church work last year.

In Calcutta the long, arduous struggle of the great evangelist in visiting twelve hours a day, in palace and hovel—in hospital and street, to establish real religion in that dry moral soil, succeeded, so that now half a thousand members and probationers, using their second Church to which twelve hundred people come on Sabbath evenings, witness the presence of white-robed educated Hindoos listening to the Gospel, some of them coming to the seats for the inquirers, where week after week souls turn to the Lord. This body of believers showed their faith last year by their gift of between eleven and twelve thousand dollars. This conflict on land and sea goes forward under the leadership of Dr. J. M. Thoburn, whom the majority of the Methodist preachers in India desired as Bishop in 1875.

In Madras, the capital of the third Presidency, the swiftly prosperous toil of the grand pioneer was recognized and aided by some of the first military and civil officers of Government in India, some of whom are now glorified and no doubt rejoice that they laid no obstacle in the way of that work of God, but gave their hospitality by

the half year. The Minutes of the Conference, which have just arrived, report three Methodist circuits and four pastors in that city, where the foundation of the second Church was laid at the close of the recent Conference by the presiding elder, Rev. W. B. Osborn. as the bishop who had just laid the corner stone of our third Church in Bangadore, an adjacent city of the district was obliged to take the steamer earlier than expected.

In Madras a native preacher, member of Conference, gives all his time to the Tamil masses, as does another member of Conference, second preacher at Allahabad. Several of the pastors preach in the vernaculars. One-tenth of the membership of two thousand are Hindoos converted in our Church. The Conference of thirty has several natives of India.—"Buffalo Adv."

ENCOURAGING FOR FRANCE.

Rev. Geo. Pierce, of Paris, gives us an account of M. Reveillaud's baptism of the Holy Spirit. He says: "A few months back he called at my depot with friends who were engaged in starting a daily Protestant Journal, of which he was to be the principal editor, in order to awaken public opinion in regard to Protestantism. I was absent at the moment, but my fellow-laborer in the work of disseminating Christian and uncontroversial literature in this land, faithfully spoke to him of the necessity of a personal experience of the grace of Christ, in order permanently to influence and benefit the French people.

"He admitted the truth of the remark, but added, 'It would take a long time and much study to arrive at that point.' 'No,' said my friend, 'it only requires a revelation of the Holy Spirit to your soul.' M. Reveillaud's countenance fell, the tears started in his eyes, and he left the office, assenting but sad.

"Shortly after he had an extraordinary dream, and immediately began to witness to his brethren and the world, of the fulness of the grace of God in Christ, and to the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. He had found to his joyful experience, that to enjoy all this, 'much time and study" were out of the question. It was an instantaneous blessing, and bestowed apart from even the exercise of arguments and reasonings, when his mind was passive and in sleep. Yes, all this is possible with God, and my earnest hope is, that this remarkable conversion of the Rationalist may cast a new light on our pastors, and on Protestants generally, as to what will result from the presence and operations of the Holy Spirit in our days. M. Reveillaud had accepted the task of editing this new daily Journal, but his new experience has swayed his mind, and he is now intent upon more spiritual work—that of announcing the Gospel to the people, and he has resigned the editorship."

The N. Y. "Christian Advocate" of May 1st, says: "Another method of evangelization has been inaugurated this winter, with success, in some of the most Catholic portions of the country. M. Reveillaud, a converted journalist, has visited, in company with pastor Dardier, of Geneva, a number of towns in the centre and west of France, for the purpose of lecturing on Catholicism, Protestantism, and the Gospel. The object of his lectures was, to show that Popery has ever been the enemy of our liberal institutions, its desire being only for domination. Free thought, or infidelity, which denies everything, is unable to cope with it and resist it. The Gospel only can bring clericalism to a stand. Hence, all so-called Roman Catholics, who are only Catholics in name, and who dread the influence of clericalism, should at once leave Romanism, with their families, and connect themselves with Protestantism. These lectures have been very successful. M. Reveillaud has delivered them, with the requisite permissions, in the theatres, or in the town halls where the Gospel had not been preached for many years, and hundreds of families have signed a resolution to leave Romanism and connect themselves with Protestantism.

"I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin;
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within."

ONLY HOPE FOR FRANCE.

The Protestant movement is represented from many sources to be rapidly spreading in France. The Comtesse de Castries, the mother of the wife of ex-President MacMahon, has organized a Protestant congregation at Montargis, near her chauteau, and similar congregations are springing up in other towns previously entirely Catholic. The Comtesse says that "evangelical religion is the only hope for France. The Government cannot long stand without a basis of religious belief, and the Catholic religion will not serve for that basis. It may do for our higher classes, for our Quartier de St. Germain, but it has lost its hold upon the masses."

COPENHAGEN.

Our American Minister, Dr. Cramer, writes in reference to religious matters at Copenhagen: "Lord Radstock, an English evangelist, has been laboring in this city for the past three weeks. He has preached five times in our drawing-rooms, we have readily granted their use for that purpose. Indeed, it was only a continuation of the religious services I held at my house during the past winter. Persons of the highest rank and nobility were present; among them Prince John (the king's brother), two of the queen's court ladies, two Russian princes, ministers, admirals, commodores, military and civil officers, and other ladies and gentlemen of high rank. After preaching, Lord Radstock held generally private coversations with seekers of religion, after which tea was served. All of the invited guests expressed themselves as highly gratified and pleased with these religious evening entertainments—Gospel feasts. Several persons have been thus converted. It may be a novel way of entertaining, but it has thus far been 'taking.' It is certainly more improving than the old style 'routs.'

"Lord Radstoek has also preached several times in the English Church, once in the Methodist Church, the pastor, Rev. C. Schou, translating it into Danish; and several times in the Reformed Church, Rev. Mr. Schou here also translating. When Lord Radstock asked me to furnish him a translator, I at once suggested the superintendent of our missions and preacher in charge of our Ceurch in this city, who did his work admirably, thus bringing our missions at a good time into favorable public notice. Lord Radstock has, I think, done much good here as elsewhere, though with some of his utterances and methods we cannot, viewed from our Methodistic standpoint, agree. He is wholly consecrated to the service of the Lord, and believes in the power of prayer."

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

Prince Galitzin, a young Russian nobleman, converted by a Bible given him at the Paris Exhibition, proposes to build thirty Bible kiosks and to fit up seven Bible carriages. He intends to travel for seven months in Russia with Mr. Clough of Paris, whom he has engaged to have charge of these carriages, saying, "Since Christ has laid down His precious life for me, I will give my whole life and time and fortune to His service."

AFRICA.

Great prosperity is reported in regard to Bishop Crowther's work among the negroes along the Niger River, in Africa. The bishop is a colored man and a native of Africa. He is in the service of the English Church Missionary Society, and has ordained missionaries at nine stations on the river. At Bonny, which is one of the principle of these stations, the converts suffered from bitter and protracted persecutions, which has now nearly ceased. About eleven hundred persons are reported in attendance at the preaching services on Sunday. One of the triumphs of the missionary work is that an important chief named Sambo was recently married according to the forms of the Church of England. Another eminent chief, who bears the pleasant name of Oko Jumbo, has thrown his influence in favor of Bishop Crowther and the work, and says that he will do what he can to win the subordinate chiefs to his way of thinking.

GLORIOUS TIDINGS.

The Buffalo "Christian Advocate" says: "A matter of great interest concerning the Jews is stated in a letter written by Rev. Dr. Shedd from Hamadan, Persia. It is to the effect that one of the oldest colonies of Jews is found in Hamadan. Their ancestors were carried captive by the Assyrian king twenty-five centuries ago. For months past the colony has been agitated by the question, "Is not Jesus the Messiah?" Four of the chief men, the heads of one thousand houses (about five thousand people), have, after long trial, been publicly baptized, and many others are asking to confess Christ. As in the days of the Apostles, the whole city is moved, and one Nestorian helper is day and night beset with Jews seeking instruction in the New Testament."

Revival Miscellany.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING IN BALTIMORE.

W. R. MONROE, M. D.

From the 22d to the 25 of May inclusive, being the Convention of delegates to the Young Men's Christisn Association from various parts of our country and of the world. Extraordinary manifestations of divine power were displyed, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost came upon many of those delegates almost in pentecostal measure.

Seven months ago, Mr. D. L. Moody commenced his first services in Baltimore, in the Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church, by preaching exhortation, and insisting on entire consecration and full baptism of the Holy Spirit as being essential to successful Christian work. During his last week in Baltimore, he held his meetings in the same Church, and presided over the Convention oi the National Christian Ascociation, with the same specific theme—entire consecration to God and holiness of heart, with the happiest results. For seven months he was most abundant in labors in all parts of the city, among all denominations in seeking the lost and bringing sinners to Christ, and in enlisting the hearty co-operation of ministers and laymen in the glorious work in which he was so successful. Thousands in the Church have been aroused from their lethargy into activity, life and zeal, and thousands among the wicked and worldly have been brought to Christ during his labors in this city.

At midnight on Sunday, 25th ult., Mr. Moody closed his labors before an immense audience of all classes of Christians and delegates of the Young Men's Convention—all of whom were melted to tears. Mr. Moody then declared that during the last three days he had seen the sequel of his coming to Baltimore, when he witnesed hundreds of those Christian workers from all portions of our country, and some from other countries, give themselves to God in entire consecration. On Thursday afternoon, what a grand sight presented itself, when in response to Mr. Moody's request, five hundred Christian delegates of all denominations stood up and pledged themselves, then and there, to give themselves wholly to God, and then bowed in earnest prayer for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and the enduement of power from on high.

Mr. Moody himself wept and prayed, and repeated his experience, which has heretofore been published; namely:—"After I had been some time engaged in evangelistic work, and with considerable success too, in a large congregation, I observed two sisters sitting on the front seat right opposite to me, apparently engaged in earnest prayer. When I approached them and asked them if they would not talk to inquirers, they said, 'No, Mr. Moody, we are praying for you." Praying for me! I asked why was that? They said, 'We are praying that you may be entirely consecrated to God, and become endued with power.' For several days, these two sisters continued on in this way, so I began to think that something must be wrong with me. And I found out that I was full of self and full of Moody. I became miserable, and began to humble myself and to pray earnestly for deliverance. Thank God, deliverence came, and I was emptied

of self, and emptied of Moody, and filled with the Spirit. As a result, from that day to this, I have not held a service, so far as I know, but somebody has been awakened and converted at every meeting. This is the power, dear brethren, you here from the North, the South, East and West need. It is holiness, and that means wholeness. You need to get out of self and be filled with the Spirit."

These consecration services were repeated on Friday afternoon and evening, and on Saturday afternoon and evening, and glorious times were had in many of the Churches by many of these men. What were the results? On Sunday evening many delegates stood up and testified that they had been fully baptized with the Spirit at these meetings. A delegate from Geneva, Switzerland, said the 24th of May (that is the day before, on Saturday) would hereafter be a memorable day in his history, as the day in which he had been fully consecrated to God. He should re-cross the ocean and publish this great salvation to his people. Delegates from London, from Canada, and from the North, South, East and West of our own country, spoke gloriously. Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Rev. F. Van Schleumbach spoke with such extraordinary power, that Mr. Moody prophesied he would be a second Luther to bring the German people to Christ. What glorious times you may expect, Mr. Editor, during the summer campaign, as you shall meet some of those flaming heralds of Christ to welcome and assist you!—"Standard."

Correspondence.

EXTRACT OF LETTER.

In a letter to the editor, Mrs. Bishop Hamline says: "To many thousands of Chistian hearts in this and other lands, has the name of Mary D. James become dear, and every production of her pen is read with interest and profit. This consideration induces me to send you the enclosed communication—an extract of a letter for the GUIDE. How truly have I proved with her, that

> "Behind a frowning providence
> He hides a smiling face."

MY VERY DEAR SISTER HAMLINE:

Bye and bye our youth will be renewed in the bright world where they "no more say I'm sick," and where the lapse of years does not change the appearance. "We shall know each other there," and in immortal bliss and unending fellowship we will recount the wonders of His grace who has led us all these years of our earthly sojourn. I am often overwhelmed with a sense of His goodness, wisdom and love, in looking back on all the way by which He has led me, discerning in even darkest providences a loving Father's hand, and in deepest sorrows—the clearest indications of His tender love. With wondering adoration I am often constrained to exclaim, "Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!"

But "here we know only in part," the innumerable interpositions of the Father's hand in perils—His tender love in afflictions—His unfailing and ever watchful care in every step of our life-journey—will all be fully revealed to us when mortality shall be swallowed up of life. "Then we shall know as also we are known." What then will be our amazement, gratitude and exultation, when the development of the purposes and execution of the divine will in our being, and in all the circumstances of our lives here, will open to our vision the

> "Deep, unfathonable mines
> Of never-failing skill,"

in which the Omniscient One

> "Treasures up His vast designs,
> And works His sovereign will."

This train of thought was suggested to my mind with uncommon interest, by an event which seemed among the inscrutible things of providence, and furnished to the "accusser of the brethren"—and the accuser of God—an occasion for a terrible onslaught on my faith in the divine care and love.

In my first waking moments in the morning I had lifted my soul to God (as I had been accustomed to do) in supplication for His protection, guidance and blessing through the day.

I started to perform what seemed to be a duty, and in going out into the streets of New York—felt an unusual sense of danger. Again I prayed that God would take care of me and guide my steps, when the cheering words were given me, "I will be with thee in all the way whither thou goest." My heart was greatly comforted as I thought—how safe I am, for "the eternal God is my refuge, and underneath me are the everlasting arms."

A short time after, catching my foot in a projecting flagstone, I was dashed upon the pavement and severely injured. Although my head was bruised and terribly shocked, I was not unconscious, but was able to rise and to ring the bell of a door near which I fell, and was kindly received by an aged lady, who ministered to me with the tenderness of the Good Samaritan. As soon as I realized my condition fully, the adversary came to me with the suggestion,—"How strange that God should have permitted this! You had prayed this morning for His protection through the day, and the promise was given that He would be with you. And it is written, 'He will give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.' Now He has permitted you to dash your foot against a stone, and you are nearly killed! You see now that its of no advantage to pray or to put your trust in God.." Immediately the blessed Spirit came to my aid, showing me that it was the arch deceiver trying to rob me of my confidence in God, and assuring me that "all things work together for good to them that love God,"—thus fulfilling the promise, "When the enemy comes in like a flood, then the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

I exclaimed as the blood streamed from the wounds, and the tears from my eyes,—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." I know not why this was permitted, but I do know that God is going to bring some good out of it, and He will show me that He means only love." Then came such a sudden sense of His tender regard and loving care over me and the certainty that He would be glorified by this seeming calamity, that I was disposed to praise Him with all my heart.

I thought, perhaps the Lord has a mission for me to this house and this was the only way by which it could be accomplished. I prayed this morning not only that He would take care of me, but that I might do His will this day; and the desire of my heart has been all the time to do His will at any cost—any sacrifice, and now if He may be glorified by this, is the cost too much? No!—from the depths of my soul I said, No! it is not too much even if my life should be sacrificed, or I should be crippled or maimed all my life, if God's will be accomplished.

As soon as I was able to talk to the dear kind lady who was trying to alleviate my sufferings, I began to speak of the great salvation, and told her how from my early childhood the Savior had led me, and guided and blessed me all the way with the light of His countenance and the joys of his love. Afflictions had come to me, but they all proved blessings; and, I said, this disaster, too, is going to work for good'—I don't know how, but some good is coming out of it. She listented with deep interest and feeling, and a neighbor also who had come in, and who kindly offered to accompany me to Dr. Palmer's, which was then my home—temporarily.

On my return, dear Mrs. Palmer said, "I think the Almighty Healer will soon cure you. I don't think you will suffer long." I replied, "The will of the Lord be done, let it be what it may. My sufferings from the severe concussion, and the bruised condition of my forehead and face, were, for some hours, very distressing; but in counting the mercies, I found so much to be thankful for, that I could but exult and praise God with my whole heart. I thought, what a mercy that I was not made unconscious by the fall! What a mercy that no bones were broken! What

a mercy that I fell so near that house where kind hearts lived! What a mercy that I was able to return to my beloved friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who are as ministering angels to me! And what a mercy, above all other mercies, that I have the presence of the divine Comforter and the precious Savior! That the enemy was not permitted to triumph over me, and that "my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

Oh, what a night of hallowed bliss that was! Jesus talked so sweetly to me, and gave me such precious assurances of His unfailing love. I asked Him to give me relief from the agonizing pain in my head, if according to His will, and very soon the pain ceased,—I had refreshing sleep,—and there was no return of pain afterward! The wounds and bruises were speedily healed, and my friends said they never knew such serious injuries cured so quickly. Thus, dear Sister Palmer's prediction that the Great Physician would soon heal me—was fulfilled. Blessed be His dear name "who healeth all our diseases."

In two days I was able to go down stairs, and was with a friend in the parlor, relating to her the circumstances of the fall, when another lady also was listening to the recital, who in the following Tuesday Meeting alluded to it as having been a great blessing to her, as she was just at that time passing through "a great fight of affliction," and was powerfully assailed by the tempter. Then I was led to follow her, and gave an account of the event and of the great spiritual blessing it had proved to me. At the close of the meeting, several came to me and said they were so glad that I had related it, for it had been a special blessing to them. They had been so tempted and tried, and now they had learned how to defeat the enemy. Many others who have listened to the recital have said the same.

So I am constrained to praise God more and more, as He blesses to so many souls the circumstance which He permitted for the honor of His blessed name. I am sure you will join me in giving praise to "our faithful and unchangeable Friend."

Ever your loving sister,

MARY D. JAMES.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A MINISTER.

About three years ago I determined to seek the Lord. I professed religion when quite young, but alas! I had left my Savior and fallen into sin. I remained in this state for about six years, but at last resolved to seek pardon, at any cost It was a great struggle, for I was desperate with my load of guilt, but my desperation only drove me to the cross. I was an earnest seeker for six months. I would dictate to the Lord, but He would not compromise.

In October 1876, I went to a Camp-meeting held at Sylvan Camp-ground, in Jackson Point, La. I was an anxious penitent. I became afraid to go off alone to pray, fearing God would kill me for mockery. Oh, what strategy Satan uses to beguile penitents. On Sunday evening, October 8th, I was enabled to make the entire surrender of all to Christ, and received the witness of sins forgiven; but did not then, as I expected, feel impressed that I would have to preach, and my joy was full in my newly-found treasure. I carried home with me a Church letter, and presented it to my friends and loved ones; besides they could read in my face and life, that I had been made a new man in Christ Jesus, which seemed sufficient reparation for the many prayers and tears I had cost them by my wayward life. I then began life anew, or rather began to live. I erected a family altar, to offer sacrifices night and morning to my great Deliverer.

The last of October, I attended another Camp-meeting held on the Saline, where I was abundantly blessed; and there I felt the Lord had chosen and called me to preach His own everlasting Gospel. Oh, how heavily His hand was laid upon me! I was willing to obey the call, but felt that I was not yet ready to assume the duties and responsibilities of a minister of Jesus Christ; that I was not prepared for so high and holy a calling, remembering too the divine injunction, "Ye must be clean who bear the vessels of the Lord." Knowing that I must preach or perish, I tarried to receive wisdom and power from on high. I realized in my Christian experience that I

was not free fr m sin; yet there was no condemnation, for I had not transgressed any known law of God; but I was not satisfied, there was a continual struggle—the "flesh lusteth against the spirit." I was striving to be freed from the power and dominion of sin and Satan; the strong man that was cast out strove to replace himself. I was convicted my need of inward purity. Having heard then but very little about sanctification, I did not know that that was what I needed. I carried it all to the Lord, and asked Him to deliver me from the power of my inward foe, and to give me just what I needed, to prepare me for the work He had given me to do.

The time was approaching when I was to be recommended by the Church for license to preach. I felt that the blessing, the power I so much needed must come ere I received my commission—to go into all the world and preach. On the 12th of April, 1877, I claimed by faith, the full benefits of the atonement, and oh! such sweetness ran through my soul! "Glory to Jesus," I cried, "for me the Savior died.', I felt that I was washed in the fountain of cleansing, and "sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, after that I had believed." I sought this blessing from a sense of need, not knowing whether to claim it for sanctification or not. This was given me, "If we ask bread will He give us a stone?" Then taking the Apostle at his word, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." In the fear of God, I do claim that the "blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth me from all sin," now. I will not, dare not claim less. When I received and confessed the blessing of sanctification, there were only two others that claimed it in the Church to which I belonged, and very few in the country. One of these to which I refer was my spiritual mother, who first led me to Jesus, and has been to me as a guardian spirit—as a light along the shore to warn me when danger was nigh. I had never heard a sermon on sanctification then. I was licensed to preach on the 12th day of May, one month after I received the blessing of entire sanctification. I bless God I have heard it preached ever since, and by the grace of God, have been enabled to preach it and enforce it as a Bible truth, for "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and I have seen scores of Christians seek and obtain the "soul-rest." Bless God for a full, free, and entire salvation—that saves from all sin. Oh, how sweet to follow Jesus and be kept by Him! God-speed the great work of holiness, until it spreads over the whole earth.

Yours, washed in the blood,

ATLANTA, LA. R. S. COLIN.

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

Rev. Charles Wesley being a regular minister of the Church of England, and intimately acquainted with many of the clergy, led some of them into the clear light enjoyed by himself A. M. Thompson, rector of St. Genny's, invited him to occupy his pulpit several times. He also, in 1746, preached for Rev. Mr. Bennett, at Tresmere, a number of the clergymen of the National Church being present. While Rev. Mr. Wesley was preaching, he declared, "that by harmless amusements, or diversions, he had been kept dead to God, asleep in the devil's arms, secure in a state of damnation, for eighteen years." Mr. Meriton, one of his traveling companions, added aloud, "And I for twenty-five." "And I, cried Mr. Thompson, "for thirty-five." "And I," said Mr. Bennett, "for above seventy." This exposed them to the ecclesiastical anger of the bishop of the diocese.

Rev. Alfred Brunson, one of the oldest ministers in this country, now waiting to be translated to his heavenly home, says: "I never indulge in the amusements or pastimes of the world, called innocent. Others may possibly do such things, and keep their souls alive to God, but I have never seen one that did. I have observed without exception, that professors who do

indulge in such things are often, if not always, complaining of "leanness of soul," or mourning over unfaithfulness; and when death meets them face to face, they shrink back; they are not ready, or willing to meet it. They find a sting lurking within, and they have to mourn, and pray for pardon and the cleansing blood, before they can leave the world in peace with God, and with assurance of heaven. I have no taste or relish for festivities, or social parties, unless they have a decided religious cast. I am no recluse; I am fond of company or society, but I must glorify God in it, or let it alone.—AMICUS.

"OH, THAT THEY HAD SENT IT SOONER."

At one of the fellowship meetings which the native Christians of the South Sea Islands have among themselves, an old man rose and said, "I stand among you to-day a solitary and lonely man. Once I had a wife—dear she was to my heart; she is no more. Once I had five noble sons; they are all gone. Oh, that terrible night, when my wife went out to the brushwood, never to return—when my boys left our home to be slain by our deadly enemies!"

He paused, there was deep silence; the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"These things do not occur now," he again said. "Christianity has put an end to these bloody wars But there is one thing I want to ask, Can it be that Christian people in England have had this gospel of peace for many long years, and never sent it to us till now? Oh, that they had sent it sooner! Had they sent it sooner, I should not be to-day solitary and sad-hearted, mourning my murdered wife and children. Oh, that they had sent it sooner!"

He sat down. Another man rose up. "I know what my brother says. I, too, mourn to-day sons and daughters slain. If we had known the Gospel sooner, they should be with us now. Yes, it is true. Oh, that English Christians had sent us the Gospel sooner!"

I thought, as I sat listening, how much these words should sober and stir us. Oh, to send the Gospel everywhere we can, and send it soon!—Rev. W. Wyatt Gill.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

June 17th, 1879, was a meeting where the felt presence of the High and Holy One was eminently realized. Mr. Wesley's beautiful hymn was sung—

"O glorious hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings."

Many interesting requests from different parts of our land, written and verbal, were presented. The doxology was sung for prayers reported as answered. Rev. Wm. Taylor, the world-wide missionary, followed by Dr. Palmer, led in prayer.

Mrs. Palmer said:—I have been much interested in our Sabbath-school lesson for next Sabbath. After I had been studying and enjoying it, I received a message from an earnest Sunday-school worker, desiring me to read it in the meeting this afternoon. Let us hear what the Lord will say to us.

Then followed the reading of Malachi 3—Sister Palmer remarking that the Jews had long been looking for their Messiah. He came, but not as they expected. They would not accept Him. Our beloved Christ has sent His messenger here to-day to prepare hearts. He wants to come as a refiner, but who shall abide the day of His coming? Shall we refuse to accept the "Refiner's fire?" or shall we permit the heavenly Refiner to number us "with the chosen generation, the royal priesthood?" and say to us, "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ?" So sure as we bring in all the tithes, so surely will our

God open the windows of heaven. Let us make an absolute surrender just now. I cannot conceive what we have to give. Let us be honest. Fearful thought!—Am I robbing God?

My heart was never more fully set on bringing in all the tithes, and glories in the privilege of testifying to the faithfulness of God. The promised blessings are given. "It is (not) vain to serve God." I am so glad to be numbered with the "jewels," precious treasures. My heart is fixed,—praise the Lord!

Dr. P——. The God of heaven has informed us, in the lesson just read, on what conditions He will open the windows of heaven, and pour out the overflowing blessing, that there shall not be room to receive it. Shall we comply with the conditions? Shall we bring all the tithes into the storehouse? It is a reasonable demand. We are not our own. It is only common honesty to let Jesus have what He bought with His blood. Holiness is the zero point on heaven's thermometer. Anything lower than this will exclude us from heaven. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." We are a company of believers who would love to let Jesus have His own way. We are a company chosen out of the world for a special purpose. Are we doing all we can for the perishing around us? Every one taken into the family gets an ordination. Jesus said, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." May we not receive this ordination in larger measure this afternoon, so as to make each one a successful winner of souls? Jesus saves His people from their sins, and we are here to give testimony for Him.

Rev. Bro. Henn, from England.—How glad I am that in the divine order I am permitted to see you again in the flesh. The delightful meetings of two years ago have left their heavenly impress upon my heart. During the more than two years I have been away, the Lord has kept me. By His grace I have been fully saved. Outward circumstances have been unfavorable, but I have a sweet peace and joy in my soul.

Rev. L. S. Dunn.—I was interested in that petition in the prayer of our brother, "We want our holiness toned up." We want this for the sake of the Church and the world. As we look abroad upon the world, we can but feel that God is all ready. The electric wire—steam—the various improvements of the present day, seem all to be instruments prepared for the furtherance of the Gospel; but amid all this progress, the Church appears to have come to a stand-still. Oh, for the toning up of the Church! Oh, for the Holy Ghost to come upon it in power! There would need but a single touch, and all would be a deluge of spiritual blessedness. God is ready. He is never behind time. We are the ones that are failing. What cowards we are! What unwillingness to sacrifice for Jesus! When will we wake up to meet the demand of the Great Head of the Church, in our entire surrender to His service? I am only an instrument, a feeble instrument I know, but God's kingdom must go on, and Satan's kingdom must come down, and God helping me, I intend to have some hand in its destruction.

Rev. Bro. Morehouse.—I am so glad I have faith in the power of the Gospel, that I believe and know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all Sin. I find this religion the most uplifting when we need it most. We may have the greatest faith, when there are the greatest feats to be done. God is going to bring us on to victory. And this salvation is so near. We open the windows in the morning and the light comes in,—so, we have only to open our hearts, and the grace of God flows in so freely—so easily. I never had so hard a field as I have now, and yet my faith is so strong that God's blessing will be upon us, God is waiting to help us. The Word of God puts new life in me. Holiness is the only thing that will enable God to show what He can do with us. I am wholly the Lord's.

Rev. Dr. Lowrey.—I am greatly humbled and greatly blessed. Greatly humbled be-

cause I have done and am doing so little for God. Greatly blessed because He has done, and is doing so much for me. During the reading, prayer and speaking, I have been greatly refreshed. I, too, have felt that we need the work of holiness toned up and sharpened for our own sake and for the good of the world. I have felt this for a long time, and still feel it more and more concerning the work of God. In the chapter read were the words, "who shall abide the day of His coming?" not His coming to judgment, but His coming in refining power NOW; this refining fire which is to destroy the devil's power and sin; this purifying which is to cleanse from pollution as soap cleanses from defilement. And it was to purify the priesthood, the sons of Levi; not that they might have a good sentimental time, but that they might offer an offering in righteousness. An offering not of education and culture merely, though these are good in their place,—but an offering in righteousness of all to God, to be invested for the salvation of souls, at home or abroad, according to His pleasure. I want to offer such an offering in righteousness from this time forever, and mean to do so through the grace of God.

Sister F——. The question came to me concerning the petition offered in the prayer,—How is the work of holiness to be toned up? By a close study of the "Thus saith the Lord," for anything outside the Word of God is not holiness. God the Holy Ghost is my teacher, and has been for the last nine years specially. My heart is saturated with the grace He gives me. I feel it through every power, O this God-given salvation! Some one said, "Why, when you were justified, you were sanctified." Well then, I say, if what I received at justification was sanctification, then what was given me when I sought perfect love is glorification, for it is higher than what I knew at my conversion. I do thank God for the blessedness which comes through a simple trust in the faithfulness of the Great I AM. The spirit of true holiness in the heart causes us to go after the lost and try to save them.

N. B.—Rev. Wm. Taylor's testimony is reserved for the next number

Children's Department.

For the Guide.

PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.

MRS. C. C. DRAKE.

The enclosed lines were written impromptu, on recalling to mind an incident in the life of my dear sainted daughter, Letta. It was about midnight. A terrible storm was raging. The family had all left their beds ann assembled in the sitting-room, terrified and anxious—listening to the roaring of the wind, and to the awful peals of thunder, expecting every moment to be hurried into the eternal world.—I said "all." No! Letta had not come from her room. After the storm was over, I started to go to her, and met her coming out, looking peaceful and happy.

I asked her if she was not frightened? Said she, "Why, no, mother. I got up and looked out of the window, and saw two black clouds coming together, and I thought our time had come; and I kneeled down by my bed, and like a flash, this passage came to me—'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;'—and, mother, I could not be afraid."

Though I walk through the valley, and shadow of death;
Thy rod and Thy staff are my stay;
The smile of my Savior lights up the dark path,
And the angels are guarding the way.

Though I walk through the valley, no evil I fear,
For, by faith, I am looking above;
The angels are coming, their music I hear,
And the air is perfumed with their love.

Though I walk through the valley, the glory
Is shining,—and loved ones I see;
I hear the harps ringing, and see, the bright gates
Are open—wide open for me.

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crown'd at last."

ALL I YIELD TO THEE.

Rev. C. W. L. Christen. Music by Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp,



2 Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Now no longer mine;
Let no evil thing prevent me,
Blending it with Thine.—*Cho.*

3 Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear the sacred vow!
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.—*Cho.*

From "*Happy Songs.*"

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

AUGUST, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Devotion.

Jesus in prayer, a great while before day,—that is a beautiful picture. We have such a picture in the great Bible Picture Gallery.

It was following a Sabbath-day's work of peculiar interest. It was in Capernaum, where He taught in the synagogue, astonishing the people with His marvelous words. There came into the solemn assembly a man with an unclean spirit. Beholding the Mighty One, he cried, saying—"Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? I know thee, who thou art, the Holy One of God." Devils do indeed "believe and tremble" in the presence of the omnipotent Jesus. The voice of authority said, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him!" Instant obedience followed. For a moment the foul spirit convulsed the physical organism, giving token of discomfiture, and he came out. This great act of the Son of God excited amazement, as well it might, and His fame was widely diffused.

Next, as he went into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John, He found Simon's wife's mother sick of a fever; and He took her by the hand and lifted her up, and the fever left her. Disease flies at His approach. Then, at even-tide, they brought unto Him large numbers that were diseased and possessed of devils. And the whole city was gathered together at the door. No wonder, when the adorable Jesus was there to do such great things. The sublime record is given Mark 1:34. "And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him."

Never did the sun set at close of a more glorious day's work. The Son of God and the Son of man appeared in His glory.

Now, mark! Following this day of holy activity, and resplendent victories, we see Jesus in prayer, early in prayer, even rising a great while before day—on *Monday* morning in prayer! Christian, learn a lesson here, for it was as our Exemplar that He thus prayed. Have you had a Sabbath of delight, of holy communion with heaven, experimentally realizing the powers of the upper world let down upon you? Have you won some great victory over the powers of darkness? Think not that the Sabbath inspirations are sufficient for the week. Indeed, following such a Sabbath, Monday has connected with it peculiar temptations and conflicts. The Master teaches us how to deport ourselves, how to move out amid life's vicissitudes—how to grapple with its realities. The minister, too, needs to study this record. Have you had a Sabbath-day

baptism, a peculiar divine afflatus in the midst of Gospel ministrations? Did the pulpit flame with light? Did the ministerial arena glow with fire—were the trophies gathered numerous? Beware, O man of God! Satan makes frequent visits to the pulpit door. Never is a minister more in danger than on Sabbath night, after such a day of glory, or on Monday morning. The great enemy never more effectually assumes the garb of an angel of light than when he makes these ministerial advances.

The temptations to self-inflation, to vain-glory, are prolific after such a Sabbath-day. It is dangerous to speak of it, except in terms of the most perfect reference to the divine, and the most perfect exclusion of the human, agency. Prayer is well suited to the early Monday morning hour. The first waking moments should be given to humble, devout, holy uplifting of the soul toward heaven.

Note some of the peculiarities of the *Picture of Devotion* which we are considering. JESUS prayed! Why should He thus rise a great while before day and pray? Not for himself. No! The mysterious union of the divine with the human nature in His glorious person, gave Him, although in the form of a man, an infinitude of resources in himself. "In him dwelt all the fulness of the godhead bodily." On behalf of others He prayed; for His disciples, and "for those who should believe on him through their word,"—and, it may be, for the world lying in wickedness. We have sometimes wished we knew what were the subjects of that early morning prayer. It may be among the revealings of the world celestial.

Observe, also, the solitariness of His prayer. He sought a closet, in accord with His beautiful directions to us,—"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet." He was in no danger of mental distraction, or of temptation to vain-glory; yet He departed into a solitary place. This is for our instruction. Looking down the line of ages, He saw how each and all of His followers, subject to a thousand weaknesses, would need such solitude. He understood how the preciousness and the power of their communion with their Father would largely depend upon the secrecy of the hour. The world must be shut out. A praying soul, to be sublimely successful, must be shut in with God—face to face with the Infinite. Another circumstance of vital importance claims our attention. Coming forth from the desert place, from that scene of high fellowship with the unseen world, we see how ready Jesus was for a great occasion. Simon and they that were with him, pressed by the importunities of the people, who were eager on *Monday* morning to see Jesus, and to be further witnesses of His wonder-working power, broke in upon His retirement, having found Him, saying,—"*All men seek for thee!*" How the dark world, still lying in wickedness, would be ushered into broad sunlight, if this could be written as the universal record!

The reply of the Master was, "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also; for therefore came I forth." He had wrought to the full measure in Capernaum—other towns claimed His attention. He was an itinerant preacher and worker. And it is written, "He preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee, and cast out devils." Blessed life, full of all holy ministrations, and divine works! Learn here that a Monday morning hour given to prayer, may give a day of glorious work. And, each day full of prayer will be full of light and blessedness. The early morning given to prayer will make the steps buoyant, and the soul full of sunshine, the hands ready to work, and the whole being glow with the splendors of gracious destiny.

Eminent saints have been given to these early morning devotions. By this they have been thoroughly fur-

nished unto every good word and work.

Colonel Gardiner used constantly to rise at four in the morning, and to spend his time till six in the secret exercises of the closet—reading, meditation, and prayer; in which last he acquired such fervency of spirit as, "I believe," says his biographer, "few men living ever attained. This certainly very much contributed to strengthen that firm faith in God, and reverent, animating sense of His presence, for which he was so eminently remarkable, and which carried him through the trials and services of life with such steadiness, and with such activity; for he endured and acted as if always seeing Him who is invisible. If at any time he was obliged to go out before six in the morning, he rose proportionately sooner; so that, when a journey or a march required him to be on horseback by four, he would be at his devotions by two."

The PICTURE OF DEVOTION before us has significant teaching. The lesson is, the secret of Christian and ministerial power—CLOSET EXERCISE. Without this, all else is vain. Commanding presence, learning, eloquence—all vain.

Men of power, men who have shaken the world—whose tread has sent its reverberations through the centuries, have been close imitators of Christ in this regard. Dr. Foss well says: "Look at Baxter! he stained his study-rooms with praying breath, and, after he got anointed with the unction of the Holy Ghost, sent a river of living water over Kidderminster, and converted hundreds. Luther and his coadjutors were men of such mighty pleading with God, that they broke the spell of ages, and laid nations subdued at the foot of the cross. John Knox grasped in his strong arms of faith all Scotland; his prayers terrified tyrants. Whitefield, after much holy, faithful closet-pleading, went to the devil's fair, and took more than a thousand souls out of the paw of the lion in one day. See a praying Wesley turn more than ten thousand souls unto the Lord. Look at the praying Finney, whose prayers, faith, sermons, and writings have shaken the half of America, and sent a wave through the British Churches!"

Time and space fail us to go over the lustrous record. Prayer and power are inseparable companions. Zion's annals glow with living chapters constituting a perfect demonstration. But the effectual wielding of this potent weapon is dependent upon personal holiness. Sin separates between us and God. Remove this barrier and the access is clear, strong, triumphant. To such, as Dr. Beaumont says, all the promises in the Bible are so many bills of exchange drawn by God the Father in heaven upon His son Jesus Christ, and payable to every pious bearer;—to every one that comes to the mercy-seat, and offers the promise or bill for acceptance, and pleads in the way of obedient faith and prayer. Jesus, the High Treasurer of heaven, knows every letter of His Father's hand-writing, and can never be imposed upon by any forged note. He will ever honor His Father's bills; He accepts them all. It is for His Father's honor that His bills never fail of acceptance and payment.

O, beloved! be in condition to present these divinely drawn bills at the Exchequer of Grace, and the Banker will honor them each and all. In a word, the application of the whole subject is, Be holy, be holy, be *positively* holy—"then may ye ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

CHRIST'S FRIEND.

The name of Christ's friend was given to thee because one day thou didst make over to Him all thy property, thy powers, thy pleasures, thy aims, recognizing His loving will to be the law of thy being.

Especially, being Christ's friend, thy heart belongs to Him, that He may fill it with His Spirit, His love, His peace, His joy. Being His friend, thou art His advocate in the world; and it is everywhere expected among men that thou wilt be ready to speak in His praise, and to urge His claims upon their reverential love.

The believer is careful of the feelings of Christ; Christ is careful of the feelings of the believer. Christ is the believer's friend; the believer is Christ's friend. He writes His law in the hearts of His people; they write their prayers in His heart.—BOWEN OF BOMBAY.

For the Guide.

THE WAY THE LORD LED ME.

MRS. S. A. LANKFORD PALMER.

(*Continued from Page 6.*)

On Friday afternoon I went to my class, almost impatient to declare the loving kindness of God; but at the commencement, our leader prayed, "Lord, sanctify us wholly; let it not be a think so, a hope so, or a believe so." It was enough for my insatiable adversary; it came like an arrow to my heart! You have only believed so; you have no evidence only as connected with believing! It was a fearful dart! The rock on which I rested seemed now as by violence wrenched from me. Unconscious of all about me, I was intent on having the question settled, "Is it a reality, or only a believe so?"

When aroused by the leader's inquiry as to the state of my mind, I merely said, "I have received some remarkable answers to prayer through the past week," and without listening to his reply, was immediately absorbed in reasoning with the enemy. The struggle was severe for about two hours, and when rising to leave the class-room, the fatal decision came,—I will give up this intense interest on the subject. Others seem to enjoy the favor of God, without the witness of holiness; I will try to do so, too. And little thinking of the impossibility, I said,—I will live without sinning against God, but will never again yield to such anxiety, or say any more respecting the witness of purity. Until that moment, there seemed a plausibility in the reasoning of the arch-deceiver But now language is utterly incompetent to convey an idea of my feelings. I seemed as if instantly hurled into a bottomless abyss of blackness, darkness and despair, with nothing before me but the awful doom of the fearful and the unbelieving. Satan did not now say, It was only a think so, or a believe so; but, From what have you fallen; while I was almost bewildered by the terrific suggestion, "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him."

For weeks my sense of ingratitude was so great, that I did not dare to hope for pardon; but was afterwards enabled to plead the infinite mercy and forbearance of God toward sinners. The day and place can never be forgotten. When just ready to faint, with regret and longing, a sweet voice seemed to say, "This man receiveth sinners." But for years the temptation prevailed, that I could never expect to live in the consciousness of that sweet fellowship with God formerly enjoyed; that precious privilege I had forfeited. A conscious love to God as my

dear Father, was felt, and a yearning for closer communion; but pensively my heart would say,—It is right, I have been an ungrateful and vascillating child; my dear Father cannot now take me to His heart of love as formerly; He must show His displeasure by reserve. So subtle was this temptation, that for many months it was not even suspected as such.

Through this long period of comparative desertion I was looked upon as an active Christian. Sabbath-school and other Church work was my delight. I do not know that I once violated a vow made soon after my conversion, never (in consequence of feeling) to forsake the closet, the class-room, or refuse to pray or speak when called upon. Often when speaking words of comfort to others, and urging them to take the precious promises, a voice would whisper, Why not take them yourself? I seemed a mystery to myself. At times, a sense of the love, long-suffering and goodness of God was almost overwhelming. Then the cruel suggestion would come, It is not meet for one so ungrateful to rejoice.

To the praise of my long-suffering God, I joyfully record, that in 1833 Satan was unmasked. A minister in conversation put the question so definitely, "Do you enjoy the blessing of entire sanctification?" that it could not be evaded. My answer was, "I have forfeited that state of grace." With surprise he asked, "What do you mean? Don't you expect to be saved?" My reply was, "Twice the Lord has given me the blessing, He cannot trust me again. I think infinite love will find some way to save me." With utter astonishment he said, "Why, Sister L., I thought you was a woman of too good sense, to give way to such a temptation. You can never be saved unless cleansed from all sin,—unless wholly sanctified." I now began to think this may be temptation, and appealing to the stronger than the strong man armed, his chains were broken.

The temptation that I had forfeited the blessedness of conscious purity of heart, having now passed away, Satan began to withstand me at every point of advance. A narrow way was presented, a way I could not expect the dearest ones of earth to understand. My will rebelled; how could I sacrifice the happiness of those so very dear? Death seemed preferable to these terms. After three weeks of restless nights and weary days, one Sabbath evening in August, 1834, our beloved brother—afterward Bishop Waugh—read for his text, "I call heaven and earth to record against you this day, that I have set before you life and death, blessings and cursings; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live." It was the voice of God. The crisis had come—the moment had arrived when life must be chosen on the terms proposed, or the negative was death!

That moment divine aid was imparted; the surrender was complete, and I was enabled to say, "Lord, I will be wholly Thine; only give Thy smile; the scorn of worlds shall not be heeded; let me be called fool, fanatic or maniac, the faintest intimation of Thy Spirit shall be obeyed." Instantly the tempest was hushed, and there

was a great calm. With astonishment I look back upon that heart which had dared to question the claims of Jehovah. Since that hour His commandments have not been grievous; but with delight I have been enabled continually to sing—

"Lo! I come, with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve His pleasure still."

Social and family duties were now really enjoyed, being done as unto the Lord. Those earthly temples built by God for a habitation of the Spirit, must be religiously cared for. Redeemed souls must be brought into the fold. The sick, poor, &c., demanded attention. Being favorably circumstanced, most of my time was spent for others. Soon the enemy began to question my motives in almost every act. I was constantly appealing to the searcher of hearts as to their sincerity. I seemed to be a mystery to myself; enjoying sweet converse with God, victory over sin, and when praying for the witness that every motive and emotion was pure, would lose myself in praise.

(*To be Continued.*)

For the Guide.

"SEEK MEEKNESS."

ABBIE MILLS.

O, how shall I find meekness?
More meekness is my need;
This grace in its completeness,
I would were mine indeed.

I come to Thee, my Savior,
In Thee my pattern find;
Thou saidst, "I'm meek and lowly,"
O, arm me with Thy mind.

The meek shall earth inherit,
Delight themselves in peace;
Yea, peace in rich abundance,
That shall fore'er increase.

But yet no room for boasting
My ransomed soul can know
My song is ever—"Trusting,"
"The Savior loves me so."

Then draw me nearer—closer,
Thou meek and lowly One,
While at Thy feet I'm sitting
I find my heaven begun.

The blessed, blessed valleys
Of peace and quietness;
Their depths of sweetness show me,
O Lord, my righteousness.

For the Guide.

MOTHER MONROE.

CHAP. III.—LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart."—Psalm cxix. 11.

THE WORD OF GOD

was truly "a light to her feet and a lamp to her path." She daily searched the sacred pages that she might see the good and the right way of the Lord, "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," and "be thoroughly furnished unto every good work." Go in when I would, the precious Book was in her hands, or lying upon the table.

From the sacred treasury she was always drawing rich supplies, and on her tongue was ever some blessed passage. She was indeed "mighty in the Scriptures," and understood well how to use the "sword of the Spirit." Wielded by her, it often proved effectual,—"dividing asunder the soul and spirit, and the joints and marrow." This was her favorite weapon, and faithfully and skillfully she used it,—often to the discomfiture of the enemy and the triumph of Israel. This was undoubtedly the secret of her spiritual power. She knew little of other books, but the Book of books was enough for her. It sustained her spiritual life.

It was her constant endeavor to induce young converts to study the Scriptures, and make them the man of their counsel and rule of their life. "If you do that," she would say, "you will never backslide; but you'll grow stronger every day, and your souls will be as a well 'watered garden.' All the plants of grace will flourish and bring forth fruit abundantly." And many of the dear young Christians who were blessed with her example and instructions, did become fruitful branches of the living Vine. The Word of God was the subject of her meditations day and night. How she loved to talk of its sacred teachings and precious promises!

One of her favorite portions was the 91st Psalm.—I seem now to see that furrowed face light up as she read and pondered the rich blessings there set forth as the heritage of the believer;—the divine assurances of protection—exaltation and abounding comforts. How she would break forth in triumphant exultation as she said, "That means me! Those precious promises are mine!"

"'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,'—ah yes, that means very close to Him,—'shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' You see, we can't be under His shadow without we be right by His side, and I've been there a good many years—thank His dear name. 'I will say of the Lord He is my refuge and fortress, —my God; in Him will I trust." How beautiful! Yes, I can say that, too; for when storms have come I have felt so safe, because God was with me, and I have trusted in Him."

"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence."

"Truly that has been fulfilled—for oh, how many snares have been set for my feet, and God has delivered me from them all! I should surely have fallen into them, if He had not rescued me; and I have been delivered from the noisome pestilence many a time, when I have been ministering to the sick and poor—where contagious diseases were."

"He shall cover thee with His feathers and under His wings thou shalt trust."

There! isn't that the sweetest of all? And I know what that means. Haven't I felt just as safe and just as happy as the little chicks under the wings of their mother? They haven't any fear or any trouble,—they just rest there. What difference does it make to them how the wind blows or how the storm rages?—they don't care because mother's wings are over them. Just so I feel,—bless the Lord, oh my soul."

"Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, or for the arrow that flieth by day."

"No; why should I be afraid?—I'm under His wings. I lie here all alone every night,—am sometimes sick, and think may be I'll die before morning,—but that's no terror to me—because I am so safe under His wings!

"It is to magnify His grace—His boundless grace—that one so vile as me should be exalted to be an heir of His kingdom—"because He hath known my name." Glory be to God! I have known His name! I do know it, and I find it to be a strong tower. I run into

it and am safe. Halleluia!—And here comes another glorious promise—'He shall call upon me and I will answer Him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honor him.'

"Yes, yes! I've proved that too—many a time. He has answered my prayers so quickly that I've been surprised. And it seems to me I always get just what I ask for. To be sure, I don't ask for anything but what I think He is willing to give, and I'm sure I don't want anything else.—And oh, hasn't he been with me in trouble? Left all alone in the world,—not a relation or friend to care for me,—nobody nor nothing to depend upon,—and God has raised up fathers and mothers—sisters and brothers for me, and friends almost without number to care for me and supply my wants,—and has honored and blessed me with the companionship and love of many of His most precious children."

"With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

"Yes—He's lengthened out my days to almost four score years, and I can say 'even down to old age He has carried me;" and He has 'shown me His salvation' every day of all these years of my long pilgrimage. Oh, how wonderful His goodness!"

For the Guide.

A FEW WORDS TO THE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN.

—BY MRS. F.—

In the midst of sore trial, to the loving, trusting Christian comes with distinctness and comfort the blessed assurance, "All things work together for good." Dark, therefore, as circumstances look, God has spoken, and His Word is "Yea and Amen." There is a "needs be" for all these strange leadings,—there is a "wherefore." God has said again to us, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." He will even tell us the reason some day, or make it all plain to us.

To the finite vision, God acts with us very strangely at times. Yet He tells us we are to walk by faith and not by sight. A very sweet general reason God gives us in Heb. xii, for the chastening He so unwillingly inflicts upon us. After telling us, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," He continues to say, "Our fathers chastened us after their pleasure," but He for "our profit,' that we might be partakers of His holiness. How clearly He tells us "our profit," to make us more Christlike.

It seems strange, knowing as we do the shortness of life, that we seem to live so much for the present, forgetting far too often the unseen eternity beyond. Can we not feel that our loved ones who die in Christ, are at home "over yonder," happy and at rest, where we trust soon to meet them. Perhaps we have lived too careless lives, and God in His mercy is drawing us to himself. We are told, "No trial for the present is pleasant, but grievous; but afterwards it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." How shall we be exercised thereby? Why, by carrying it and ourselves to Jesus, and asking Him to teach us the lesson He wishes us to learn,—to sanctify it to us; and when we realize that our prayer is granted, that our trust in God is stronger,

our faith simple and child-like, that to "look unto Jesus" at all times is our delight; and when the blessed promises have become to us a personal experience; and a common union with Father, Son and Spirit an almost continuous enjoyment, shall we not thank Him?—shall we not praise Him, for all that He has brought us through by His merciful providence? Would we, then, exchange our present life for the days when we knew not God? Ah no; and if here we so realize the blessedness of a life "hid with Christ in God," how will it be, when, no vail between, we see Him "face to face."

How we shall praise Him then with the dear ones gone before and the blood-washed before the throne. "God makes no mistakes," He removes no one from us who is absolutely necessary to us. He permits nothing which is not the best thing for us. Let us seek His grace in the trial, in the perplexity. Light will come, sooner or later; meanwhile let Him lead us on.

As some one has said, "What could be better for us than God's will?"

Were we omniscient, we would see the end from the beginning and so be content. Cannot we have that confidence in our Almighty Father, and leave all with Him? "He doeth all things well." Let us draw closer to Him, realizing His constant presence, and saying sincerely those solemn words:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me."

"Thus saith the Lord,—Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."—THE WORD OF GOD.

For the Guide.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

Every heavenward rising thought,
Each deed for love of Jesus wrought,
Every meek and voiceless prayer,
Breathed trustful 'mid thy daily care—
Each pain or grief in sweetness borne
For Him, who wore the "crown of thorn,"
Shall lend thy soul a stronger wing,
And make thy death a joyful thing.

What tho' sometimes the way seems long,
And far away the "victor's song?"
What though, while others smile, for Thee
The tearful portion meted be;
And tho' through ways thou hast not known
Thy God hath led thee—still His own—
Thou must not from His guiding shrink—
In Canaan's path lies Marah's brink.

But thou may'st long to see thy home;
The country where thy feet shall come,
After the long, long road is past;—
And thou may'st fancy how at last
The pearl gate on its hinge will turn,
For eyes that wait, and hearts that yearn,—
And how in His first welcome smile,
Thou shalt forget life's "little while."

Oh, blessed thought! the days that come
And go, but bring us nearer home;
And howe'er tired and over-worn,
This message to our souls is borne—
"At evening time it shall be light."
Rare faith! more precious boon than sight,
The Master's gift! Oh, bear us on
Till thro' His grace the goal is reached.

CANNONSVILLE, N. Y.

For the Guide.

CHRIST OUR SHEPHERD.

BY REV. N. L. PORTER.

The one name above all others that inspired men have sought to honor, is Christ, the Lord's Anointed. They have represented him in their writings as "Immanuel," which interpreted means, "God with us." They have spoken of him as the "Prince of Peace," and the "Good Shepherd." Isaiah, the evangelical prophet, in speaking of him under the last appellation, says: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall

gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom."

Connected with this idea of Christ being a Shepherd to his people, there are some thoughts which are very precious to the believing soul. One is that which is implied in the declaration, namely, —that the sheep belong to him; they are his personal property. Christ assumes this office and relation in John x. 1–18, where he speaks of himself as the Good Shepherd who lays down his life for the sheep. Now, there is a wide difference between a hireling and the owner of the sheep. "He that is a hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling and careth not for the sheep". But Christ is the owner of the sheep, and loveth them. Once in his fold, and there is no power outside of themselves that can get them away from him.

We are sure he is the Good Shepherd, and careth for the sheep, for he has fully demonstrated this in ages past. He has been engaged in caring for precious souls since the morning stars sang together, or there has been sons of men on earth to shout for joy. How glad are we to be assured that he was the Jehovah of the Old Testament. That by his mighty hand the Israelites of old were delivered from the house of bondage, and led forth to tread the soil of freedom. That it was he that parted the Red Sea for them to pass over and escape unharmed from enemies pursuing for their life. When we have such overwhelming evidence as the Scriptures furnish that he was that "Angel of the Lord" that went before Israel by day and guarded their camp by night; who destroyed all their enemies, fulfilled every ancient promise referring to this people, and proved himself a "covenant keeping God," a "present help in trouble;" never sleeping, but watching his people day and night with a faithfulness and love never exhibited even by the fondest mother;—then it is that we are certain of his ability, and trust his heavenly care.

As a shepherd, Christ supplies every thing that his people need. His resources are infinite. The pasture land he provides for his people cannot be equalled in all the earth, for they are evergreen. The dew and freshness of the morning abide on the grass all the day. No dry and dusty places are to be found where this Shepherd leads his flock. Such barren places are seen only when one gets away like a silly sheep; for where he leads "blessings are new every morning and fresh every evening." Not only pardon and peace are in his path, but purity is found in rich abundance. And that not for the old sheep only, but also for the lambs of the flock as well. His is

> "A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
> Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
> With every blessing blest;
> There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
> And keeps His own in perfect peace,
> And everlasting rest."

And in this land the young Christian may feed and rest together with those of many years. There is a difference between purity and maturity which must ever be kept in mind. Purity may be

experienced by young Christians of even a very tender age. While maturity, of course, must require time to attain. Let not the weak and timid disciple be deterred from seeking heart-purity because he is not yet an old saint. It is

THE BLOOD OF JESUS

that cleanseth the soul from all sin. And faith in his blood will result gloriously, no matter about the age of the suppliant. The Word of the Lord is plain on this point,—"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Our prayers offered in faith in Jesus' name for a perfect cleansing from sin, do not come back to us weeping, but freighted with all the richness of God's love.

There are on probation in the M. E. Church, many precious souls that have been gathered into the fold the past winter and spring. These need to be fed often and with great care. We should put their feed down very low—(make the way of holiness very plain, and show them that it is for them,)—and many of them will take it. We are anxious, not only to see them come into the Church in full connection, but really strong and healthy. They need a special baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, and the sooner it comes the better it will be for them, for the Church and the world. How can they live a true Christian life without it? How will they triumph over all their spiritual foes, and render to God a hearty, loving, cheerful and constant service, unless they are wholly sanctified? Those of us who have the special care of these souls see their danger, unless they are sealed by the Holy Spirit. On the other hand, we see the infinite possibilities of a glorious life here and hereafter, if empowered from on high. Let us pray for them with increasing faith, and encourage them to pray for themselves—expecting to receive. Let us tell them that to all such the Good Shepherd gives special care, for it is written of him, "He shall gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom."

MIDDLEBURY, CT., June, 1879.

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

BIBLE KEY-WORDS—"PARTAKERS."

PARTAKERS OF ONE BREAD.

SABBATH, AUG. 3.—"For we are all partakers of that one bread."—1 Cor. 10 : 17.

Christianity is a great unity. We have great liberty, and yet it is under certain limitations and restrictions. This unity runs through the whole system—"one God and Father of all"—one "Lord Jesus Christ"—"one Spirit"—"one faith"—"one baptism"—"one hope." Here it is "*one bread*"—"partakers of that one bread." And what is that? Why, it is Christ. The Christian's one food, of which he must daily partake, is Christ—nothing more nor less than Christ. Jesus said to His disciples, "For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world." At this announcement they said, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." Happy those who appreciate this heavenly bread, having a keen appetite, and who are satisfied with its nourishing properties. Jesus in reply to the disciples said, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger." This bread of God is abundantly satisfying, and nourisheth

unto eternal life. There must be no mixture of food, however, in Christian life. The apostle shows conclusively in the context, that it is not lawful to partake of meat offered to idols, else they would be partakers of the altar, there would be a sinful connection with idols. We are shut up to the one food. And it is so sweet, so precious, so satisfying, that there is no hungering for the vanities of this world.

Reader, be a partaker of this *one bread.* By this you will have the glow of spiritual health upon your cheek, the vigor of health in your whole spiritual organism, and the joy of health in all your buoyant tread.

PARTAKERS OF HIS HOLINESS.

SABBATH, AUG. 10.—"Partakers of His holiness."—Heb. 12 : 10.

The term "holiness" is a great rock of stumbling to many. Why should it be? It is found in beautiful connections in the New Testament. Here we see it under the idea of a feast, of which we are to partake—partakers of His holiness. We may lay emphasis upon "the personal" feature of the passage—*His* holiness, not *ours,* but *His.* And, in this view, the forbidding aspects of the subject vanish. It is not a righteousness of our own which we claim, or of which we speak, but the righteousness or holiness of Christ, and of that alone. If we put on the garments of another, we may speak of them, even boastingly, when our boasting is not of what are ours, but another's. While we would have attention drawn to the garb, its beauty and attractiveness, we are careful to have it understood that it is *borrowed.* So, in regard to the beauteous garments of holiness. Or, if we sit down to a feast provided for us, may we not unhesitatingly praise the bounteous provider of the feast, and of the rich things upon his table? So we come to this heavenly feast, the supper of the great King, and we partake and adore the heavenly Provider.

Partakers of *His* holiness! Here also the unity of the system is again maintained. Not something apart from Christ, but Christ himself, who is the embodiment of holiness, the effulgent manifestation of holiness amid the world's darkness, pollution, and abominations. In sight of such luxurious providing, we may well say,

> "Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
> How sweet Thy entertainments are;
> Never did angels taste above
> Redeeming grace and dying love."

Crowd to your places at the feast, and bless the Founder's name. Be not affrighted, but attracted, by the consideration that it is a feast of HOLINESS.

PARTAKERS OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

SABBATH, AUG. 17.—"Partakers of Christ's sufferings."—1 Pet. 4 : 13.

If we take Christ we must take Him as a suffering Christ. It is His sufferings that give efficacy to His earthly life, to His teaching, His sacrifice, and His intercessions. So, if we become *His,* identified with Him, thoroughly, we may expect to be partakers of His sufferings. And this thought, so far from being repugnant to a Christian mind, is joyous, —it is glorious. The apostle here says, "But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." Rejoice! yes, *rejoice*—why? "That, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." Ah! this is the royal way of the cross—death leading unto life—the cross to the crown. First, the torturing nails and the cruel spear, —then, the bright and resplendent crown.

Paul was emulous to be a partaker of His sufferings. He says: "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." It was a noble reply of a martyr—who, when urged to recant in view of the terrible sufferings awaiting him, said, "If I had as many

lives as there are hairs on my head, I would lose them all in the fire before I would lose Christ!"

Suffering is one of the most potent forces, contributing to the full development of Christian character, (our Captain was made perfect through suffering) and mighty in bringing on the final consummation, eternal glory. Instead of shrinking from the fiery ordeal, let us welcome it—welcome it with joy,—the severer the process, the quicker and more certain the result—spiritual refining,—the gold will come out the purer and more lustrous.

"The sufferings of the present time work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

PARTAKERS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

SABBATH, AUG. 24.—"And were made partakers of the Holy Ghost."—Heb. 6 : 4.

Here is another feature of our Christian inheritance which is glorious to contemplate—"*partakers of the Holy Ghost.* It is literally to become real sharers of the Holy Ghost—not only of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, however precious or glorious, but of himself—of His actual and glorious presence. "Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost?" In the experience of the real Christian, and especially of the advanced Christian, there is the conscious indwelling of this divine, this adorable personality, the Holy Ghost. This vital union established, we have within us infinite resources from which to draw—resources of wisdom, of strength, of consolation, of joy—our joy is *in* the Holy Ghost.

O, beloved, are you conscious of this living, glorious Presence within you? If not, seek to have the union established.

PARTAKERS OF GLORY.

SABBATH, AUG. 31.—"And also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed."—1 Pet. 5 : 1.

Peter here speaks of himself as "a partaker of the glory to be revealed"—by faith partaking of that glory in advance. There is a glory to be revealed at the final coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. He will come *in glory*, not as at the first advent, in humiliation and suffering, but in glory—in the glory of His Father, in the glory of His holy angels, and in His own glory,—His own inherent majesty and resplendency. And there will be a glory in which the saints will be manifested, and into which they will be ushered at His coming. What is that? Who can tell? What mortal mind can reach the theme? It will, according to the Scripture, comprehend certain great realities—there will be a glory of *bodily organism*, our vile bodies fashioned like unto His glorious body—and a glory of *position*, the saints will appear at His right hand—and a glory of *salutation*, the salutation of the Judge: "Come, ye blessed of my Father,"—and a glory of *victory*,—"inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,"—and a glory of *life*—before the throne, amid a countless multitude of the saved, with celestial employments calling into exercise the whole range of redeemed faculties—and this life, the full compass of which it hath not entered into any human mind to conceive, *eternally perpetuated.*

Oh, to be partakers of *His glory!* Be it ours, beloved reader, to seize the crown—to watch a moment here below, if haply we may enter into His glory with exceeding joy.

For the Guide.

NOT OUR WAYS.

M. A.

God's ways, not our ways—this is quite a lesson for us to learn, and how slowly we learn it. There are many things we see and hear that are not right, and we cannot change them; but we learn by observation and experience that God can, in the twinkling of an eye, put the wrong of years away and

make crooked things stright. We are so awkward that we are liable to take hold of the wrong end and make matters worse instead of better. Then, it is best for us to hold our peace and leave it all with Him who numbers the hairs of the head as well as He manages the circuits of the heavens. The same grace can unravel ours and others little difficulties, whether of our own making or not. No doubt many times we have drawn ourselves into snares and close places by attempting to put other people's troubles in some sort of order for them, by righting their mistakes to suit our minds,—when by silence and non-interference we would have secured a clearer vision of the case, and been able in the right time to have done something effectualy wise and good. Haste is one of the infirmities of human nature, and some people jump at conclusions with greater alacrity than others, and decisions are foolishly made for much after regret. All these various aspects we go through for ourselves and others, and learn after long experience, to be wise, we must often be silent and very forbearing, and consider that others like ourselves, are liable to fall into temptation. "Ue that believeth maketh not haste."

For the Guide.

REVIEWINGS.

FIRST EXPERIENCES.—MRS. A. S. WALKER.

"Hold fast that which thou hast."

I can joyfully add my humble testimony to that of the multitude of those who through the infinite mercy of our Heavenly Father—were early led to seek his forgiving smile.

I believe that I was saved from continuing to walk in the broad road, trodden only by the unjustified and unconverted, principally through the instrumentally of a praying mother. I well remember when the thought of my aged parent, standing near the throne and praising her Redeemer with an unstammering tongue, has touched a tender chord in my heart.

When she has been vividly presented to my mind, as one of that blood-washed throng, wearing the spotless robe which I knew was being prepared for her—her countenance beaming with love to her Savior, and showing a peacefulness and joyfulness of mind which is only known in that land where sin, and sorrow, struggling and disappointment, can never enter; my conscience smote me, for I knew that one disappointment was the result of my having ceased to love my Savior.

This was one of the ways in which God in mercy, strove gently and lovingly to lead me back to himself. But I had so often sought Him, and continuing in His favor for a little time, but through trusting too much to my own strength had been unable to withstand temptation.

Ah! I had a lesson to learn, viz., —"to trust in Christ to keep me." For a long time I had little or no experience, but that of renewed effort and repeated failure. Fresh forgiveness, to be followed by the old sin of inconstancy.

I gave up in despair, and for some time strove to fill up the aching void, by plunging deeper and yet deeper into sin. I thought I would not be half a Christian, or half a sinner.

When I remember that time I

almost shudder at the thought of what I must now have been, if such views had been acted upon up to the present. God's designs, however, concerning me were not to be thus frustrated. The pleasures of sin could not fill up the aching void nor satisfy the longings of a soul fitted for higher and nobler service than that of Satan; and when Christ presented himself to me in all His beauty and omnipotence as "the lover of my soul," I trusted in Him to keep me to the end. The lesson of removing my confidence from self to Savior, was one hard to be learned by me; but when once learned, not easily forgotten, and very precious. Often has the simple trusting prayer,—"Lord, help me and keep me,"—been heard and answered; and I have been saved from falling. I do not mean to say that I was always saved from falling into sin, but I was kept from giving up the conflict. I was enabled to hold fast the profession of my faith.

I had not even understood that there was such a blessed privilege within the reach of every humble follower of Christ, as that implied by the Apostle Paul, when he prayed,—"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." Oh, no! Many were my stumblings, and often I had to seek forgiveness for some sin of omission or commission.

Though I did not know that it was possible to receive grace to keep me constantly, so that I might never fall into sin, I longed to be free from sin. I felt it to be a burden which became heavier and heavier, and upon no theme did I love more to dwell than that of "heaven as a place of freedom from sin."

My fondest hope and most refreshing prospect was that of one day entering that world where the burden and thraldom of sin would be removed forever—FOREVER. At the same time—though to me unconsciously—the world was gaining an undue influence over me, and a place in my affections which should have been the Lord's. My conscience was less tender, and my eyes were to a certain extent blinded, when He who never slumbers nor sleeps, and whose watchful care of His unworthy, weak, and erring children is constant and loving, in a most unexpected way, directed my wandering heart to himself.

(To be Continued.)

For the Guide

LINES TO AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

MRS. MARY R. STRATTON.

Though thy pathway's dark and dreary
And thy sky is overcast;
Though thy feet are worn and weary,
Thou shalt reach the goal at last.

Cheer up, pilgrim, on thy journey
Thou shalt hear the joyful song—
Welcome to immortal glory—
Sung by the angelic throng.

Gabriel's trump shall sound the welcome,
E'en to earth's remotest bound;
Then shall thy deliverance come,
O, thou weary wandering one.

Glory, then, awaits thine exit
From this world of sin and woe;
Thy freed spirit shall inherit
Joys that none of earth may know.

There the tree of "life immortal"
And eternal youth shall bloom,
Aye, and death ne'er reach the portal
Of that home beyond the tomb.

OLATHE, KAN.

"Of all the pious dead,
May we their footsteps trace,
Till with them in that land of light
We dwell before Thy face."

For the Guide.

"LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE."

S. M. PALMER.

It would doubtless greatly surprise many who have not given the subject a careful consideration, if they were to search the Scriptures in reference to this matter, how very much we ourselves have to do, as workers together with God, in saving our own and the souls of others.

True, the glorious plan of salvation is let down from heaven to earth entirely perfected in all its parts. The wonderful and incomprehensible atoning sacrifice of the Son of God, is abundantly sufficient for the sins of the whole world,—nay more, for "where sin abounded grace did much more abound!" "The blood of His Son cleanseth from all sin." "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool. No lack here, certainly. What a shout ought to ring around the world for these glorious, full, comprehensive promises! "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him." Hallelujah! Who has not again and again clasped to his bosom these far-reaching passages of the Bible, in times of depression, discouragement and heaviness?

In all that has been said, we of course can have no part. We cannot add to the efficacy of the blood,—it now can save to the uttermost (or outermost). We cannot add to its freeness,—the Word now is, "whosoever will." We cannot increase its power, for it now "cleanseth from all sin."

But in the face of all this perfectness, and finished work on God's part, the direction still is, "Lay hold on eternal life." "Work out your own salvation." "Save yourselves from this untoward generation." "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able." Was ever a single soul arrived at the years of accountability, saved without a cordial, earnest, hearty compliance with the conditions on which alone salvation is offered? "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life!"

What multitudes are drifting along on the tide of life, hoping somehow to be saved! Does not everybody hope, nay, expect to be saved?"

Would that all out of Christ might be terribly shaken out of this deadly slumber. The deepest and deathliest slumberers are those who are nicely and snugly settled in the Churches, "having a name to live and are dead."

Then again, as a rule, Church-members who have tasted of the love of God—and this tasting even is inconceivably precious and blessed to the unconverted—are almost oblivious to the command to be filled with the Spirit, to go on to perfection, to be filled with all the fulness of God. Does salvation include the tasting and not the filling? Is not full salvation just the thing for even this life? and is it not absolutely necessary to an abundant entrance to the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ?

Will this latter, and perfecting work, be inwrought any more than the first, or conversion, will be wrought without a full compliance with the conditions? Not at all? Alas, many, says the Lord, shall seek to enter in at that day and shall

not be able. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." "It is high time to awake out of sleep."

"Fight the good fight of faith," "Lay hold on eternal life," "Keep yourselves in the love of God." "What thou doest do quickly."

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. ADDIE B. LOGAN.

As one loved one after another passes beyond the boundaries of this earth-life, each time bringing us who are following, sensibly nearer the realities of the glory land, we often feel that

"But thinly the vail intervenes
Between that fair city and me."

Thus we have felt since Friday, March 7, 1879, when from Adrian, Ill., sister Addie B. Logan went home to be forever with the Lord, being in the 28th year of her age. Sister Logan was reared by Christian parents, and at the early age of twelve gave her heart to God and was happily converted.

In the fall of 1873, she was united in holy matrimony to Bro. W. H. Logan, who survives her with a heart fully conscious of all he has lost, but bowing in humble submission to the will and ways of Almighty God. Life opened to them freighted with promises of usefulness and happiness. But "God's ways are not as man's ways," and "His ways are past finding out." Nearly three years previous to her death, she consecrated all to God with reference to heart purity, and by an appropriating faith received Jesus as her sanctification.

The writer, the first time she met her, was fairly charmed with the beauty and lustre of her Christian character. The holy friendship which mutually touched our hearts at the first meeting, seemed to take root deeper and to mount higher at every subsequent interview.

Naturally quiet and retiring, she ever shrank from publicity, but never shrank from giving her thrilling testimony in honor of Jesus; and the humble, sweet manner in which it was offered was always felt in the social circle. There was a home life of sweetness and tender sympathy rarely met. She seemed to feel the force of the fact, that this life was given her to prepare for eternity, and lived according to her convictions. During a conversation with her pastor some months prior to her decease, on being told that her life was in the balance, she replied, "I know not whether it would be best for me to live or die, but my Lord does. If it was left to me to choose I should have to refer it back to Him." Thus every interest for time and eternity was committed to God. While her body was rapidly fading, yield ng to the ravages of the fatal destroyer—consumption, her inner life was consciously "kept by the power of God through faith, unto salvation ready to be revealed."

"Like the last lingering rays of the even,
Reclining her head on her Savior's breast,
She soared to her own native heaven."

And we whom she hath left, say:

"A light is from our circle gone,
A voice we loved is still;
A place is vacant in our midst,
And never can be filled.
We call her dead, but well we know
She dwells where living waters flow."

"She hath fallen asleep! fold the robe
O'er the meek heart, so pulseless and still;
She hath gone to her Father and ours,
And our grief is His glory and will.
The rest which He gives His beloved
Is hers, untroubled and deep,
And because we so loved her, we say—
It is well she hath fallen asleep."

MRS. FANNIE BROWN.

MRS. LYDIA AUSTEN HOLDICH.

Passed away to her heavenly home, June 25th, 1879, at the family residence in Morristown, N. J., Mrs. Lydia Austen Holdich, wife of Rev. Dr. Holdich, late Secretary of the American Bible Society. Mrs. Holdich was a cultivated lady,—a lover of holiness. The older graduates of the Wesleyan University of Morristown, will recollect her as the wife of the popular professor of mental philosophy, whose home was always made inviting by a graceful Christian courtesy. Dr. Holdich went from the University to be financial secretary of the Bible Society.

Mrs. Holdich was a writer of much elegance, a lady of eminent social qualities, greatly beloved by her friends, and the queenly centre of a peculiarly affectionate circle. The venerable Doctor, now greatly bereaved, will receive the hearty sympathy of all his many friends. He has been for several years an invalid. The loss of one who has been so worthy and helpful a companion for so many years, is a terrible blow; but the separation will only be for a short period. Mrs. Holdich leaves behind two daughters.

MRS. HANNAH WHITFORD.

Mrs. Hannah Whitford was born in Amsterdam, N. Y., August 6, 1809, and died in Monmouth, Ill., March 19, 1879. She was converted in early life, and was for several years a member of the Presbyterian Church. About twenty years ago, she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued a faithful member until her death.

Dec. 5th, 1849 she was married to William Whitford, who by her death is very deeply bereaved. They came to Monmouth in the spring of 1879, and although she was not able to attend Church, she sent in her letter and connected herself with the Church. She was sick when she came, but from that time she gradually grew worse and worse, until she died. But she witnessed a good confession of her faith in the all-cleansing blood. She was a lover of the GUIDE, and fully embraced the doctrines it teaches. In her long sickness she was resigned, and even anxious for the Master to say, "It is enough, come up higher." There can be no doubt of her having entered into the rest that remains for the people of God. The lovers of holiness are asked to pray for her husband in his loneliness.

The year that opens the gateway,
And brings the Master's call;
Is the New Year I am waiting for—
The happiest year of all.
For then I shall see my Savior,
And feel the clasp of the hand
That is leading me through the earth-life,
Up to the heavenly land.
Yes; He who through tangled pathways
Has guided my weary feet,
Will still be there beside me,
When I walk the golden street.

Editorial.

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

We believe we shall give general satisfaction to our readers and afford them much pleasure, by inserting the experience of Rev. Wm. Taylor, the world-wide missionary, as given in the Tuesday Meeting, June, 1879. We have no doubt but it will add instruction in the deep things of God, and we trust induce many of the laborers in the vineyard to remove to that zone, where they will be prepared to do God's will anywhere. He tells us the standard is no longer the ten commandments, but beyond them. No man gets to heaven by keeping the ten commandments. There is a zone where legality ends and the eleventh commandment is kept, the command of Christ, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

Love is the great principle of the eleventh commandment zone. The fields are white and ready to harvest, and the demands for first-class laborers very urgent,—who will obey the command?

EXPERIENCE OF REV. WM. TAYLOR.

"I was justified by the grace of God August 28, 1841—thirty-eight years ago. My aim was not any thing less than holiness. In the start I intended to be holy, but I soon found there were obstructions in my way. I had been perfectly conscious of my sinfulness, guilt, and condemnation; had seen the remedy in Christ on the grounds of what He had done, received my acquittal, and the revelation from the Father of pardon and regeneration. Mine was a happy faith as far as this experience went, but there was a grappling with obstacles, remaining carnalities, for which there was no condemnation. I had inherited them. They were a terrible obstructive force. There was legalism. I began the work of consecration determined to be for God, to bind myself thoroughly to His services forever. I began to work, and work it was, all work, not much faith mixed with it.

"There was ignorance in discriminating the difference between weakness and sin, between temptation and sin, between thoughts of sin and sinful thoughts. Difficulties arising from wandering thoughts, the workings of the imagination, flights of fancy, day dreams—for there are day dreams as well as night dreams—the one no more wrong than the other. For all this discipline was needed, and I went through a sort of drill, in the meantime having no one to talk with about holiness. At last I heard of a lady who professed sanctification. I went a long distance to see her. She had once enjoyed it, but had lost it. I got light and strength, but could not get carnal nature out.

"Four years after I began to preach I found I must give up all to Christ. Just receive Christ as a poor patient would do with his doctor. The saving part is all divine. We can only do as little children do, let every thing go, and let Jesus do as He would. I was limber in His arms. I preached from Genesis through, from creation to glorification. I grew from the start, but could not grow sin out. Finally, I saw that all there was to do was just to receive Christ. I told Him I could not do any better than I had done; now He must do for me. Consecration resolutions could not do the work. As well might a person with the cholera expect to be cured by resolutions, resolving to be better, to have no more cramps, no more pain. No, such a person must submit to treatment. So I submitted to Christ, as a patient to a physician. I just submitted to treatment.

"If I belong now to the hard-working line, as I do, it is not in regard to salvation. In that I can do nothing. Christ must do all; then through the salvation He works in me, I can work for Him. I let Him carry me as a little child is carried in its mother's arms, and was limber too. Formerly, I tried to help Him to save, and that hindered. Now I let Him do it all, and He made me strong to do. He worked in, and I worked out, that which He would have me do.

"The difference between the consecration of instructed believers and that of the sinner is this. The sinner does not consecrate at all. He has nothing to consecrate. He is a felon under condemnation. His is a a surrender, not a consecration, and made mainly from fear. The converted soul lives at first in a moral legal zone. He has been acquitted, his legal relations have been made right, he has given back to him blessings lost through sin. He now has something to consecrate. He needs to have his senses enlightened, to see what he is to consecrate. He sees that he is able to sacrifice, to offer himself a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable to God through Christ. He is not to make an atoning sacrifice, only Christ could do that; but he perceives that it is ours to co-operate with Christ, and surrender all to God; that we are a royal priesthood, subordinate to Christ. Now, the consecration is not made from fear, but in view of the mercies of God. He sees God's provision in Christ through the atonement by the work of the Spirit. The standard is no longer the ten commandments, but beyond them. They are a grand law, and many people think if they only keep the ten commandments they are doing a great work. If they could keep them, they could never get to heaven through them. No one gets to heaven through keeping the ten commandments. There is a zone where legality ends, and the eleventh commandment is kept, the command of Christ: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

"That is beyond the ten commandments. 'Love as I have loved you.' How did He love? If He had loved only in accordance with equity and justice, He would never have left the riches, the honor, the glory of His home. He would have given us our due, and let us perish. How did He love us? He did leave the riches, the honor, the glory, His home, and made common cause with us, that we might share all with Him. This love is the great principle of the eleventh commandment zone—a zone a thousand miles beyond the principles of the legality zone, the zone of the ten commandments. I have a residence in this southern zone. If any man is wholly given

up to God as a living sacrifice, he is ready for God's work anywhere. Since I have been thus surrendered, the Lord knows, that if there is any hard work to be done, He has one man who is ready to do it. It is wonderful that one naturally bashful and unobtrusive should ever be so changed as His grace has changed me."

BRO. TAYLOR'S MISSIONARIES.

In conclusion, Bro. Taylor gave a short and comprehensive account of the missionary work in which he has been engaged in India and South America. He referred to his visit to the city last fall, and its object. To his departure, in an emergency, from his usual plan in raising money, to pay the passage of his missionaries, which had thus given many the privilege of contributing to the cause of the Lord, without tapping directly or indirectly the general missionary resources.

Twenty-four missionaries have been sent out to South America. Since last fall, four have been transferred from the field to the kingdom and the crown of glory. Bro. Torbet went to Bombay and from there to glory. He died not from illness. None of those who have gone to India in connection with this work, thus far, have been lost to it from disease. He went with other friends to visit on board the ship Harriet McGilvery. After some time spent in pleasant converse, they all took tea with the Captain, and then engaged in singing. Bro. Torbet left the party to go to the forecastle, and talk among the sailors about Jesus. He did not return. The mate went for him, and was informed that he had left to return to the saloon. The hatch was open, and he had fallen into the hold. He knew not the danger, as he walked from his work among those whose souls he loved; but with his heart in heaven, and his eyes looking upward as he prayed for them, he unconsciously took the step which led him so soon from his work and loved ones, but brought him into the glorious presence of the Master, for whom he toiled and suffered.

Bro. Birdsall went to Aspinwall. The place was sickly, and he worked too hard; came home one night from a prayer-meeting suffering from illness. He knew he must die, but did not regret that he had entered the field; prayed that God would send two hundred missionaries to South America. Said, "My faith is in Jesus, that His work in this country will go on." He soon went home to glory. His plucky little wife has come north, expecting after a little preparation to return to labor for the Master.

The wife of Lucius Smith died after an illness of two weeks, in glorious triumph; and thus one more tie binds the workers to the land for which they are toiling.

Bro. Magnus Smith, a graduate of Williams College, a thorough German scholar, was one of those who thought that holiness meant work for God and souls. He was ill, and on Chilian ground, during the time of the trouble there. He was removed from the range of the enemy's guns to a place of safety, but was not able to stand the shock. His dying words were, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

Thus four have gone to glory, and the rest are working on all the harder, because of the consecrated ones who have been buried in South America. They are bound to win the country for Jesus. And, said Bro. Taylor, "many in Christian lands are dying of respectability and comfort."

The heathen have something startling to show every day, Delicate women in India, when they can, elude the Government's watchfulness, throwing themselves on the funeral pile, to be burned with the dead body of their husband. Every now and then, a man with a hook through his shoulder may be seen swinging through the air, a sacrifice to his religion; while many are eager to throw themselves beneath the car of juggernaut, to suffer or die to gain the bliss they seek. Thus does heathendom stir up the heroic spirit in men and women.

The pagan priests understand this, and are ever striving to arouse the people to these acts of devotion. While with us, this which leads to mighty deeds is slumbering. To be sure, it was awakened for a time in the women's temperence movement

in Ohio, and what a tremendous effect was produced for a while. What if all had this spirit of heroism to work for God?

PROFESSORS OF HOLINESS.

We do not imagine, in the present state of things, that true holiness after the Bible standard will ever become popular.

Christians of all and every name are not of the world, because Jesus says, "I have chosen you out of the world." An idea prevails with many, that holiness is merely the doctrine of a sect. That it is the acknowledged doctrine of one of the divisions of Christ's army is true, but is it not equally true that God demands present holiness on the part of all His children, irrespective of name or sect?

We take the Bible as our standpoint, when we say, we do not think that a state of holiness can be retained without a willingness to confess it to the praise of God. On the same principle, that we would not expect a justified soul to retain a state of justification while refusing to confess it, we may say that those who receive sanctifying grace will lose it, unless willing to be promptly true to the Spirit's call, "Ye are my witnesses."

YE ARE MY WITNESSES.

Some people mock at personal testimony, and we are ashamed to say where some of these mocking questions come from; but we will let David speak as a witness for God, as he gives all manner of positive testimony to the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of man, from the highest, most enrapturing experience, to the simplest act of faith in God. "I trusted in the Lord and He helped me." "I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation."

True, David was a king and a prophet, and had a right to all the assurance and confidence he plainly declares, and also the privilege of declaring all the Lord's doings for him in as positive language as he felt it his duty to use, for he knew it was of the faithfulness of the God of truth he made mention. And of us in this dispensation, it is said of the least disciple, "Ye are kings and priests unto God," and have a right to declare His doings to His praise.

News Along the Line.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

Already more than four million copies of the Scriptures have been sold (exclusive of those given) among the thirty-five millions of French Roman Catholics. Between the years 1832 and 1870, five hundred thousand young Frenchmen, whilst in the army, have been taught in the military reading schools, organized by Rolland, a Protestant elder, and in which the only class-book allowed was the Gospel of St John. An unprecedented dispensation threw a hundred and three thousand soldiers of the French army upon the hospitable soil of Protestant Switzerland, where they were cared for with indefatigable charity. They brought home the news that the Protestant faith was the true religion. Since the holding of the last Œcumenical Council, the Roman Catholic clergy have made desperate efforts to bring France under the abhorred yoke of the Syllabus. Hence the nation is becoming awake to the fact that they cannot secure their liberties unless they break with Popery altogether. A most interesting movement has arisen among the elite of the seven millions of Roman Catholics who have rejected Popery, but who did not know anything better. M. Reivillaud, who was recently converted in a wonderful manner, and who knows his country well, expresses the opinion that within forty years France will be Protestant. * * We enjoy now a perfect religious liberty under a Government which is in a large part Protestant.—Dr. Fisch.

MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

It is reported by the American missionaries in Turkey, that the bitter hostility of the Greek and Armenian Christians toward

Protestantism is wearing off. A striking instance of friendliness occurred recently at Trebizond. The Greek Archbishop of that province, who had been liberal and benevolent and had lived a blameless life, died at an advanced age, and all the representatives of other communions were invited to the funeral. The Armenian bishop was present and spoke in Turkish, and Mr. Parmelee, Protestant missionary, made an address in Armenian. Afterward the Greek bishop called on Mr. Parmelee and thanked him.

ROCK OF ST. PETER.

The orator who spoke at the dedication of the New York Cathedral on Sunday last, mounted the rock of St. Peter and cried: "Here is the power to stem the current of immorality." It is a remarkable circumstance that in Rome, where they keep this rock, and where nice old gentle men perched upon it have Poped civil society for centuries, the current was not only stemmed, but did actually become peculiarly black and nasty—in fact, when Victor Emanuel got possession of Rome, it was morally a cess-pool; no city in Europe approached it in the demoralization of the people. And as for this country, all the statistics are one way—three-fourths of our prisoners have the "St. Peter's Rock" kind of religion. Metaphysical rocks may build cathedrals by moral pilfering from servant girls, and by holding great gambling "fairs;" but they never stem any currents of immorality.

Revival Miscellany.

LIMA, OHIO, REVIVAL.

In a letter to the "Methodist," the Rev. Wm. G. Little remarks in reference to the Rev. Thomas Harrison: "He came to Lima about five weeks ago and began his evangelical labors in Trinity M. E. Church, Rev. I. Newton, pastor, and just closed his meetings last night and left on the midnight train for Fairfield Iowa, where he will begin another series of meetings to-morrow night. As we look at what has been accomplished here it is truly wonderful. When Bro. H. came many were disappointed; they had heard of his marvelous success in leading thousands to Christ, and they looked for a man of commanding mien, powerful in voice, mighty in logic and beautiful in rhetoric. But on that Wednesday night, five weeks ago, when Brother Newton came into the pulpit, there came with him a young man of medium size, in appearance a youth of eighteen or twenty years of age, though he is about twenty-five. Then, when he told us he did not come to preach set discourses, his commission was to get men to act, and then told us what we might expect to see, many thought that cannot be possible here, the Church is so cold and formal, and there are only so very few to work with you. That first night many of us fully read that man of God as he stood before us. It was not by might, nor by power he proposed to work, but by the Spirit of God aiding him, he hiding behind the cross and glorying only in it. Says he, "Brethren, I just step right out on the broad promises of Jesus and rest there." We found him a man that loved to pray and was mighty in prayer and faith. Of him we felt he might well be called Israel, for he prevailed with God. As we look at what has been done with Bro. H., we say, to God be all the glory. The Church has been crowded every night, although at times the heat was intense. The large altar was most always filled with penitents and others bowed at the front pews. Quite often after souls had been happily converted, others took their places at the altar.

The Church has been gloriously revived, some entering into the enjoyment of perfect love. Over 150 souls have been converted and 135 united with Trinity Church on probation. The conversions were clear, and many of them accompanied with great power, such as we used to witness in other years.

Bro. H. overheard some telling the penitents at the altar, "Why, you are saved, just believe it." He just raised and said to all at the altar, "Oh, do not tell another person you are saved; I would not do it

for my life; just let the Lord tell them, then they will know it with certainty." Of the converts, one was converted on the street, another in a store, and some at their homes; some had come five miles, some twenty and some sixty. They go back to their homes to tell the glad story of salvation. Wives were made happy by the conversion of their husbands, and some whole families were brought into the Church. In age, the converts ranged from the child of ten to the gray-haired fathers of seventy-seven.

Last night 20 were at the altar for prayer. When the time for closing came, and the farewells had to be said, Bro. Harrison called all the young converts about him in and around the altar, to give them a final talk. It was a scene to be remembered for a lifetime. All ranks in life were represented, from the homes of luxury to the humble cottage of poverty. Says a good brother, as he looked on the noble band of happy faces, "Why, we have got the very flower of Lima here." Says Bro. H. to this large band, "All of you that will take my motto as yours, which motto is always under every circumstance, 'Looking unto Jesus,' and will try and meet me in heaven, when we sing the last chorus, "Oh, Beulah Land,' raise your right hand.' Every hand went up, and with renewed courage the Church reconsecrated itself to God. We all feel the work will not end with the meeting. Only eternity can tell its results. The prayers of many in Lima are, "God bless Brother Harrison, wherever he may labor."

SUCCESS IN CANADA.

The "Evangelical Messenger" says:—"Bishop Dubs has just returned from Canada (June 28), after an absence of about two weeks. During this time he attended three Camp-meetings and a number of other appointments, and preached altogether about twenty-eight times, which we should consider a little crowded for these June days.

"The reports from the Canada Camp-meetings are unusually cheering. The work of soul-saving is going gloriously forward. At the Hay Camp-meeting, on Rev. J. Umbach's district, there were between forty and fifty souls converted, of whom thirty-nine have already united with our Church. At the Carrick Camp-meeting, on Rev, C. A. Thomas' district, there were over seventy conversions, and sixty five accessions to our Church. At the Hamburg camp, also, on Bro. Umbach's district, which was still in progress when the Bishop left Canada, there were scores of penitent sinners at the altar of prayer, while many were already converted to God.

THE WORK ABIDING.

The special religious services which were begun in Liverpool in connection with the visit of Moody and Sankey are still continued prosperously. Missions are conducted in different parts of the town, and are participated in by ministers of the different denominations, including Churchmen, Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists and Wesleyans. The supply of ministers is abundant, the meetings are well attended, and the services are attractive and profitable.

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

A WHISPERING GALLERY.

A writer in the "Christian Advocate," in an account of journeyings in Palestine, says: "We rode up through the valley to old Shechem, now called Nabulus. On either side towered the mountains Ebal and Gerizim, while we were on the very plain, where, after the battle of Ai, the hosts of Israel were assembled to hear the blessings and cursings. We passed through the gates of the city, our horses walking with great difficulty on the smoothed stones of the paved street, until we reached our tents, which had been pitched in a beautiful situation west of the city walls. Here, in this old town, and now the second city of Palestine, we were to spend the Sabbath, dwelling in tents, as our father Jacob had done before us.

"Our Sabbath service will never be forgotten. Climbing the lofty height of Mt.

Gerizim, we saw the site of the old Samaritan temple, the rival of the temple at Jerusalem. Here, too, in later years, a Christian Church had been built. All were in ruins now, the only edifice standing being a Mohammedan welly, or domed tomb, from the top of which we looked down upon the great valley through which we had passed on the day before. The fields, some newly plowed, some in vegetables, and some in grain, appeared like so many different strips of carpets spread upon the ground. When our Lord sat at Jacob's well and looked out upon them they were white unto harvest. Toward the southwest stretched the plain of Sharon, while that white line of sands and shells denoted that the blue line beyond was the Mediterranean. Far above Mt. Ebal, Hermon lifted its snow-crowned head, dim with perpetual dews. On the east lay the unmistakable Jordan Valley.

Gerizim was one pulpit and Ebal the other. While I remained to read the blessings Mr. Samson passed over to Ebal to read the curses, and Bishop Marvin went down to listen in the plain below, where the hosts of Israel had stood. The two readers were fully a mile apart, and hardly distinguishable from the rocks on which they stood, and yet, as they read the blessings and the curses of the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of Deuteronomy, not only did Bishop Marvin hear every word with wonderful distinctness, but they could hear and understand each other, save when an occasional gust of wind swept away a word. This is, perhaps, the greatest auditorium in the world, and with such an auditory as listened and responded "Amen," when the Levites read the blessings and curses, history cannot show a more imposing spectacle. How these hills re-echoed every word said, as if to add yet other voices to the solemn tones of the tribe of Levi. The lesson ended, one of us proclaimed: 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might be saved,' while the other responded: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Then the two voices on the mountain sides and the other in the valley below sang, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Meeting again in the valley we returned to our tents, remarking upon this most wonderful whispering gallery of God's own making. It was this place, unknown to him save by tradition or the inspiration of the divine Spirit, that Moses selected for the great drama in which Israel should have set before them the evil and the good."

Correspondence.

[These lines were found on a sheet of paper in the home of Mrs. E. A. B——, a woman of rare piety, who has been an invalid and great sufferer for many years. Though she is led through much affliction to the land of rest, still her faith is strong in Christ and His grace sufficient for her. The author is unknown.—N. L. P.]

For the Guide.

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From the girlish tongue;
Sang as little children sing,
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light waves down
On the current of the tune,—
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Let me hide myself in thee,"—
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be
On some other lips a prayer,—
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"—
'Twas a woman sung them now;
Sung them slow and wearily,
Wan hand on her aching brow;
Rose the song as storm-tossed birds
Beat with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer,—
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages cleft for me;"—
Lips grown aged sing the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in thee;"
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet stream peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.
Sang as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest,—
"Rock of ages cleft for me.
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"—
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed sóul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,—
Nevermore from billows roll
Wilt thou need to hide
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,—
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be,
"*Let me hide myself in thee.*"

MIDDLEBURY, CT.

For the Guide.

PEARLS FROM OCEAN GROVE.—NO. 1.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Dobbins preached a blessed sermon, to which hundreds listened with delight and profit, on Sabbath morning of June 29th, from the text—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Psalm 46 : 1.

In connection with the latter clause of the text, the word tribulation was used as synonymous with the word trouble. Tribulations, from the Latin word tribulo, signifying to thresh or beat, is specially expressive, as figuratively used, to represent the dealings of God with His children, "who chastens them for their profit, that they may be partakers of His holiness," and thus evinces His love for them.

The process of threshing grain for the purpose of separating it from the husks and straw, is intended by the inspired Word to show the design of God,—by the afflictions of His people to separate them from the world and from sin, and make them meet for His use here, and "meet to be partakers of an inheritance with the saints in light" hereafter.

Hence the Apo-tle Paul says, "Therefore we glory in tribulation also, for tribulation worketh patience, and p tience experience, and experience hope."

The reason of his glorying was that the results were so precious. And well he might rejoice, and all others who experience tribulation, for such results.

But there is another thought in connection with this subject that seems to be of great importance. The farmer, when he spreads the grain on the floor to be threshed, is very careful to remove any portion of it that bears the appearance of smut or cheat. The spurious and offensive is not subjected to the beating of the flail, but is cast aside. Only that which is worth using is threshed.

Some of the grain may be shrivelled and discolored—not full and white as some other grain, but yet is of some value, and therefore accounted worthy to go through the process of beating.

Is not this suggestive of courage and comfort to all those who are in tribulation? and to those especially who feel themselves to be inferior to some others of their companions in trouble, and think God does not care for them? The fact of their being afflicted affords evidence that they are not regarded as spurious or worthless—not rejected of God, else He would not take pains to have them on the threshing floor to make them fit for His use.

St. Paul speaks of "rejoicing that he is counted worthy to suffer for His name—the Redeemer of his soul," and St James bids the sufferers—"rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when He shall appear ye also may rejoice with exceeding joy."

THE EXPERIENCE MEETING

in the afternoon of June 29th, was one of remarkable interest and divine power. The glory of God filled the Tabernacle, and was reflected in scores of radiant faces. Glowing testimonies from overflowing hearts attested that the precious children

of God were there and were rejoicing in the revealings of His love—some who knew well what tribulation means, and its glorious results also.

The reading of God's Word, and comments by Dr. Palmer, was attended with much divine unction. Rev. J. Nobles spoke of the marvelous power of our wonder working God as experienced in his own case. He had once asked Dr. Palmer if he believed it possible for the Lord Jesus to take hold of a poor wrecked and ruined soul, polluted and sunk in sin and misery, and reconstruct it—fit it up for His own abode and live therein? The Dr. replied to him, "Yes, yes! the Omnipotent One can do it." "And I," said the speaker, "was that wretched, fallen, ruined soul,—and Jesus did take hold of me and made me all over, and then came and took up His abode in my heart—and He lives there to-day!"

Responses of glory to His name welled up from many hearts who rejoiced with the redeemed one, exulting in Him

"Who breaks the power of cancelled sin
And sets the prisoner free."

WEDDING GARMENT FOUND.

My wife was the means in the hand of God of my conversion. She had been taught from infancy by her mother to pray before retiring at night. After we had been married several years I began to follow her example, though at times my way seemed entirely hedged up. My prayers did not seem to rise as high as the top of my head. At other times, when I came in the divinely appointed way, I felt the assurance that I was heard. A great struggle now commenced, between prejudice on the one hand and a clear sense of duty on the other. I was prejudiced against the Church—all denominations to some extent. I thought I could live a Christian out of the Church, but I failed to find forgiveness. Finally, I so far overcame my prejudice as to publicly unite with the Church.

I felt greatly encouraged and strengthened while receiving the hand of fellowship. These tokens of love and fellowship may lose their interest with older members; with the newly enlisted they are ever appreciated, if they are in earnest. I was not yet converted; but the next day, while alone, I received such an evidence of adoption into the family and favor of God, that I could never doubt it. Five years have now passed, and I have been greatly confirmed and settled in the faith, but I gained no new experience.

A meeting of some interest was now going on in our Church. Members were being quickened. We began to "lay all upon the altar." I don't know whether others understood the meaning of this expression or not; I know I did not. I began to be distressed. I had been now five years trying to understand this question, and was no nearer its solution than at first. One night a strange brother took the stand. He announced as his text, "When the king came in to see the guests, he saw one there who had not on the wedding garment, and he said, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on the wedding garment? and he was speechless." These words were spoken to my very heart, by the King himself I literally groaned during the sermon, I could not help it. At the conclusion of the sermon we gathered about the altar It seemed to me I should die then and there without the "wedding garment." We bowed in prayer, and on rising from our knees, some one commenced singing, "I'm glad salvation's free." My faith took hold of the offering. I was permitted at that moment to do in figure what my blessed Savior did in reality on the cross. By my faith in the blood of the everlasting Covenant, through the eternal Spirit, I offered myself without spot unto God. Well may Paul beseech us by the mercies of God to do this "reasonable service." My experience at this hour it would be impossible to describe. It must be realized in order to be understood.

In conclusion, I would say the "Guide" has been indeed a guide to me. And now I come to you for advice. Nature gave me an irritable temper, which is the hardest thing for me to overcome. Sometimes (I wish I could say at all times) I have that charity "that suffereth long and is

kind,"—"endureth all things," &c. Surely it is a great victory to be able to overcome all willful and known sin—even the habit of using tobacco. I have by faith overcome them all. Yours as ever,

PLEASANTON, KAN. B. F. MCELVAIN.

MONTREAL CONFERENCE.

DEAR EDITOR:—The Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada closed its session in the city of Kingston, on Wednesday, June 25th.

It was no ordinary privilege to be permitted to attend its various services, all of which were characterized by the direct influence of the Holy Spirit.

A special meeting for holiness was a very precious one. Many ministers gave direct testimony as to the power of divine grace in saving to the uttermost, as a distinct and separate blessing from justifying grace. One of our aged and distinguished ministers testified as to having obtained the precious rest of faith during the past year. Holiness seemed to be the grand keynote of all the special services.

The minister's love-feast on Sabbath morning was a most blessed time. Many could say with the poet,—

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When 'round His throne we meet."

Yea, when we shall join the glorious love-feast in the blest eternal home. At the close of the morning service (love-feast) Dr. Nelles, Principal of Victoria College, gave one of the most orthodox and profound sermons ever delivered on such an occasion in the old city of Kingston.

The Conference Missionary Meeting was a rare treat and a great success. Addresses were delivered by returned missionaries from many distant fields of labor—such as George Cochran (Japan), Halstead (Manitoba), John McDougal (Rocky Mountains), and the eloquent Dr. Douglass of Montreal, who is said to have excelled himself, as having given one of the most enthusiastic and powerful addresses ever delivered on the subject of missions in the great dominion of Canada.

Physically, the Doctor is a wreck. His stately form is slowly but surely yielding to the cruel hand of disease; but the same gigantic, powerful intellect, with the deep, rich, musical voice of former days. Many prayers are ascending to a throne of heavenly grace that the hand that has fallen so heavily on the great Dr. Douglass may in mercy be lifted, that his life may long be spared as an ambassador for the Master in pleading the glorious cause of missions.

As a result of the services, $5,000 have been added to the missionary fund, $4,000 of which were given by the ministers of the Conference. "He that giveth lendeth to the Lord. C. A, L.

GLAD TIDINGS.

[The following private letter is so full of instruction and interest, that we propose, without asking permission, to give it to the readers of the GUIDE.—ED.]

DEAR SISTER P.—My heart is so full of rejoicing at the precious prospects of a revival of the Lord's work here, that I cannot help but share my feelings with you, whom I know will so fully sympathize. All seems so wonderful to me, and yet when I remember that "He works both to will and do of His own pleasure," why should anything seem astonishing? When we came here we found the Church cold and almost powerless, the prayer-meetings had diminished down to three or four in attendance, class-meeting nothing but a name—sometimes two present. The Church is a pretty neat little building, the parsonage far superior to the average country parsonages. The members appeared kind and gave us a warm welcome,—but we learned after having been here a week or so, the spiritual condition of the Church. This was told us by two of the stewards, who are really earnest hearted Christians, and who have been long mourning over the state of affairs. There have been quarrels among the members,—the last preacher here gave great dissatisfaction to some of the leading men, and they left the Church. Then added to all this, the Church has been running into all kinds of amusements,—fairs, Church sociables,—every means has been tried to

raise money from the world, to pay the preacher's salary, and to meet other Church necessities. At these sociables they have gathered the young people,—they pay ten cents to come, and then have games of romps, "kissing games," and all kinds of nonsense. Of course you may believe no Church can prosper effectually where such things go on. All these facts being told to us, we knew upon what ground we stood. The second Sabbath after our arrival, the Lord gave me great liberty in class-meeting. I spoke of holiness as the great distinguishing doctrine of the M. E. Church. Of what the Church had been in the times of Fletcher, Brainwell and others; of her power over sinners,—of her wants to-day. Mr. —— was not present at the time. The class-meeting was small, but the most devoted part of the Church were present. After it was over, some of them said with tears in their eyes, "Thank God, we shall hear something about holiness again." We had a blessed meeting. The next class-meeting there were over thirty present. The next week a "sociable" was spoken of, and one of the lady members asked would I have it at the parsonage? Then I told her, both for Mr. —— and myself, just where we stood. That it was utterly impossible for us, with the light we had, and our clear views of pastoral duty, to appear to share in anything of the kind; that we loved the people, that we would visit them all we could, and that they must always feel the parsonage a home for them all, but they need never expect that we could join in amusements contrary to both the Bible and the discipline. I quoted the passage, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." I asked her if God could be glorified by such gatherings? Then I said,—"The discipline forbids the taking of diversions which cannot be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus. Can you ask the Lord Jesus to be present?" She could not answer me, and only said, "Ministers do go,—the Presbyterian minister goes, and they have church festivals most everwhere." "Yes," I said, "but my dear sister, we are not to follow a multitude to do evil." "Well," says she, "then we need never look for you at our sociables." She even went home, but she has seemed more thoughtful ever since. Mr. —— told the brothers and I the sisters our views about it, and it is now understood. I do not think any one will ever say "sociable" to us again.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened with singing the familiar hymn—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

The many written and verbal requests were then carried to the throne of grace. After which—

Sister Palmer said her thoughts through the morning had been dwelling on the greatness of the salvation presented to us through Christ, and the danger of slighting it. She then read portions of the first and second chapters of Hebrews, calling attention to the fact, "That God who in times past had spoken by the prophets," was now speaking to us by His Son. God is really speaking to us, therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed.

We are in danger of not appreciating this great salvation. In danger of not accepting it fully. It is a salvation from all sin. It is a perfect salvation. Deliverance from the tempter's power. Deliverance to those who through fear of death, were all their life-time in bondage. She could never forget the joy communicated through a letter written to her by Bishop Hamline, when she was ill. The Bishop had also been very ill. He said in his letter: "I thought I should have been the one to welcome you to the heavenly home, but perhaps you may be the first admitted; you have a rich inheritance. 'All is yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Death is yours, the smiling porter waiting to open the gate to let you into glory."

Her heart was filled with holy ambition to know all the blessedness of this great salvation.

HOLINESS IS HEALTHFULNESS.

Dr. Palmer also rejoiced in this glorious salvation. Language fails to tell how wonderful it is. While thinking of the large provision made by the God of love, the words of the poet came to his mind:

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin.
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within."

For every one who has not found the full power of this salvaton, there is enough. If we would praise the Lord more, we would know more of this salvation. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me, and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God." A sister said last Sabbath, that hosannahs were going on in her heart all the time. He heard a delightful sermon from a brother at Ocean Grove, who said: Some people are afraid of the word holiness; but they need not be, for it only meant healthfulness. Jesus came to make a thorough cure and prepare each heart to be His temple home, where he can continually dwell. Jesus was whispering to each of His loved ones, What wouldst thou that I should do unto thee? His heart was saying, Let me know what it is ever to dwell in love, that I may dwell in God and God in me.

LEARN OF HIM.

Sister Searles felt burdened with a sense of gratitude to God. She was nothing at all, and yet she belonged to the royal priesthood—the holy nation—the peculiar people. All her boast was in Jesus, who had done it all. She had greater light than she ever had before on these words of Jesus—"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." O, the rest there is to the people who learn of Him! Nothing but Christ in the heart, the hope of glory can prepare us to meet the ills of life. How many there are, here and there, who try to cure themselves, but they can never do it. Jesus alone can do it. God is no respecter of persons, but He is a respecter of character. How often she looked to Jesus and thanked Him that He was no respecter of persons, but continued His mercies to her all the time, with the prospect of living with Him forever at His right hand.

SPEAK FOR JESUS.

Dr. Palmer, in reply to a sister who thought to testify by her life rather than her words, said: God says to His loved ones,—"In that day thou shalt say, It is not enough to think praise; there is no way but with the voice, that we can say—O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid."

THE DIVINE INDWELLING

Rev. Bro. See sympathized with Sister Searles, who spoke of her nothingness. In no sense aside from the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, are we anything because of any possession; we never can be anything as men or angels, apart from the divine possession. Any other ground taken would awaken pride, and pride kills. When he spoke of the righteousness of God as manifest in the flesh, he had not the slightest idea that the righteousness attaches itself to him, as of himself considered, only by the indwelling power of God. If we stray or yield to sin, or take back anything from the altar, down goes all righteousness. No man of himself walks the highway of holiness by himself considered,—it is His divine indwelling; and if we would be made in His likeness, it is not by strength derived from the morning prayer, that we may be carried through the day, but it is by welcoming Him who makes the life as He wants it. We are all made in the image of God, but His likeness is your conformity to Him by His divine indwelling. He was kept by the power of the Holy Spirit.

AN INDISPENSABLE HELP.

Rev. G. L. Taylor, after an absence of several years, was glad to be able to attend

the meeting, and was much refreshed. At no previous stage in his experience has he had such an intense habitual consciousness of God's presence. How it smooths the life and strengthens the soul! He breathed in a clear atmosphere every day, like one climbing a mountain above the trees and brush and timber line, where the view is wide and the air crisp and stimulating. He rejoiced in the increasing revelations of God in his thoughts, yet he realized his intense personal relation to his salvation;—it is all of grace, and yet we must recollect that God recognizes character—character is ours, grace is God's. He holds the bad responsible and rewards the good. This character building is the solidification of sanctification; it is building the pyramid of our lives. God coming into us helps us to make ourselves,—an indispensable help. God furnishes all the capital, then gives him the strength to do the business, and gives him all the profits.

TAKE JESUS FOR ALL THAT HE IS.

Bro. Johnson had the blessed consciousness of God's fulfilling His promises to him: he took them as he found them and did not wish to alter them. He was awakened at two o'clock in the morning by some voice, and he arose and taking a pencil, wrote the thought that was in his mind as he awoke, —"I take Jesus for all that He is and not for less than He is. I find Jesus to be all and in all, and I take Him for all and in all." All simple monosyllables but the word Jesus. This is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith; if we have faith we have victory; if not victory, not faith. If we take hold of God's promises with unrelaxed grasp, we will be invincible; before every enemy triumphant. It would be impossible to tell the sweet things Jesus whispered to him down in the depths of his being. He would like to cast his crown at the feet of Jesus.

SAVED AND SATISFIED.

Sister Denler.—Early in experience the truth was presented to her through the word that the world is to be overcome by our testimony. Testimony of what? she asked. Why, that you have trusted and believed, and Jesus saves you. When we love Jesus we will talk about Him. Her life testified to salvation before she knew the fullness. She brought her life to serve the Lord, but she realized that she said and did things that she did not just like to do. She was glad that she entered those rooms and learned the way of holiness, eight years since. God had taken care of her reputation and permitted her to stand the test of her allegiance to Him, and He possessed her heart and saved and satisfied her.

WHEN I AM WEAK THEN I AM STRONG.

Bro. Rose.—A little circumstance occurred which presented itself to his mind. His little four-year-old boy was going over the hill with him, when he said to him,—You go on alone. He started and then came back, and said he was afraid, for he saw a man. So he took him by the hand till he had passed the man, and then he started on again alone. Then he, the father, began to be afraid, as he thought of little Charley Ross,—so he watched him as went. He felt just like a little child, and the blessed Jesus watched him and cared for him. When we feel ourselves very little, we are very dependent, and Jesus keeps us. When singing, "Cover my defenceless head," he never felt such a sweetness in his bitterness. If he had a thousand souls they would all be magnified with praise to Jesus for having done so much for him who was so unworthy.

Children's Department.

For the Guide.

IT SHALL BLOOM AGAIN.

MARY.

"Blessed is the hand that prepareth a pleasure for a child, for it shall bloom forth again."

One lovely Sabbath morning,
A man amid his flowers
Culled one that "shall bloom forth again"
In the eternal bowers.

'Twas a red and white carnation,
The sweetest, fairest flower of all
Given in silence to a youngster
Who stood looking o'er the wall.

Years ago the blossom perished,
But the memory of the deed,
To the children in life's highway,
Oft has proved a fruitful seed.

Walk we all in gardens daily,
Wistful faces o'er the wall
Are inviting deeds of kindness,—
Let us heed the Master's call.

* * * * *

Love's the only flower that bloometh
Here on earth and never dies,
The fruit of which the sower reapeth
In the fields of Paradise.

There He reigneth, Lord of glory,
He who said, by Galilee,
"Inasmuch as ye have done it,
Ye have done it unto me."

THE GIFT OF LOVE.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

It was only a few clover blossoms, with their triple leaves, that the darling brought, which, in the midst of her play with her sisters on the grass, she stopped to gather, and running with eagerness, placed them in the hand of her mother, who caught up the sweet infant, pressed it to her bosom and imprinted a kiss on its cheek, saying: "Oh, how nice! how pretty! What a good girl to bring mamma a boquet!"

Away the prattler ran, laughing and skipping back to her play, made happier by the smiles and caresses of her loving mother, and by the thought that she had pleased her with the gift of love.

And was not that simple boquet as precious to the mother as if it had been composed of the richest and rarest of summer's luxuriant bloom? Clover blossoms we seldom think worth picking, though they have a pleasant odor, but never do we place them in our vases as an adornment to our parlor. Mean we think them in comparison with our bright and lovely garden flowers.

I thought of my poor offerings to my Father above. But does He not receive them as graciously and give me tokens of his tender love even more precious than that mother bestowed upon her little one?

Yes, my heart responded. He does accept the meanest offerings, and gives me the sweetest, strongest evidence of His loving favor because what I render to Him are gifts of love, the very best I have to give, and through the "precious blood" sprinkled upon them they are a "sweet smelling savor" even to the Infinitely Pure and Holy One!

How amazing the benignant condescension of the Great Jehovah, thus to bestow on the least of His little ones such precious manifestations of His love!

Thinking of that beautiful illustration of the little child's gift to its mother and her appreciation of it, I said in my heart, I will not deplore the meanness and insignificance of my services to God any more, nor wish that I possessed the brilliant talents of greater minds, and the splendid endowments which render some the admiration of the world, but be thankful and rejoice that my humble offerings are acceptable to Him who looketh not on the outward appearance, but on the heart, and who loves me with a deeper, stronger love, than a mother can feel toward her child.

Book Notices.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST; by Rev. Asa Mahan, D.D., LL.D., author of "Christian Perfection," "True Believer," "Science of Natural Theology," &c., &c. W. C. Palmer, 43 Bible House, N. Y.

This is a new issue of the very valuable and highly appreciated work of Rev. Asa Mahan on the subject of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Everything that has emanated from this apostle of holiness has been eminently useful in the school of Christ.

STUDIES IN THEISM; by Borden P. Bowne, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University, and author of "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer." Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

The work is written in defence of Theism, and gives especial attention to the philosophical aspects of the question. The author has dwelt especially upon the theistic assumptions involved in the very nature of science, aiming to show that God is as necessary a postulate of objective science, as of religion. It is a valuable addition to philosophical and theological thinking.

DANIEL QUORM AND HIS RELIGIOUS NOTIONS,—Second Series; by Mark Guy Pearce, author of 'Mister Horn and His Friends." Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York.

The contents of this work have been published in the *Christian Advocate*, and now form a neat and interesting volume, full of interest.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

Mrs. Mary D. James. W. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.



3 I'm leaning on His loving breast,
Along life's weary way;
My path, illumined by His smiles,
Grows brighter day by day.
No foes, no woes my heart can fear,
With my Almighty Friend so near.—*Cho.*

4 I know His shelt'ring wings of love
Are always o'er me spread,
And tho' the storms may fiercely rage,
All calm and free from dread,
My peaceful spirit ever sings
"I'll trust the covert of Thy wings."—*Cho.*

From "*Beulah Songs.*"

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Holy Sympathy.

Jesus was full of sympathy, holy sympathy. His tender, loving nature prompted Him to its continual exercise amid the scenes of His earthly ministry. The occasions demanding it were numerous, and He never failed to respond as circumstances required. We now invite the readers of the *Guide* to the contemplation of a very beautiful Picture. There was near Jerusalem a quiet town called Bethany, the home of Lazarus and his sisters Martha and Mary. The three constituted a home-circle where love reigned. Thither Jesus sometimes resorted, finding a pleasant retreat from the tumults of the world. The happy fellowship there enjoyed produced a reciprocal love, intense and undying in its character. Jesus loved them—they loved Him; their hearts were knit together in indissoluble bonds. Happy they who come into such a charmed circle, the light and beauty and glory of which is—Jesus. Rutherford says, beautifully—"There is much solace of love betwixt the saints and Christ." No wonder that those who are ravished with his charms are ready to exclaim, "Whom have I in heaven but THEE? and there is none on earth that I desire beside THEE!"

A pleasing account of this little town of Bethany has been given by a traveler. He says: "It is an interesting circumstance to find that to its connection with that honored family, or rather to their connection with Jesus, the village owes the name by which alone it is now known among the natives of the country. They call it El-Azariyeh, a name plainly derived from Lazarus. Its ancient name of Bethany, signifying "the house of dates," has disappeared, like the date palm, from which no doubt that name was taken. The hamlet of eighteen or twenty houses, built evidently with the stones of other, and older, and more imposing edifices, is embowered in its little grove of trees; and the fig and the olive, the almond, the pear, and the pomegranate flourish in the orchards beside it. There is about the place altogether something of that look of both sweetness and seclusion which one loves to associate with this chosen retreat of our blessed Lord. Though not more than two miles from Jerusalem, it seems to lie in the midst of a perfect solitude. The intervening heights of the Mount of Olives shut out all sight and sound of the city, as thoroughly as if it were a hundred miles away. From Bethany itself nothing is seen but the lonely region lying between it and the Dead Sea, with the lofty walls of the mountains of Moab beyond it, and shutting up the view. It is just such a spot as one would choose for rest and retirement when sick of the strife of tongues, and

of the noise and turmoil of a gainsaying and disobedient people."

Such is Bethany. But it is especially rendered memorable by the performance of a miracle, in the restoration of Lazarus from the dominion of death. To this we are to direct attention. And there is a two-fold aspect to the subject. 1st. The preparation for this sublime consummation. 2d. The consummation itself, its inherent greatness, and pervading influence.

I. The preparation.—Death had entered the household. The emblems of mourning were there. The stricken sisters were in profound grief. Knowing the ardent love of Jesus for them, we would have supposed that He would have hastened to the house of sorrow to breathe into their ear words of comfort. Not so, however. A superficial observer might well marvel at the delay.

The sisters had sent messengers bearing tidings of their brother's sickness. Notwithstanding this, the Savior abode "two days still in the same place." Then He proposed to His disciples to return into Judea. They reminded Him of the hazards He would run, inasmuch as the Jews had threatened to stone Him. That, however, did not deter Him. When His Father's will was manifested, and a great errand of mercy was before Him, He did not hesitate. He let His disciples know that it was the working day, and that He must be about his Father's business, saying—"Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because He seeth the light of the world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him." "The zeal of the Lord's house had indeed eaten Him up." The fulfillment of His calling's glorious hope was paramount to all considerations of personal ease or safety. Learn a lesson here, beloved. Ask, what is duty? and apprehending it, *do* it,—taking no counsel of your fears, nor yet of the clamors of flesh and blood for ease and safety. Be like your adorable Lord. Make full proof of your high communion. Remember, the laborer's day has but twelve brief hours!

The design of the delay was stated to the disciples. Declaring that Lazarus was sleeping, and that He was going to awake Him out of sleep, the disciples understanding His Word literally, interpreted his condition as favorable to His recovery, saying—"If he sleep he shall do well." Then said He plainly—"*Lazarus is dead!*" adding, "And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, *to the intent ye may believe.*" Faith's lustrous development often induces delays in the divine administration. The weakness of humanity demands peculiar lines of policy. Jesus knows when to be in obscurity and when to put forth His power. He will have the mind well illumined, and the heart well cultured, so that the principle of faith may be brought forth into palpable and sublime exercise,—then He comes forth in the grandeur of His grace and power, and we are filled with admiration and praise. The disciples were slow learners, notwithstanding they were in the hands of a great Teacher.

And the sisters, too, needed to pass through this discipline of love. The holding back of His presence and power, even while every fibre of their sisterly nature was tremulous with agony, was in love. When Martha heard that He was coming, she ran to meet Him, saying most piteously, "Lord, if Thou wert here, my brother had not died!" She, however, added these remarkable words: "But I know that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." In this she fully recognized the unlimited power of Christ. An interesting conversation followed, in which Jesus sought to impress the mind of Martha with the great fact that He was the "resurrection and the life," and ulti-

mately assuring her that her brother should rise again, not at the last day as she supposed, but by the immediate exercise of His power.

Mary, having heard that the Master was come and had called for her, came and fell down at His feet, using the same sorrowful language which had been employed by her sister, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." They were both so well assured of His great love for their brother that had He been there when he was passing through the last ordeal, He would have arrested the progress of disease, and robbed the grave of its prey,—their brother had not died.

At this point, while the loving Mary was prostrated at His feet, bathing them with her tears of agony, the deep compassion of Jesus was manifested. When He saw her flowing tears, and the tears of sympathizing Jews who wept with her, "He groaned in spirit and was troubled." And, that beautiful record is made, which mourning ones all along the line of the ages have read to their hearts' comfort—*Jesus wept!* Blessed record! O, ye weeping ones of earth—ye who are bleeding and groaning with the heavy strokes of earthly calamity—read it, and be glad! The great heart of Jesus is full of sympathy. There is not an agony wringing your hearts that does not stir His bowels of compassion. Hallowed tears, the tears of Jesus shed in mercy's sight, betokening the putting on of strength for humanity's relief!

II. The consummation.—This was soon unfolded. The tears, the resolve, the work of the omnific Jesus, followed in quick succession. To the prostrate weeper at His feet, He said,—"Where have ye laid him?" To which she answered, "Lord, come and see."

They went together to the sepulcher. The stone was removed at His bidding. Lifting His eyes heavenward toward His Father's enthronement, He addressed himself in language of confiding love to His Father. Then, with a voice of authority, loud and penetrating, shaking the empire of death to its deep foundations, He cried,—"*Lazarus, come forth!*" The tenant of the tomb heard His Master's voice, and instantly obeyed. Coming forth bound with His grave-clothes, Jesus said, "Loose him, and let him go!" The victory was gained. The tomb of Bethany was vacated. The prisoner of death was released. The glory of the hour was sublime. The resurrection diadem was upon the brow of the Conqueror. The faith of many of the Jews was elicited, and the honors of the Mediator were greatly augmented.

Jesus, *our* Jesus, beloved, holds the keys of death! Wondrous declaration. In advance of His own person spoliation of the destroyer in his own territory, He gave this demonstration of His sovereignty. The story of Lazarus and his rising in response to the omnific summons, is the property of all ages. We may feast upon it and become jubilant. We may hold boasting infidels to the contemplation, and ask in triumph, "What think ye of Christ?" We may tread our way among the sorrowing and agonized millions of earth and dispel their gloom by the rehearsal of holy sympathy. We may fling the brightness of the record upon the Egyptian darkness of the nations, and see the dense, portentous clouds folded up.

The lesson of the Picture is a lesson of tears—"Jesus wept." Like Him, we should "weep with them that weep." Like Him, we may not call the dead from their slumbers. No! but we may join in the sorrowing train, moving slowly and sadly to the places of graves, and let our tears fall upon the coffin as it is let down into the grave, in company with the stricken mourners. Oh, this is beautiful—it is Christ-like! "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

For the Guide.

THE WAY THE LORD LED ME.

MRS. S. A. LANKFORD PALMER.

(*Continued from Page 36.*)

In the former part of May, 1835, in giving a needed reproof, an impression was felt so much like unhallowed emotion, that it caused extreme pain. I then resolved, if it was possible to have the positive assurance of inward purity, I would have it. I went to my room, and in the most solemn manner entered into covenant with God—to withdraw my mind from every object that might divert it from this point, and to leave no means unused to which He might direct, most earnestly imploring divine guidance.

I now withdrew as much as possible from society, and with much fasting and reading the Scriptures, with continual prayer, waited before the Lord. Temptations over which I had been enabled to triumph for months, were now presented with redoubled force. Every motive, purpose and practice was required to undergo a new investigation, and the result was too clear for even Satan to question. My only desire was to walk in the narrowest part of the narrow way.

Not doubting the entire surrender, I now waited, expecting an immediate baptism of the Holy Ghost,—I had not once thought of claiming the blessing without it,—but it did not come. It seemed as if my heart would break with desire to be filled with God. While thus breathing out my desires, too great for utterance, it was suggested,—"emptied, then filled." This turned my attention, and instead of "fill," I now cried "empty, thoroughly purify my heart." That moment, divinely directed, I opened the life of Hester Ann Rogers, and read, "Reckon thyself dead unto sin, and thou art alive unto God from this hour. O, begin, begin to reckon now; fear not, believe, believe, believe; and continue to believe, so shalt thou continue to be free.'

I fell on my knees and cried,—Lord help me, I will believe, I now believe. "Help (now) my unbelief." I now believe the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin. Thou hast purchased pardon and holiness for me, even me. I will from this moment reckon myself "dead indeed unto sin." Perfectly composed, I noted the time and continued to say,—Yes, Lord; from this hour, half past two, P. M., the twenty-first day of May, 1835, I dare "reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." I waited, speechless and motionless, expecting an instantaneous conscious baptism. I realized no emotion, except a sacred stillness. The Word of Life was lying open before me; I cast my eye on it and read, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also, and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him."

A new and inexpressible consciousness of having come to the Father through the Son, was now given; and I cried, "O, fill me with the Holy Ghost!" but all was calm and stillness; I had none of the expected emotion. I arose from my knees, fully determined to rest in God, when the enemy suggested, "You have no more evi-

dence now than before; you might have believed long since; who ever heard of believing and continuing to believe without evidence?" &c. Immediately the Spirit replied, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

For near a week, I do not think there was a joyous emotion, but an unceasing effort to believe. Presumption, enthusiasm, antinomianism, were the constant cry of the enemy. But the Sword of the Spirit prevailed, though the contest was very, *very* severe. To draw back I knew was death. I resolved to endure the conflict while mortal life should last, if no other evidence was given, saying, "Should I be called to live forty years without a joyous emotion, I will continue to praise God for salvation from sin." After forming this resolution, the promise came with more power than ever, "Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." Thus nerved afresh, I was enabled to obey the oft-repeated exhortation,—

"Tarry till thy Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at His delay,—
Dare not set thy God a time;
Calmly for His coming stay,—
Leave it, leave it all to Him."

The whole of that hymn was made a blessed means of sustaining my soul, under this severe trial of faith. The next Wednesday afternoon, in a prayer-meeting, I was sorely tried by having, as I supposed, no liberty in prayer. This for the enemy was a powerful argument,—"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." I could only reply,—

"Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay."

Our Church class being without a leader, the members had desired me to wait on Rev. T. Merritt and invite him to take the lead, assigning as a reason, "We desire a leader who will instruct us in 'the way of holiness.'" On making the request, our beloved Father Merritt said, "Why, sister, you enjoy the blessing, do you not?" I was startled, and replied, "I am not prepared to answer that question;" but after a moment's hesitation, said, "I have made a bold venture; I have dared (though perhaps presumptuously) to believe, 'and reckon myself dead indeed unto sin.'" Our dear father gave me much encouragement, saying: "Never fear presumption in believing God; presumption lies in daring to to doubt." All fears vanished, and on leaving the door I began to glory in being wholly the Lord's, and immediately my soul was filled—

"Unutterably full
Of glory and of God."

For a week, feeble humanity could scarcely contain the weight of love and glory, accompanied by such a deep consciousness of purity, as is utterly inexpressible. Nor do I think there has been an hour since, but I have been enabled to rest in the atonement, and most of the time with the most indubitable assurance that the blood of Christ Jesus now cleanseth. And O, with what holy rapture, with what triumph, have I since been permitted to dwell in God!

"'Tis more than angel tongues can tell,
Or angel minds conceive."

Though as before stated, the witness of the Spirit has not been withdrawn for an hour, yet there have been instances when sudden temptation has assumed so much

the appearance of sinful emotion as to cause keen pain; but I have invariably been enabled almost instantly to appropriate that blood, which now cleanseth from all sin, known or unknown. My heart would say,—Sin or temptation, I leave all with Jesus.

These acts of faith have generally been immediately succeeded by a most joyous assurance of acceptance; and but a very short season has at any time intervened before the Comforter has come. There are also on record, seasons when almost positively convinced of having yielded to temptation, I could

> "Weep my life away,
> For having grieved His love."

But O! Infinite condescension! Glorious plan! My advocate has prevailed. The fountain has been opened, and I have been permitted immediately to wash and be made clean.

My consciousness of the necessity of the momentary intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ, is much more clear than ever; and never was the petition. "Forgive us our trespasses," presented with more fervor, than it has been since I have been kept from voluntary or known transgression. There has also been seasons when, for days in succession, the arch enemy has seemed to rally all his forces to wrest my shield. Especially on one occasion recently, the powers of darkness were permitted so to prevail, that I seemed almost constrained to cry out, "Hast Thou forsaken me?" But deliverance came, Omnipotence prevailed, and His feeble one was enabled to rejoice in Him "who always causeth us to triumph."

Since I have been enabled to abide in Christ, I believe the language of my heart has been—

> "No cross, no suffering I decline,
> Only let my whole heart be thine."

The honor of being an agent for God seems great, very great, and yet I fear I often lose opportunities of acting, for want of wisdom. Perhaps there is no other grace of which I feel so much the need. I feel that I am nothing, I know nothing; and am therefore constrained to cry continually, "Teach me Thy way; lead me in a plain path." And O, how precious do I find the promise, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." The Word of God is increasingly precious. It is principally through this medium I am permitted to hold converse with Deity. And while His infinite love and faithfulness is unfolded to my enraptured vision, I hear Him say more and still more audibly, "Ye are my witnesses" of these things. And O, with what holy ambition does He often inspire this feeble one, to test by actual experiment the extent, the glory of all those "exceeding great and precious promises" given to redeemed ones. Even to be continually "filled with all the fulness of God." 'Tis only for this I would live, to be the happy recipient and joyful diffuser of all my heavenly Father is willing to communicate.

For the Guide.

JUSTIFICATION AND SANCTIFICATION.

REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D., LL.D.

All believers discriminate, with greater or less distinctness, between the pardon of sin, or justification, and sanctification. The former

refers to our judicial standing before God; the latter to our relations to what He requires us to be and to do. The former implies freedom from condemnation on account of past sin; the latter implies freedom from actual sin, and deliverance from the power of evil dispositions and habits which induce sin. Justification is by an act of God, and passes wholly within the divine mind; an act which gives us a judicial standing among those who have never sinned; sanctification is a work of God wrought in us, a work by which our moral nature is purified from all moral defilements and dispositions, and our moral activities brought into conformity to the divine will and requirements.

In the former, we are set right in our judicial standing; in the latter, we are made right in character, spirit, and life. In justification, we are made partakers of the merits of Christ's atonement for our sins; in sanctification, we are made partakers of His holiness, by being made new creatures in Him, and thus made like Him. Without justification, we should be forever legally barred admission to the kingdom of God; without sanctification, even omnipotence could not put us in possession of the glory and blessedness of that kingdom.

In justification we become legally entitled to a standing in the kingdom of light; in sanctification, "we are made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." SALVATION includes and implies justification, on the one hand, and sanctification, on the other. Salvation "to the uttermost" does and must imply a state in which there is not only no condemnation, but no sin in any form; that is, justification and sanctification both in full and equal perfection.

Of this great truth the reader cannot be too distinctly informed, and with it he cannot be too deeply impressed,—namely, justification and sanctification are both alike, and with equal exclusiveness, gifts of grace. In the one, we have no more direct and immediate agency, than we have in the other. In the former, God justifies us freely by His grace, and "gives a new heart, and puts a right spirit within us;" in the latter, He himself "purely purges away our dross, and takes away our tin."

While this is the case, each of these gifts of grace is conferred upon immutable conditions specifically revealed in the Word of God. Prior to the act of pardon, there must be "obedience toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." He, and he only, finds mercy, who "confesses and forsakes his sins." So, also, God "will be inquired of, to do these things for us," before He will "cleanse us from all our filthiness and all our idols," "give us a new heart, and put a right spirit within us." Justification, sanctification, and "the promise of the Spirit," are all alike "received by faith." So inspiration expressly teaches.

There are therefore, among others, these two relations of fundamental interest which Christ sustains to us, as believers. He is in us for our sanctification; He is for us, as our "Advocate with the Father," for our justification. When "Christ dwells in our hearts by faith," we become "rooted and grounded in love," and "beholding

as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord;" while, as our Advocate with the Father, He cancels all our guilt. Christ, as the object of faith, must be omnipresent in our thought and regard, in both these relations, and equally in each, or He will not, as He is designed to be, in all the fulness of His grace, be "made of God unto us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

The leading cause of the low attainments of most believers in the divine life, is manifest in the fact that Christ is in their thoughts, and to their faith, as a justifier, not equally, and on the same conditions, as their sanctification. Practically they know Him but in one relation, when they should, and must—or never receive the full benefits of His redemption—know Him equally in both. The great truth of justification by faith came to Luther as a new revelation from God. So, in still later times, did the equally essential doctrine of sanctification by faith come to multitudes of believers. When Christ shall be known and received in equal fulness of implicit faith in both relations, then will the light of Zion, come and the glory of the Lord will rise upon her. Until Christ is thus known and received, the abode of believers, what is now true of most of them, will be in the dim twilight of a semi-faith.

"Angels our servants are
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace;
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend."

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

Bible Key-Words—"Able."

"able" to save.

Sabbath, Sept. 7.—"Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. 7:25.

This is one of the most precious texts of the New Testament, declaring Christ's abundant ability to save, even unto the uttermost. The "wherefore" with which it opens connects it with the important doctrine of Christ's unchangeable priesthood, set forth by the apostle in the preceding verses. Having entered upon this unchangeable priesthood, He has the ability to save to the uttermost. This word "*uttermost*" is very comprehensive, implying a full deliverance from the sinful dominion, internally and externally—yea, from its very inbeing—and the conferment of all the graces of Christian character in perfection. Alford says,—"Some take this of *time*—'He is ever able to save," or 'He is able to save forever.' But this is not the usage of the term,—*completeness*, not *duration*, is its idea." He is able to save completely those who approach through Him, *i. e.*, by faith. And the reason assigned is irrefutable,—"seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Having purged our sins by the sacrifice of himself, He has spoiled principalities and powers, and gone up on high to plead in our behalf the infinite merit of His blood.

A little boy six years old, in an infant class, had a beautiful conception of this intercessory work of Jesus. When the question was asked by the teacher, what was meant by Christ making intercession for us, after a moment's pause the bright-eyed little

fellow answered,—"*Speaking a word to God for us!*" That is the ground of our salvation—Jesus speaks, the Father hears—we are saved.

"ABLE" TO SUCCOR THE TEMPTED.

SABBATH, SEPT. 14.—"He is able to succor them that are tempted."—Heb. 2: 18.

We have here a most cheering promise. Alford gives this rendering, "For He himself having been tempted in that which He hath suffered, He is able to succor them that are tempted." And He remarks,—"Christ's whole sufferings were a *temptation* in the sense here intended. And His ability to succor us is the power of sympathy which He has acquired by personal experience of our sufferings." By the assumption of our nature He has become *our brother*, and by His life of suffering He has entered into all the phases of human experience, and is therefore able to succor His tempted and tried followers.

This is a blessed truth and very full of comfort. But it is not only a truth in the abstract,—it has been verified in the experiences of thousands.

"At one time a fleet of a hundred vessels lay at anchor in a port of the Miditerranean, when a fearful storm burst upon them, and drove them all save one upon the shore. The wonder was how that one could have held its anchorage. It was found that its anchor had grappled with another, which lay firmly imbedded in the bottom of the sea. So, the soul anchored to Christ will be able to outride all the storms of temptation." His great heart of love, which has been stirred to its profoundest depths by suffering, is our anchorage ground—it affords abundant succors for every trying hour. Tempted, tried believer, take courage! Dark and terrible may be the hour of trial, but the supplies of grace are ample, the timely succors will come if you cleave to Jesus, and you shall own—

"How wise, how strong His hand."

"ABLE" TO KEEP FROM FALLING."

SABBATH, SEPT. 21.—"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy;

"To the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.—Jude 24.

A grand doxology, and a grand subject to inspire it—Christ's ability to keep from falling, and to present faultless before His glory with exceeding joy.

We never rise in this world beyond the liability of a fall. No matter how full our Christian development, or how rich our Christian experience—we are exposed. Hence the call for watchfulness, for vigilance, lest in an unguarded hour the enemy surprise us, and bring us into captivity. We have such Bible counsels as this: "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."

"I have known a good old man," says a certain writer, "who, when he heard of any one that had committed some notorious offence, was wont to say within himself, 'He fell to-day; so may I to-morrow.'" Our security is here stated—it is in keeping ourselves in the hands of Christ. Then we have positive, continuous safety. He is able to keep us from falling,—and what He is *able* to do He *will* do. The condition being met, the result is certain.

And this keeping by Christ is connected with a grand presentation in glory—before His glory—His inherent glory, the encompassing glory of the holy angels—and of His Father. O, what majesty there is in the contemplation! And it will be with "*exceeding joy.*" Undoubtedly; joy unspeakable, full of glory, swelling higher and higher while eternal ages roll.

Beloved, "let no man take your crown." Be steady. Cleave unto Christ. Cling to Him with undying faith. The end will be glorious.

"ABLE" TO SUBDUE.

SABBATH, SEPT. 28.—"He is able to subdue all things unto himself."—Phill 3:21.

The apostle finds a guarantee of the last grand consummation, the changing of our vile body, and fashioning it like unto Christ's glorious body—in the fact of His ability "to subdue all things unto himself." Alford renders it thus: "For our country is in the heavens; from whence also we look for a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed unto the body of His glory, according to the working of His power whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Him."

In presence of this assertion of unlimited ability, all difficulty about this last grand transformation of our physical organism, "the body of our humiliation," into the likeness of the heavenly and divine, vanishes. Christ is able to subdue *all things* to himself. And not until He hath put all things under Him, will He deliver up the kingdom unto the Father. That consummation being reached, there will be accomplished the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Despite obstructing combinations, and the warring of adverse elements, He "will not fail nor be discouraged until He hath set judgment in the earth." The very earth itself shall be renovated, and it shall be written, "There shall be no more curse!"

Let not our faith be disturbed by intervening obstacles, though they rise up like mountains. "The Lord shall clear His way through all." His name is great—strong is His arm. His glory shall cover the whole earth. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, ye saints of the Most High—God hath given unto our Jesus "a name that is above every name."

"Lo! I come, with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve His pleasure still."

For the Guide.

"THE FULNESS OF THE BLESSING OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST."

G. J. SMITH.

Paul utters these words in Rom. 15:29, concerning himself,—viz., that he was sure, that when he should perform his journey, by the will of God, and see the Roman Church or brethren, that he would come in the spiritual condition spoken of. How could he know that? We refer to Heb. 11:1, for the answering.

Paul "walked by faith, not by sight." No seasons or places made any change in his mind concerning God's faithfulness. When he was told, in answer to the inquiry, "Lord, what will thou have me to do," to arise and go to Damascus, he went without questioning. Faithfulness is a chief characteristic of the chosen instruments of God; and by the experience of grace which God gives, they may have that assurance, that the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ will be theirs, under all circumstances.

But do not think, beloved one, that in this fulness there is exemption from sufferings; nor ever expect this while you remain in the body, for if we suffer with Christ we shall be glorified with Him. The fulness of the blessing of His Gospel can enable us to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus, our blessed Master, who knows just what to expect of us and will not allot duties greater than He will give grace to perform, which all of His faithful disciples know by blessed experience.

Rest in the will of God and be satisfied with the present circumstances—outward circumstances if the inward are right—if you pos-

sess that "faith which worketh by love," being well assured from God's blessed Word that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose"—not our own, for God's purposes are above ours, infinitely so; unless, like Paul, our purposes are none other than to fulfill the leadings of the Holy Spirit,—then there is perfect harmony, which is the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, or "righteousness and true holiness." The flesh being crucified continually by the grace of God, through faith,—viz., our natural disposition denied, so as to have the disposition that the Holy Spirit gives to all in whom He dwells. For a full account of His fruits, in doing for us, study the 5th of Galat. Without His presence there is no "fulness;" with His presence as the Comforter, Guide, Leader, there is present continual, everlasting "fulness" of blessings. • "Faithful is He that calleth you," &c ·

SALISBURY, N. Y.

For the Guide.

"PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR."

MRS. I. M. HARTSOUGH.

A war is raging fiercely
Between wrong and right,
Between the powers of darkness
And the powers of truth and light.

CHO.—"Oh rally Christian soldier,
You have no time to waste,
Put on you the whole armour,
To the front of battle haste.

Sometimes we see it plainly,
Sometimes 'tis out of sight,
But all day long it rages,
Nor ceases for the night.
CHO.—Oh rally, Christian soldier, &c.

Of those that fight for darkness
Apolyon leads the van,
The other great Commander
Is Christ the Son of Man.
CHO.—Oh rally, Christian soldier, &c.

It seems at times the victory
Turns on the side of sin,
But in the end, the righteous
Are always sure to win.
CHO.—Oh rally, Christian soldier, &c.

And hard indeed the contest,
"Lord, how long?" is oft the cry,
From weary, burdened soldiers,
But the close is drawing nigh.
CHO.—Oh rally, Christian soldier, &c.

Soon the battle will be ended,
The last conflict will be o'er,
And Christ's victorious army
Will rest forevermore.
CHO.—Oh rally, Christian soldier, &c.

On fields of light and glory,
They will songs of triumph sing,
And with shouts and glad hosannas
Crown their Captain heaven's King.
CHO.—Rally, Christian soldier, &c.

MOTHER MONROE.

CHAP. IV.—JOY IN GOD.

"Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in every thing give thanks."—1 Thess. v. 16, 17, 18.

No one who had any acquaintance with the dear saint whose character I am feebly portraying, could doubt her deep spirituality and her joyous experience. Prayer was not an occasional service, much less a duty only performed to satisfy conscience. Her life was one of constant communion with God. The abiding comfort and exceeding joy of such a life is understood only by those who have a like experience. It makes every circumstance and event of life, even the most trivial, bright with the touch of a loving Father's hand.

One day in converse with her about the riches of grace and the joys of salvation, she broke forth in holy exultation,—"Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee—which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!" Surely—

"He maketh my cup to run over" with blessings, and "daily loadeth me with benefits!"

"You see I am poor, but I have everything that I need—not a want but what is supplied. I live here in this little room, and do for myself, but the dear kind friends send me so many things already cooked, I don't have very much to do; just to make a little tea and spread my table, and sit down with a grateful heart to partake of the bounties of my dear Father, sent me by His precious children. Tears of joy often flow from my eyes as I eat the good things before me, and I wonder at the great goodness of my God. I am like Paul—"Having nothing, yet possessing all things." Oh, it's wonderful, wonderful, how I am provided for all the time! I'm so unworthy! To think my blessed Lord had not where to lay His head, and then to look at my comforts!

I never feel a want, for my needs are all supplied before I begin to feel them. Why, I am as well off as the rich people."

"Yes," I replied, "and richer than they who have all that earth can give, and have not the grace that bringeth salvation."

"Ah, yes indeed!" she said; "I look upon such with pity, and ask God to show them how poor they are, that they may come to Him and get the true riches. Poor starved souls! they are living on husks; and when I think of the wonder of mercy that I am—how the Almighty arm reached down to the depths of sin and lifted me up—washed me in the cleansing fountain, and put on my soul the spotless robe of His righteousness, oh, it is amazing!—and then to think how He comes into this little room and fills it with His glory,—and makes it just like heaven! I have to break forth in praises, and say, Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath loved me and washed me in His own blood! Oh, I do love to praise and magnify His name."

An incident was related to me by one of her kind friends, showing the tender care of her Heavenly Father and the fulfilment of the promise, "The Lord will provide."

One day, when the friend alluded to had just risen from a sumptuous dinner, the thought occurred to her that some of these good things would be very acceptable to Mother Monroe. Immediately she placed some things in a basket and hastenened to the abode which she always felt it a privilege to be allowed to visit.

Ascending the stairs, she met the dear feeble one with her bonnet and cloak on, and a basket in her hand. Returning to her room, followed by her friend, she said,—"I was just going out to buy some dinner." The lady opened her basket, and placed its contents on the table.

"There!" said Mother Monroe, "you've brought me my dinner,—and a turkey dinner, too!—with so many nice things—a loaf of home-made bread—just what I was wishing for! Well, well, it's wonderful! No, it isn't wonderful either, for its just like my heavenly Father. He told you to bring my dinner to-day, for He knew I wasn't able to go and get things from the stores and bring them up so many steps, and then cook them;—and I would have been so tired that I wouldn't enjoy my dinner after all that,—and so He put it into your

mind to bring me these good things. As soon as I saw your head coming up the stairs, I thought,—There, that dear good woman has brought me my dinner, —Father has sent her with it!— and sure enough He did. Thank His precious name! and thank you, too—ever so much."

Thus was many a good dinner sent or brought her by those who loved to run on the Lord's errands and do His bidding, who supplies all the wants of His children, and crowneth them with loving kindness and tender mercies."

After a good repast she would say, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits, 'who filleth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.' Thanks and praise for all the blessings of His providence and grace!"

She was accustomed to repeat before partaking of her meals,—

"I thank Thee, Lord, for this my food,
But more because of Jesus blood,
Let manna to my soul be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven."

For the Guide.

REVIEWINGS.

DEEPER EXPERIENCES.—MRS. A. S. WALKER.

"*He that taketh not his cross, and followeth me, is not worthy of me.*"—MATT. 10 : 38.

(Continued from Page 46.)

Up to the time of which I am about to write I had but one real trial, apart from the every day perplexities of life, and that trial was only mine so far as my love for those dear to me made me a sharer of their burdens. Nevertheless, for their sake I felt the trouble to be a real one and sometimes thought that I would rather bear a cross which was strictly my own, and not felt by others.

True as it is that "God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts," it seems to me, that He sometimes—for reasons divined by his own infinite wisdom—brings such desires of ours to pass. Whether this is often the case or not, I do not know; but well do I remember that such was my Father's will concerning me. Being called upon to seek God's direction by prayer, in a case of special need, I did so, and with a more implicit faith than I ever remember to have exercised before. I did not receive, or seem to receive any answer until, by His grace, pride was overcome, my own short-sighted judgment set aside, and I determined to do whatever God required of me.

I acted upon what I believed to be God's will, though the way was hid in darkness. Sometimes human reasoning would for a moment intrude itself, but could throw no light upon the way, indeed, only seemed to make the darkness more intense and my cross the heavier; for, in taking the path in which I trod, a cross was in mercy given. With the cross, my Father also gave me joys which I received with a thankful heart as from His hand, and even cherishing them and regarding them as one does a flower which from out the thorny hedge strews its rare beauties and perfumes the air with its refreshing fragrance, but which cannot be separated from the thorns.

I said a cross was in mercy given. Yes; it was indeed in mercy, for, feeling its weight I was led and enabled to give up not only my judgment, but my will and indeed my all to Christ, then to trust Him implicitly. Now was a new life really begun. Whereas I had almost

fainted under the budren of sinfulness, I now daily realized the fulfillment of the precious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I felt my own weakness but God was my strong tower of refuge and safety from the power of temptation to sin. While I was wholly the Lord's—my own will being lost in His—I, though still a cross-bearer, seemed to grow happier every day and soon temptation came with less power and at last less frequently. O, when I think of that time, how often do I feel that the only real happiness of even the Christian is that which follows a full and free sacrifice of the whole will to God. In speaking of this experience well might I say that "God often allows clouds—through trial of our faith or trust in Him—to overshadow our souls for a time, but these clouds are in many instances, but the prelude to the richer blessing that He is waiting to shower upon us." If there were no darkness, our enjoyment of the light would eventually be less keen than when after a season of trial, God causes to burst upon our souls with its thrilling beams and sublime beauty, the light of His infinite love. Dear reader, whoever you may be, learn to trust in God at all times and in everything to give thanks, for this is the will of God concerning us.

I am passing on in my reviewings, from one stage of Christian life to another, and drawing nearer to the remembrance of still deeper experiences than any yet spoken of. But my space is nearly filled up, for this time, and though I have to tell how other and possibly more important lessons were taught and learned, and to relate struggles of which it sometimes pains me even to think. I will not write more now but earnestly pray that God will in mercy grant to every soul who needs it, the blessing which may be derived by conidering what great things He has done for one of the weakest of His children, and I feel that none need despair getting the blessings which were granted to one so prone to wander and so infinitely weak as I.

QUEANBEYAN, N. S. WALES.

For the Guide

"FOLLOW THE LIGHT."

BY B. F. P.

These beautiful words—follow the light—were suggested to me a few days ago at an evening sociable, held at the residence of a good Christian minister and friend, by a young lady directing me to the toilet-room. Said she, "Go right up-stairs and follow the light.' I did so, and, as light shone forth from but one room on that floor, had no difficulty whatever in finding it. The words as they were spoken, and the result incidental to perfect obedience of them, struck my mind with great force as containing so much of Gospel truth and beauty. Then came to me these precious words of our Savior, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." How many shipwrecks are averted, and how many lives saved simply by placing lights along the shore. The mariner, by the aid of the rays of light as they stretch themselves over the dark waters, is enabled to see his way and to steer his vessel into deeper channels, clear of all rocks, and reach a safe haven.

The words of the psalmist, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," give the experience of every true Christian follower of our blessed Lord. He also says, that God's Word is more to be desired than his necessary food. Evidently he had tested the world only to find out its insufficiency and inadequateness to meet the needs and demands of the human soul, and then cries out in ecstatic acknowledgment to God, that, His "Word is a light unto my path." Christ the Son, equal to God the Father, is the great fountain-head of all true light. His Word, now so universally accessible, is the reflecting, outshining rays of the one all-sufficient light, to all and for all humanity. If we study our "guide-book" to know the will of the Guide concerning us, and then obey its teachings, and follow the Light, we shall invariably, sooner or later, reach the source from where and from whom it emanates.

When going towards an artificial light, the nearer we get the brighter it seems. This is also true of the Christian Light. Let me illustrate by saying, that if a light be placed on the shore as we are about to sail out on the face of the mighty deep; while yet in its immediate vicinity no fault can be found with it, because we have an abundance of light; but, as we begin to glide away, the light grows faint, and it grows fainter and fainter, just in proportion to the distance of our departure from it, until, finally, we lose sight of it altogether. Then we ask: Why does it not brighten our way still, as it once did? Wherein is the trouble, is it with the light? Emphatically, No! The light is burning equally as bright now as when we first started on our journey; the fault lies with us,—we choose rather to wander away from it into the blackness of darkness.

The chief difficulty with those Christians who are still groping about in darkness without that sweet faith and confidence in Christ as their personal Savior, which it is the privilege of every child of God to enjoy, is, not because He has withdrawn himself from them, but because they have wandered away from Him. Dear friend, if this is your condition, if you are not enjoying the benefits of this full salvation and the blessing of this light shining into your soul, remember that the fault is not with God, but with yourself; for He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Oh, how precious this word *never* in this declaration of our Lord!

We may leave God, but He will never leave us. Many temptations assail us to be resisted; many trials come upon us to be borne, and many difficulties cross our pathway to be overcome; and, were we to dispense with the Light, and attempt to battle againt them in our own strength, we should certainly make a complete failure, and be dashed to pieces against the "rocks of sin." But if, on the contrary, we follow the Light closely, our walk shall be in perfect safety. Light and darkness cannot dwell together; when light comes in, darkness flees away, and, just so long as we abide in the light, the adversary of our souls, who lives only in darkness, can have no power over nor harm us. And for our encouragement we have the blessed

assurance, no matter what or how great the impediments or difficulties may be in our pathway, that the Light has preceded us. What room is there, therefore, for us to fear? Where Christ is, there the devil cannot set up his kingdom, or effect his designs. There his machinations must ever fail.

Jesus, the Light of the world, has himself endured all manner of sufferings, trials, and temptations, hence is a perfect deliverer and Savior for His people. We are not required to do some great thing, bear our own trials or carry our own burdens, but simply to follow the Light and cast all upon the Son of God, who is better able than we to take possession of and bear them. The principle point, therefore, is, not so much how shall we avoid the devil and his attacks against us; but rather are we walking and abiding in the Light to the full extent of our privilege? Are we the faithful followers of the Savior? If not, oh then, for His name's sake, for the sake of your own soul and for the sake of those around you, turn to and accept Christ as your Redeemer from sin and a sin-stained world.

It should ever be remembered that the nearer we get to Him, the happier we will be; and, just in proportion as we permit the light of Christ and of the Gospel to shine into our own souls, will we be enabled to let our light shine out upon the souls of others and the world. And thus also will we be better qualified to obey the requirement of our Lord when He says,—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

For the Guide.

TRANSFIGURATION—A SCENE OF HOLINESS.

REV. A. R. BRADBURY, A. M.

O, what a scene was that displayed!
When Christ with glory was o'erlaid;
His face did sparkle like the sun.
To show His work was nearly done,

Two saints from glory did appear,
A voice from out a cloud cried "hear;"
For "this is my beloved Son,"
"I am well pleased with what He's done,"

A lustrous cloud o'ershadowed them,
And fear did seize those holy men;
They saw the splendor on the mount,
And drank in joy from God's pure fount.

Peter did shout, "let us live here,
"Let three good tents at once appear;
"For Moses, one, Elijah, one,
"The other for God's holy Son."

The holy scene o'erawed his heart,
He did not know he's soon to part.
And leave this holy mountain height,
And all the glory of that sight.

In Jesus Christ let us rejoice,
And lift on high our joyful voice,
That holy ones from heaven came down
Wearing each one a holy crown.

For the Guide.

ALL RIGHT.

BY MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

Since the sainted Cookman went home, with these words upon his lips,—"I'm sweeping thro' the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb,"—how many hearts have taken courage from that last testimony of triumph! The parting song of a grand Christian soul to the Church militant, the greeting word to the Church triumphant. And now again, another cry of victory rings on our ears, as another soldier of the cross in the last conflict comes off "more than conqueror thro'Him who hath loved him." "All right"—and with these words our good Bishop Ames falls asleep. Two little words!—and yet how full of meaning. "All right!"—

the convictions of a life-time verified, the yearnings and aspirations of the soul fulfilled, the goal of many weary steps reached, the cavils of infidel and skeptic overthrown. As he scales the battlements of the celestial city, the old warrior sends back to the hosts of God's elect, a message which shall dwell with them for many long years to come. "All right!" It shall cheer the faint-hearted, it shall brace anew sinew and nerve for the conflict; it shall gladden and comfort the loving and the faithful ones whose lot it is to "tarry yet awhile." Oh, how precious the last words of the strong pure hearts, as one after another they pass within the veil! What a legacy has the Church in these rich words of faith and triumph!

We do not believe that there is a Christian who does not yearn to share this holy victory over death; who does not pray for strength when "flesh and heart are failing." Ah! let us remember what gave this blessed triumph. Those who have so gloriously passed this the "valley of the shadow," were pre-eminently devoted and faithful in their lives. They "walked with God,"—their example was that of a steady, luminous piety, unwavering in its fervency and trust. "They were not conformed to this world, but transformed;" they lived the life "hid with Christ in God." No half-hearted service, no wavering compromise with the world, no turning aside for expediency,—but with "a single eye" fixed upon the "Author and Finisher of their faith," they fought valiantly against the "world, the flesh, and the devil." Let the Church remember this. As her strong, glorious souls withdraw from her sight, let her sense of responsibility deepen; let the question arise among her membership, "Am I living a life of consecration?—am I fighting a good fight?—do I deny ungodliness and worldly lusts?—do I avoid all appearance of evil?" There is much to fear at this time. Methodism is no longer weak and poor and despised;—she is rich and powerful and highly esteemed among men. She covers much territory, and many names highly honored in the world are on her roll of members. Yet let her remember her early days,—let her recall the secret of her power—her praying Bramwell, her wrestling Fletcher, and the heroic souls, both men and women, who followed the steps of Wesley. The motto of the early Church was—"Holiness to the Lord." Alas for her, if she ceases to have it engraved upon her walls,—if wealth, pleasure, pride and ease shall prevail over heart-purity! May the warning words of the Holy Spirit to the Church of Laodicea never be forgotten,—may it at last be said that with all her power and her influence, she preserved her best gem—the doctrine of entire sanctification.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

ANOTHER SAINT GONE TO REST.

Mrs. Josephine M., wife of Mr. W. J. Morey, died very suddenly, in an epileptic fit, at her residence in Alden, Minn., on the afternoon of June 21, 1879, aged 51 years.

This dear sister has been a physical sufferer for many yeas, and though the messenger of death finally called suddenly for her, he found her with the wedding garment on. She was born at

Lockport, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1828. She was happily converted to God at seventeen years of age, and has always been true to the profession she then made, never having once lost sight of her precious Savior's love. Several years ago, she became personally interested in the doctrine of entire purity of heart and life. It was a precious theme with her. She was a constant reader of Sister Palmer's excellent works, and for the past six years she has regularly perused the "Guide to Holiness," which she always found to contain rich food for her soul. About two hours before her death she stood at the organ, side by side with her two daughters, while they sang together the beautiful piece entitled, "I have no mother now." The daughters little realizing that this was the last time that they would sing with mother on earth. God grant that they may be prepared to sing with her in the beautiful "land beyond the river."

Sister Morey's every day life was a standing testimony to the power of Jesus Christ to "save unto the uttermost all who come unto the Father by Him." She sweetly rests from her labors, and "her works do follow her." Her funeral was attended at the Alden school-house, on Monday, the 23d of June. A discourse was preached by the writer of this notice, from Psalm 116:15,—"Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints." It was listened to with marked attention by a very large and sympathizing congregation. Bro. Morey has now buried three wives. His testimony in regard to the power of Jesus to sustain him under this great affliction, is—"Nature mourns but the spirit rejoices. Oh, bless God for sustaining grace."

JAMES E. N. BACKUS.

ALDEN, MINN., JULY 1, 1879.

SARAH A. ARLAND.

Died, April 29, 1879, at her home near Montesano, Chehalis Co., Washington Territory, aged 22 years and five months. The subject of this brief sketch was born in Wisconsin, Nov. 29, 1856, and converted to God when about thirteen years of age. Her life was entirely consecrated to the service of her Redeemer, and for one so young was characterized by great earnestness. She loved holiness and lived in its enjoyment during a part of the time she professed religion,—the GUIDE being her favorite reading. The fruits of the Spirit shone brightly in the life and above all that meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of God of great price.

Her illness was severe and protracted and her death triumphant and happy. A short time previous to her death she earnestly entreated relatives and friends to be reconciled to God and meet her in heaven. Nearly her last words were, "Glory to God, Jesus is coming to take me home."

THOS. MCGILL.

REV. L. JACKSON

Departed this life March 22, 1879, for the better world beyond the river of death. Although his sufferings were intense for the last three years before his death, yet his constant companion, the "Guide," seemed ever his friend; and when he became so helpless that he could not read himself, his children would read for him; and he found comfort and joy in those pages. Father Jackson, familiarly known, was born May 5, 1801; was converted to God Dec. 5, 1826, at Flat Rock, Conn., and was a true follower of God up to the time of his death. January 23, 1833, received license to exhort; January 24, 1850, received license to preach; September 2, 1861, was ordained deacon by Bishop Janes. Since that time, he has boldly (though in weakness) preached Jesus, until disabled by disease. He had three strokes of paralysis before his death, but through all his afflictions his trust was in God. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his seat is vacant at Church and at home. His presence is missed by us all, but his words and teachings will ever be fresh in our memory. His children are all married and trying to follow his footsteps. His wife bade adieu to this life eleven months be-

fore his death. She was a dear, good Christian and mother, ever ready and willing to do her part for the Lord. Her chair, too, is empty, but her loving words and teachings are bright lights before us. Father, mother, one son and two daughters are in that better land, waiting for the rest to come. May the Lord keep us faithful till called to that home where there is no parting with friends.

Written by his daughter,

MRS. J. S. ROBERTS.

MONROE, IOWA, AUG. 10, 1879.

ANN MARIA CARTZENDAFNER.

Passed away to her heavenly home, January 5th, 1879, Miss Ann Maria Cartzendafner, in the 50th year of her age. she had been a member of the Lutheran Church for many years. Eleven years ago, at a Camp-meeting held by Rev. H. Hinkle, she was converted and joined the Methodist Church. Her life was one of sweetness and gentleness; she was never known to utter an unkind word. At Emory Grove, three years ago, she sought and obtained the blessing of perfect love. For several years she has been a faithful reader of the "Guide." Death seemed to mark her as his own from the beginning of her sickness, but she was calm and said she was resting in the arms of Him who is mighty to save. She was one of the most charitable women of the M. E. Church; she was ready to give on all occasions. No one ever went to her home without being helped. "Truly," her pastor said at the funeral, "one of the best women of our Church is gone."

M. F.

Editorial.

WHY SO FEW?

We were so impressed with the importance of the question, "Why so few?" and the reasons given by the Rev. John Brash in an article in the "King's Highway" an excellent monthly published in England, that we have concluded to lay aside what we had prepared for our Editorial to make room for it in this month's GUIDE:

"An overwhelming majority of Christian people would, if asked, freely admit that they are not fully saved. Many never expect to be in this world; they have no hope of deliverance from the uncertain conflict with inward evil until they reach heaven. But, even amongst those who have received into their creed the doctrine of entire sanctification on earth, there are few to whom it has become an experience.

Why is it?

"Some are resisting conviction. They hear a Divine voice calling them to a life of entire consecration, but are too slothful or self indulgent to obey. Habits of life would have to be changed or companionships severed, the way would be narrower and the cross heavier; they therefore prefer to remain where they are, obtaining occasional gleams of Divine light but often walking in darkness.

"Others live as though they had the Savior's consent to choose between a higher and lower state of grace. They seem to be strangely ignorant of the imperative character of Christ's claim upon their entire being. While hearing others tell of a life of whole-hearted service they resolve that at some convenient time they will consider whether or not they shall render such a service. They would be startled, perhaps offended, to be told that by such a resolve they were grieving the Holy Spirit of God or exposing themselves to imminent risk of apostacy.

"But the greater number of believers are sighing for full deliverance from sin, but do not obtain it because they have been taught that they are yet far from so lofty an attainment, and it may be reached only by a long course of efforts and labors, as though it were the summit of a weary steep to be climbed by slow and painful steps, or a citadel to be stormed when the last of a series of outposts is taken. The mistake in which they live involves them, and the world too, in serious loss.

Christ can manifest Himself to the world only in the lives of His followers, and their lives reveal Him only according to the degree in which He possesses their hearts. The beauty of His character cannot shine

through unholy mediums; and thus instead of a manifestation of loveliness and beauty in the church, the household, the workshoy, the business mart, a manifestation so clear and bright as to be a living protest against the world's selfishness and corruption, causing sin to hide its head, and showing anxious inquirers after God where to find the prize they seek, we have what is too often a distorted unworthy exhibition of Christ, causing Him to grieve at the miserable caricature of Himself that He is compelled to behold, and affording cause for triumph to His enemies.

"For all this is the pulpit free from blame? Christ is preached as the great Reconciler between God and man, He is held up as the Pattern Man, He is presented to us as our Sanctification; but is sufficient prominence given to His own great doctrine that sanctification comes through living union with Himself, that He is even now waiting to effect that union, and that the single condition on which it is accomplished is obedient faith?

"Backsliders are warned, the sorrowful are comforted, waverers are exhorted to steadfastness, believers everywhere are besought to grow in grace; but in many of our pulpits there is lacking a full and distinct proclamation of Christ's demand for the instant surrender of the will, that He may take present and full possession of those who are already His own, making them meet for heaven, and at the same time fitting them to do His work on earth as He would have it done.

"If preachers, overcoming those scruples which make them so fearful of dealing with this great subject, and leaving metaphysical subjects to be settled when they have nothing else to do, would, with the New Testament in their hands, fearlessly declare that entire Christianity, that anything short of it is an offence to the pure nature of the great Master who is willing from this moment, henceforward, and for ever to fill His servants "unto all the fullness of God," they would see before them eager eyes and inquiring countenances, and would find a response in their congregations more ready and warm than could have been produced by any other theme; their teaching would be food to many hearts that for years have been hungry; there would soon be such an awakening amongst Christian believers as this century has never beheld; and in many an assembly of saints there would be a repetition of the scenes witnessed in the days of the early Church when "they were ALL filled with the Holy Ghost."

News Along the Line.

LETTER FROM SWEDEN.

DEAR BRO. PALMER:—I will send you a few lines of our last Conference, if you can use it in the "Guide." I had the "Guide" with me to the Conference and read it to the brethren, and many of them promised to subscribe for the next year. I'll take subscription list, and hope to secure many subscribers.

Our Conference was open July 10th, by Bishop Wiley, and it closed Thursday, July 15th. It was indeed a blessed season. The Spirit of God was among us. A glorious holiness work is going on in our Conference. Many of the preachers live in the enjoyment of this great blessing, and we can see that they have received the power from on high; and many others long for a pure heart. O God! sanctify our whole Conference. If the preacher is a holy man, he will make holy members. Pure waters should be kept in pure vessels.

On Sunday, July 15th, Bishop Wiley preached in St. Paul's M. E. Church, Stockholm, a powerful sermon on the text—1 Thess. 1 : 5. I sat in the altar and looked up in the Bishop's face, which beamed of joy and glory, and the blessing of God so filled my soul that I thought my heart would burst. I felt "the power and the Holy Ghost and much assurance." At 3 P. M. hundreds kneeled at the communion table, and at 6 P. M. Rev. A. J. Anderson, from Chicago, preached a strong and soul-stirring sermon on Es. 25 : 6.

At this Conference, four were ordained

Elders and two Deacons. God help us in our work..

There has been good success during the year. Many hundreds have joined our Church, and many more have been saved during this time. Nearly 100,000 Swedish crowns have been collected during this year. A good deal is given to self-support; and the missionary collections amounts to about 6,000 crowns.

There is a glorious prospect for the future. The Bishop told us that it is our work to spread scriptural holiness over this country, and we will try, in the name of our ever blessed Savior and Lord! Pray on for Sweden, all readers of the "Guide." The Lord has promised to pour out his Holy Spirit over all flesh. We are sure of "a great rain,"—"showers of blessings,"—of a triumphant and complete victory! Amen and Amen! And when the battle is over, and we are in our heavenly home, we will sing the everlasting doxology to the praise of the Lamb! K. A. JAUSSON.

KALMAR, SWEDEN, JULY, 1879.

SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.

Facts are too plain to be ignored. God is carrying on His work in all the earth. In Turkey, India, China, Africa, Japan, the steady advance of the Christian religion assures us of its coming success. In the last twelve months, 8,000 persons have renounced idolatry and accepted the Gospel in Tennivelly, 9,000 among the Teloogoos, 1,600 in Chanhwa, China, not to mention thousands more in the different mission stations. Hundreds of Churches have become self-supporting. In Japan the most wonderful promise is given at Tokia, Kiota, Osaka, and indeed throughout the Empire. On the whole, the past year will ever be a memorable one in the history of missions, and so far as we can judge from the outlook, the only thing now needed to convert the world, is for the Church to discharge its duty to this cause.

FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY.

Fifty years ago the Fiji Islanders were savages and cannibals. Now they are civilized and Christians. Eighty-five per cent. of the entire population attend upon divine worship in the Wesleyan Churches. This is having "the abundance of the sea converted" unto Jesus. Their zeal and constancy put to shame the lack of interest shown by the American people to the claims of the Gospel. It should be remembered that besides liberally supporting and largely attending upon the Gospel, the Fiji Islanders contribute some $15,000 or more each year to send the Gospel to the perishing heathen beyond themselves.

A CITY MISSION IN PARIS.

At a meeting of Protestant pastors and laymen held June 23d, the Rev Dr Somerville, an English clergyman who has been conducting special services in that city, presided, and Mr. Weyland, of the London City Mission, made an address in which he said that a marked change is passing over the French people; instead of rejecting Gospel teaching they now crowd to hear it, the native churches having an increased attendance and mission meetings being thronged every day in the week. A conversation followed in which the circumstances of the French churches and the advisability of establishing a mission in Paris were discussed, and, on motion of the Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, an American clergyman, it was resolved "that a Society be now constituted under the name of 'Comite Auxiliare d'Evangelization de Paris.'" A committee of sixteen persons, ten being French pastors and layman, was appointed, and at a meeting held the next morning, after a long discussion, adopted the constitution and the general plan of the London City Mission. The work will commence at once, and will undoubtedly be fruitful of great results.

JAPAN.

Seven years ago there was not a Protestant church in Japan; now there are forty-three, with a membership of 1500. There are, in addition, 140 preaching places; thirty boarding and day schools; fifty-four Sunday schools, with 2000 scholars, and three

theological schools, with 175 students; while the number of missionaries is eighty-one, the number of native assistant preachers ninety-five, and the number of ordained native pastors ten.

ITALY.

Rev. Tesfila Gay, pastor of a Methodist Church, in Florence, Italy, writes that Mgr. Count Andre de la Ville, a poet of merit and a man of great learning, and a prelate of the Pontifical Court, has abjured Catholicism and joined the Italian Methodist Episcopal Church, of which M. Lanna is pastor. He is an astronomer of some note, and illustrious in social life as in letters and in the church.

INDIA.

Rev. Dr Thoburn, of Calcutta, sends both glad and sad news, May 22: "I am in good health, and hopeful. We have baptized a dozen natives since Conference, and are building our first village chapel. Times are hard. India is going through an ordeal of terrible suffering. Famine, on famine, war, a depreciated currency, and depressed commerce have paralyzed every interest."

Sir Bartle Frere is authority for the statement that the inhabitants of a remote village in Deccan have abjured idolatry and caste, removed their idols from the temples and professed a Christianity which they learned for themselves from earnest reading of a single Gospel and a few tracts left among them by a merchant, who made no attempt to instruct them.

Revival Miscellany.

A CHINESE REVIVALIST.

The Rev. Griffith John, of the London Missionary Society, reporting a revival in in the district of Hian-Kian, writes: The central figure in this movement is a man named Liu-Kin-Shan. Sometime in the summer of 1875 I was preaching, as usual, at one of our chapels in Hankow, when Liu happened to be present. On this occasion I dwelt on a theme which had become clothed with a new and powerful significance to my own mind, namely, Christ's power to save from sin. Liu followed me into the vestry, and said, "Pastor John, when you were speaking just now, I heard you say that Jesus can save men from their sins. Is that true?" I assured him that it was perfectly true. "Well," said he, "can He save me?" I asked him what were the sins to which he was specially addicted. "I am addicted to every sin you can imagine," was the reply; and then, enumerating his sins on the tips of his fingers, in a fashion peculiarly Chinese, he said, "I am an opium-smoker, a fornicator, a gambler, a drunkard, and an unfilial son; and everything that is bad. Can Jesus save me?" I had no difficulty in believing the man, for he looked it all. No other attestation of the fact than his rakish appearance was needed. My reply was an emphatic, "Yes—Jesus can save you. Only believe." We prayed together, and I sincerely believe that Liu was converted there and then. The change in him was very marked. He not only joined the church, and became exemplary in his attendance on religious ordinances; but became an active worker also, and evinced the deepest interest in the salvation of others. It was the joy of his soul to bring his old associates in sin under the sound of the Gospel, and to help the victims of opium out of their bondage. His Gospel was, "Jesus Christ came to save sinners."—"Christian Herald."

THE Cohocksink Church, Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Wood, pastor, has enjoyed for the past four weeks a gracious outpouring of the Spirit. The congregations have filled the Church to its utmost capacity during the week, and on Sunday evenings overflow meetings have been held in the lecture-room. About one hundred souls have been converted, the greater part of whom have united with the Church. He has been most efficiently aided in this work by Mrs. Margaret E. Lowry—indeed, he declares that she has been the chief human instrument in this gracious revival, preaching every night with great acceptability and power. The work is still going on.

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

TIME'S CHANGES.

It is wonderful to contemplate that while ten thousand Jews hover about captive Jerusalem, and millions more look wishfully Zionward, the Rothschilds —Jews—can count up their $3,400,000,000 and, to-day, the two Prime Ministers of Great Britain and France, Benjamin Disraeli and Jules Simon, are both Jews. Jews the bankers of Europe's kings, Jews the premiers of seventy millions of civilized people. All this, too, where a century ago the poor Jews were hunted from nation to nation like wild beasts. How this once despised people are marching to the front in riches and honor! And the two powerful premiers named, it is said, are keeping a sharp eye on old Jerusalem with a view of getting possession.

Meanwhile, a railroad stretches over a part of the Holy Land; the scream of the iron horse echoes among the hills and valleys where the old prophet long ago uttered his prediction of a chariot that in the great preparation day of the Lord would run like lightning. There are also two hundred and fifty Protestant churches worshipping among the sacred hills, and seven hundred and sixty children in the Sunday-schools of Palestine ring out the very hymns and songs that our children know and sing in this land. Think, too, that on Mount Zion. where stood the holy house, there has within a few months past been placed that thing of wonder, the modern printing press; and it is sending out books descriptive of that famous country. The clank of Zion's first printing press over the old abodes of David and Solomon! O, shade of the wise man, is there nothing new under the sun? Are there no signs?—Selected.

DR. MARSH AND LORD RODEN.

Rev. Dr. Marsh, of England, once repeated the following lines to Lord Roden, telling him that they were composed by his old schoolmaster, Dr. Valpy, as his confession of faith. Lord Roden requested Dr. Mash to write them down, and he fastened it to the mantlepiece in his study.

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Some time after, General Taylor, one of the heroes of Waterloo, came to visit Roden. He felt no interest in religion, but kept his eye fixed upon this verse. At length Lord Roden ventured to say, "Why, General, you will soon know that verse by heart." "I know it now by heart," replied the General, with emphasis and feeling. The General became ntirely changed, and died two years after, repeating the lines which had led him to Christ.

Lord Roden related these facts at a neighbor's, where a young officer from the Crimea was visiting. Some months after, as this officer lay on his death-bed, he sent an urgent request for Lord Roden to visit him. On his entering the room, he held out his hand, repeating these simple lines, and adding: "They have been God's message of peace to my soul."

Many years after, Dr. Marsh was paying a last visit to an old and valued friend. The aged friends were comparing years, when Mr. Maitland said: "I am not your equal in years, but I wish I were in wisdom and goodness." Dr. Marsh pointed him to Christ, and quoted Dr. Valpy's lines, and, at Mr. Maitland's request, wrote down the verse for him. As he received it, he said: "I shall wear it near my heart." It was found there after his death.

We have copied these lines so signally blessed, hoping that other eyes resting upon them may be led to adopt them as their own.—"American Messenger."

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

PEARLS FROM OCEAN GROVE.—NO. 2.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

"Call unto me and I will answer thee, and will show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."—BIBLE.

Striking illustrations of these heaven-inspired words have been given by sev-

eral devout Christians, at the little cottage meetings which were held during the month of June and early in July. At these meetings the presence of the Divine Redeemer has been so blessedly realized, that we have often said, as did the disciples when Jesus walked and talked with them by the way,—"Did not our hearts burn within us?"—so precious were the glorious revelations of His love to our souls, as we were in supplication or conversing on the things of His kingdom, and especially of His blessed Word—how it had been verified in our own experience and in that of others—precious saints, some of whom are gone up to the temple above, and are mingling with the glorified throng. One of those translated ones, whose

BEAUTIFUL LIFE OF FAITH

furnished some of the most remarkable instances of divine interposition; whose memory is fragrant in some Churches of New York, where her holy life for many years shed its lustre, and where she won many stars for the crown of her rejoicing. The name of

MOTHER STEBBINS

was introduced by one who knew her saintly life and Christ-like spirit, and who had heard from her own lips the following account:

"At one time Mother Stebbins and her devoted husband were in a great strait. They were obliged to change their residence in a few days, and he was taken sick—so seriously ill, that his wife could not leave him to look for a house, and only a week intervened between that and moving time. Mother Stebbins presented their case to the Lord as was her custom, saying, "Father, Thou knowest how we are situated;—I cannot leave my sick husband and go and look for a house, and here it is almost moving time. I look to Thee now to provide a home for us. Thou hast one somewhere, just such a one as we need. Show me how to find it. Send some one to tell us—or in some way let us know."

Day after day passed, and the dear saint was still trusting in God to provide them a house. One night she dreamed that she had found a house—one that just suited her; and she said to the owner, "I will take it." She awoke feeling so assured her prayer was answered, that she said to her husband, "I have seen the house our Father has for us." He was surprised, as he knew she had not left him to seek for one. Directly after a friend came in and said, "Mother Stebbins, I have heard of a house that will suit you, and I have come to stay with your husband while you go to see it." Receiving direction where to find it, she went; and going along the street, she recognized it as the same street she had seen in her dream, and when she came to the number—found it to be the same house! Her impression of its appearance in her dream was so vivid, that she said at once, "This is the house," and found it to be exactly what she desired.

Her husband was better by the time of moving, and their way was thus made easy—through the special care and tender love of Him whom they so faithfully served, and so fully trusted.

Years after, Mother Stebbins was left a widow, and she remarked to her friends that the widow's God never failed to provide for her all the good things of this life that she needed. Her means were very limited, but she was abundantly supplied.

She had a special fondness for the country during the summer, and her health being feeble she greatly needed pure, invigorating air. So she made this a subject of prayer—that she might find a home somewhere out of the city during the warm season, which would not involve much expense.

About that time a friend of hers purchased a beautiful country home, and invited her to spend some weeks with her. And another dear friend, who had a pleasant country residence, gave her a similar invitation; and so she spent the entire summer in the country every year, as long as she lived. She said to her friends, when speaking of the goodness

of God to her,—"I am favored most wonderfully! I have two elegant country homes, as well as a good city abode, and have no care or expense with either of them. I just go and enjoy them, changing from one to the other as I please."

Thus she proved all through her long life His tender care and loving kindness on whose promises she so implicitly relied;—living without care or solicitude—always happy and full of thanksgiving—though greatly afflicted in body most of the time;—and closing up her beautiful life amid a circle of Christian friends; to whom her example and her counsel had been a continual benediction.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE

of divine interposition in answer to prayer, was spoken of in one of the social meetings, in reference to a lady whose testimonies at Ocean Grove in past years had thrilled many hearts.

At a time when in very feeble health, she was left without help—her hired woman having suddenly left her in the midst of washing—with a family to care for, and also expecting visitors. Feeling unable to make any exertion, in her extremity she went to God, and asked Him to interpose for her and direct her where to find such help as she specially needed. While pouring her supplication into His ear who is ever ready to hear the requests of His children, the words were spoken to her spirit ear—"Go to No. — in ——— street, (naming both), and you will find the help you need." She went at once to the place and met a woman at the door, to whom she said, "I am needing help, and was directed here. Is there any one in this house that desires a position to do housework?" The woman replied, "I would like a position if I could get one to suit me. I want to go into a Christian family." The lady told her that she would find such a family in her home, and she went with her immediately and proved to be just such help as she needed.

What abundant evidence we have of the tender care of our Heavenly Father over His children! How can we doubt that all our interests, pertaining to both body and soul, are precious in His sight, and nothing that concerns us is too trivial for His notice. Are we not authorized to believe this by His own written Word—in the assurance that the hairs of our head are all numbered? Doubtless He is ever working out for us innumerable plans of help, deliverance and comfort, of which we have no conception, and many of them will never be revealed until the day when we shall enter through the gates into the glorious city of our God. What wondrous developments will then be made of His vast designs—and gracious purposes—in all His dealings with us here!

BLESSING RECEIVED BY FAITH.

DEAR BRO. PALMER:—I cannot tell you what a great blessing the "Guide" has been to me. When I read the experiences my heart swells with joy and gladness,—and I never will part with the "Guide."

Blessed be the Lord that I now can testify of the cleansing blood of Jesus. For years I have sought the way of holiness, but none could tell me that I should enter the way by faith. Three times I have had a great experience of the love of God in my heart, and I thought I was cleansed in the blood, but I lost the blessing through unbelief. Then I thought I should do something, or repent, before I could re-enter into rest. So I prayed and wept and confessed my sins, but I had unbelief in my heart, and it was impossible for me to feel before I believed.

February last, we had a preachers' meeting in Kristinehamn, and there were three preachers and one sister that testified of a clean heart; and oh, I thought my heart would break. I saw the rest, but could not enter; neither prayer nor tears could help me. The sister asked me, "Why can you not believe?" and I answered her with a flood of tears. For four days I continued in this state, and every day my hungering for heart-purity increased. I wrestled with God in prayer, but I could not believe. I only felt worse.

I retired to my room, and endeavored to believe, but I did not feel anything new. O, how I longed for God!

On Thursday evening, Feb. 20th, we had a love-feast, and there was a great outpouring of the Spirit. It was a great rain. Rev. B. A. Carlsson, who conducted the meeting, asked how many hungered for full salvation, and every one arose. The Church was filled with the glory of God, and I know that some found the way of holiness that evening,—but I was afraid to confess that I was consecrated to God.

The day after, Rev. P. A. Juhlin preached, and the text was Ps. 143:6. —"My soul thirsteth after God, as a thirsty land." I then searched my own heart, if I had some idol which I would not consecrate to God; but I had the witness of my conscience that all was upon the altar, and I felt that I would die rather than sin against God. And then at once I felt a calm peace in my soul, and I said to myself: "As soon as the sermon is closed, you must confess the blessing you have received." Just as I thought so, Bro. Juhlin exclaimed,—"I am afraid to deceive myself." I yielded to unbelief, and in a moment the blessing was lost.

At evening the same day, I again could take the promise in my hand, and I had a deep consciousness that I was dead to sin and alive to God. But on the next morning, when I sat at the table and breakfasted in Bro. Juhlin's home, the power came. It was overwhelming,—I only could weep with joy. Blessed be the Lord! I am on the altar to-day, and I feel, too, that the altar sanctifies the gift. Many in the congregation have received the same great blessing, and they weep and sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Many of the preachers in the Sweden Conference testify of the cleansing blood of Jesus, and we will pray on till every member of the conference is a holy man. We have a great work in Sweden. And Glory! Glory! God is here! Blessed be God that Methodism came to our land. Help us to pray. I am your affectionate brother in Jesus. K. A. JANSSON.

ATORP, SWEDEN, JULY 1, 1879.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A CLASS LEADER.

C. H. SULLIVAN.

Eighteen years ago last February the Lord gave me a new heart, and made me happy in a Savior's love. For a long time this happiness continued to be mine, but I wanted something more substantial. In reading the Bible, it was made very clear to my own mind, that it demanded of me to be holy, declaring that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Enquiring of my elder brethren in the Lord about full sanctification, they would tell me, that "we must be made holy at death." This did not satisfy me, it was "fightings without and fears within," sometimes happy, and at other times like the troubled sea, without rest. Through a kind providence the "Guide to Holiness" was put in my way, and while reading it, was led to see it was my duty to be holy.

In Sept. 1875 while attending a conference at Delaware, Ohio, the Rev. Wm. Taylor preached on "Perfect Love." This sermon led me to seek the blessing with all my heart. On returning home, the Holy Spirit enabled me to make the full consecration, and the Lord accepted the sacrifice, just as He said He would. The blessing came with power, and my poor heart was made to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My cup was so full, that my brethren and sisters had to be made partakers with me of my new found joys, and of what the Lord had done for me, and we rejoiced together.

At the present time my peace flows like a river, and my daily cry is, "Nearer my God to Thee." My rejoicing to-day is in a present Savior and that He saves me to the uttermost. My heart is saying, Thank the Lord that the "Guide to Holiness" was ever brought to my notice. It is the next book to my Bible. Praise the Lord for full salvation.

STINARY, OHIO

For the Guide.

ON PRAYER.

L. A. B.

"For they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."—Matt. 6 : 7.

"Be not ye therefore like unto them, for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before you ask Him."—Matt. 6 : 8.

Prayer was instituted by God for our benefit and not for himself. He knows what we have need of. We are commanded to ask Him in prayer for those things that are necessary for us, that we may be affected by our own need, and to realize by this act how impotent we are to help ourselves. The more simple we are in our address to Him the more good it will do ourselves. By using too many words and being too diffuse in our requests, we lose the power in our souls of definiteness. Let our prayers be short but often,—taking different subjects at different times to God, pouring the concentration of heart and soul upon that one object.

Short prayers are taught in the Bible. "Some one estimates that all the prayers recorded in the Bible could be repeated in thirty-five minutes. Most of them are from one minute to two minutes long. The prayer of Solomon is less than ten minutes long. Is there not a lesson and warning in these facts which should be noted by Christians? Let us not imagine that we shall be heard for our much speaking." "There is deep teaching in the simplicity with which David makes request for the things he needs.

Strong faith makes short prayers, and it is according to the manner of true prayer to go at once to the thing desired." May God enable His people to be in every thing, true Bible Christians. Amen and Amen.

GLAD TIDINGS.

(*Continued from Page* 60.)

From that time our prayer-meetings and class-meetings are treble the number —yes, more; our Thursday evening prayer-meeting is larger than either the Baptist or Presbyterian Sabbath congregations. Men that have not entered a Church for years come. The dear Lord gives Mr.—— great liberty in preaching the Gospel, and we have both determined to make "holiness of heart" the topic of every meeting. A few weeks ago one of the stewards came in to see us, and in the course of our conversation, I said, "Bro. ——, how good it would be if we could have a meeting for holiness." "It would! it would!" he said. I turned to my husband and said, "Could we not have one here at the parsonage on Friday evenings?" He said, "I think we might." No more was said; and as there was no meeting regularly appointed, I did not think of it as immediate. Next Friday evening the door-bell rang; I went to the door,—there stood a brother from one of Mr. ——'s appointments, five miles away. He said, "I hear there's to be a meeting for holiness here to-night, and I've come." He came in, and as he took a seat, he said, "I once knew what that is," and broke out weeping. In a few minutes, two of the stewards came, and some other members. We had a very precious meeting. Last Friday night there were those here whom I did not expect to see. We hear no more of Church sociables. There is a tenderness and power in all our regular Church meetings, that many say has not been known for years. One of our oldest members says it has been fifteen years since the Church has felt as it does now, One dear old brother shook Mr. ——'s hand the other day, wiping away the tears as he did so, and said, "God sent you here! God sent you here!" And oh, Sister Palmer, you should hear how they pray for us—it makes me weep to hear how they pray for us. And we are so happy; the house seems so full of the Lord's presence. He is our rejoicing all the day long.

At the Quarterly Meeting, May 18th, the P. E. staid with us (at our house) from Sunday afternoon until Tuesday noon. We had a great deal of talk together on Monday. I do not think he enjoys the blessing of holiness, but this I know, that he will never stand in the way of any work of the Lord. He gave

me a written license to conduct meetings anywhere on the charge, where there was an open door. I should not be surprised to see a revival break out any time. We are all waiting on the Lord in faith and prayer. There is such a deep, quiet power; not any excitement, but such a solemnity. The Holy Ghost is covering us with His wings. Glory to Jesus! All praise to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Will you remember this charge at the Tuesday Meeting?

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

We give this month a report of one of the meetings held in the Janes' Memorial Tabernacle at Ocean Grove. We have been spending July and August at this religious and most delightful seaside resort, holding meetings each morning at 9 o'clock, similar to those held in 15th street. The meetings in the city have been well attended for the summer season, and manifest tokens of divine power have been realized, as week after week we have returned to attend the meetings.

The Bible lesson read, 1 Cor., 1 chap., by Mrs. Palmer, and comments. To the Church of God at Corinth—sanctified—called to be saints, a divine requirement. God expects this of the Church, that they should walk in righteousness and holiness before Him all the days of our life. Not wait till death to be made holy, but to be holy now in all manner of conversation, in our entire life. "Called to be saints, and to be preserved blameless." To become so we must lay ourselves on the altar—Christ, a living sacrifice. This is a truth so tangible, it is astonishing that all do not see it. Why do not all take hold of it.

I often think of the devoted Professor Upham, in 1839, spending an evening at our home. He seemed deeply interested, asking many questions, as we talked of the importance of appropriating faith—making an entire surrender, presenting ourselves a living sacrifice, believing it acceptable through Christ. The next day the Professor came again, saying, "I lay awake all night thinking—Is it safe—may I just give myself to Jesus and believe Jesus saves me, just because He says so?" remarking,—"I have covenanted a hundred times to be all the Lord's, and honestly meant it; but just before daylight, I resolved to renew my consecration, with this addition—that when I gave myself to God, I would believe that Jesus gave himself to me, in all His offices—my Savior from all sin." At that moment he exclaimed, "Oh, sister, faith has POWER in it!" adding, "Such emotion followed as I never thought my physiological nature capable of—such love to God—such love to His dear children, as is inexpressible. I have been a minister twenty-five years, and never until now have I been able without trembling to say, my Father; now it is my Father; no longer a servant in the kitchen, but my own dear Father, taken in His arms and caressed." His beautiful life of faith and entire devotedness to God which followed, and his labors for Christ in teaching and writing about the great salvation for many years have been a blessing to countless multitudes that eternity will reveal, when the ransomed of the Lord shall all be gathered home.

Rev. Dr. T. H. Pearne spoke of the blessed period years ago, at Round Lake Camp-meeting, when through Sister Lankford Palmer's ministrations he was brought into the rest of perfect love. It was a very simple thing when he let go of self and cut loose from all that bound him, and just fell upon the Rock of Ages. Then it was he found that Christ was "made unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

A Sister said she enjoyed full salvation years ago, but through mistakes of the head—not of the heart—she had lost it. This morning she had renewed her cove-

nant with God—and feels that Jesus saves her fully.

Rev. Dr. Dunn said, he wished to corroborate what Sister Palmer had said in reference to consecration, and accepting by faith this great salvation. We are apt to fall into a kind of legalism and reasoning. God wants us to simply take Jesus as He offers himself to us, and rest upon Him as an all-sufficient sacrifice and Savior.

Dr. Palmer appropriately repeated the beautiful stanza expressive of the language of a soul that would thus trust in Jesus fully:

"No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him is mine;
Alive in Him—my living Head—
And clothed with righteousness divine."

When we comply with the condition, then we can claim Jesus as ours.

A Sister said she rejoiced in Jesus as her full Savior. How wonderful! He comes down to us, and adapts himself to all our needs, becomes everything to us that we want, and fills us with peace and joy and love.

Rev. Mr. Brads.—Jesus is made all this to me and more. He has brought the Father and the Holy Spirit with Him, and they are abiding in my heart, and I am exceedingly happy.

Mrs. Chandler, daughter of Rev. Mr. Brads, followed him, saying: This is what my dear father taught me from my childhood as being my blessed privilege to enjoy. But I did not do as he told me I should. I went out into the world to seek its pleasures and enjoyments. I thought I should find there what my heart longed for, but was sadly disappointed. I had all the world could give, but it left an aching void. Last Summer I came here, and listened to the teachings and testimonies of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and some others of God's precious children. I felt they were honest and truthful—as they came gushing from those glowing hearts, and I had to believe them. And oh, I longed for such an experience! I felt that all I had of worldly good was nothing,—I wanted Jesus—

ONLY JESUS!

I made the consecration—Dear Savior, I give myself to Thee a living sacrifice—take me, do what Thou wilt with me, only make me wholly Thine;—give Thyself to me, and let me live for Thee alone! He took me at my word, and I have been all His ever since. A year—a whole year has passed, and oh, such a year! such a blessed year! I never can tell the bliss that has filled my whole being, as the days and months have glided by. It is joy unspeakable and full of glory!

A Sister said,—

"Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,
So entranced my spirit's vision
Looking at the Crucified."

I know what

THE RESURRECTION LIFE

is, she added. She loved to testify—not as a subpœnaed witness, but as a voluntary, willing witness of the power of Jesus to raise a dead soul into life, and fill with joy and love a heart that had been sad and dark—full of doubt and distrust. She believed if the barriers were removed, God would flood this ground with salvation. He wants us all to rise in all the power and glory of the resurrection life. What He wants, is to make all the ministers and people vessels meet for His use, if they will let Him.

Dr. Palmer, with much feeling and unction, exclaimed,—Oh, shall we not let Him just now mould us and make us vessels meet for His use? Jesus is here to do it. Let us yield now to His control and be as clay in the hands of the potter.

A Sister spoke of having sought for a long time to be filled with the Spirit.—and one day a poor beggar woman came to her; after supplying her physical wants, she talked with her about her soul, and then knelt and prayed for her. While praying, the Holy Spirit came down with wonderful power upon her own soul, and she found the answer to

her prayer. She had followed Jesus ever since. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

A Sister said, she had been thinking much about being a vessel fit for God to use. The poorest housekeeper wouldn't want vessels unclean, and unfit for their use; they wanted them all in good condition. God wants clean vessels. He cannot use such as are unclean—polluted by worldly corruption. We must be made pure—washed and cleansed from sin, in order to be acceptable to God and to be used by Him.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

was here sung with sacred power.

Bro. Tompkins.—We have learned from the Scriptures something about faith. "The worlds were made not of things which appear,—but by faith the worlds were made." Faith is believing God could make something out of nothing. He came to God long ago as a sinner, and asked Him to make Him all new,—and He did; filled his soul with joy and peace at a Camp-meeting,—and he found that God could make a new creature out of nothing. This divine life comes to us not by our own efforts, or good works, but by accepting His terms and having

FAITH IN HIS WORD.

A minister said: "I had felt for some time that I must be sanctified in order to be meet for the Master's use, and at a Camp-meeting one day, when praying, Jesus seemed to stand before me, and I said,—I will put my hand in Thine and be led by Thee.—I did so, and He blessed me. I was filled with love and joy,—went to my charge exceedingly happy, and preached full salvation. A glorious revival followed. Many souls were converted, and the Church revived. Ever since that time I have been trying to live near to God, and have enjoyed full salvation in Christ.

Rev. Bro. Pomeroy said: I once went to a camp-meeting and was seeking the fulness of saving grace. I felt myself held to this point—

WILL YOU DO ALL THE WILL OF GOD?

I was willing to do His will generally—but couldn't get over the ALL. But it must be ALL. At last I yielded and said Yes, I will do ALL the will of the Lord. And such light and glory filled my soul! I said over and over, ALL! yes, Lord, ALL! ALL! It was a full surrender. Oh, it was heaven there then! I said, Let the world tip over, or anything else, I am safe.

Rev. Bro. Simmons.—I am finding the joy of heaven on earth, and it is by living a life of faith. I am knowing what the words mean, "Godliness is profitable for the life that now is." The present Christ infuses into the life that now is so much of joy and gladness. The Lord wants us to enjoy the very essence of all that is good in the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. ' I am having a blessed life—a glorious life!

Dr. Palmer repeated the passage, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c., as having reference to this life. Those glorious things which God hath prepared for them that love Him may be ours here,—for the Apostle Paul said, God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; and if He revealed them unto Paul and the other disciples, will He not reveal them unto all His children that are obedient and loving? We are children of a King—the great King of heaven and earth—and will He not make us rich?—Is He not saying to us each—My child, all that I have is thine?—Yes, we are heirs, if children—heirs to His kingdom; and have we not a right to be happy?

Mrs. Skidmore.—I have suffered such fearful defeats, that it is no credit to me that I've made the surrender. And then, the blessed Lord did not treat me as if I were compelled to surrender; but gave me all the riches of His love, and said—Daughter, all I have is thine. And I am exulting in the abundance of my Father's house. I know the blessedness of full salvation in Christ.

MRS. M. D. JAMES.

Children's Department.

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

When I was a young lad my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was perfect in my part. No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. 'Stop, Willie,' said he; 'I have something more to tell you.' Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did. 'Willie,' said he, 'I have taught you to know the time of day. I must now teach you the time of your life.

"I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain this further lesson, for I wished to go to my marbles. 'The Bible,' said he, 'describes the years of a man to be threescore-and-ten or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the eighty years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will give almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you reach fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, Willie, is only known to Him who knoweth all things.' Seldom since then have I heard the inquiry, 'What o'clock is it?' or looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father."—Exchange

A WIFE'S FAITH.

In one of the towns of England there is a beautiful little Chapel and a very touching story is told in connection with it. It was built by an infidel. He had a praying wife, but he would not listen to her, would not allow her pastor even to take dinner with them, would not look at the Bible, would not allow religion even to be talked of. She made up her mind, seeing she could not influence him by her voice, that every day she would pray to God at twelve o'clock for his salvation. She said nothing to him, but every day at that hour she told the Lord about her husband. At the end of twelve months there was no change in him. But she did not give up. Six months more went past. Her faith began to waver, and she said, "Will I have to give him up at last? Perhaps when I am dead He will answer my prayers."

When she had got to that point it seemed just as if God had got her just where He wanted her. The man came home to dinner one day. His wife was in the dining-room waiting for him, but he didn't come in. She waited for him some time, and finally looked for him all through the house. At last she thought of going into the little room where she had prayed so often. There he was praying at the same bed with agony, where she had prayed for so many months, asking forgiveness for his sins. And this is a lesson to you wives who have infidel husbands. The Lord saw that woman's faith and answered her prayers.—'Moody's Child Stories.'

THE passionate love and gratitude which children give to those who are "truly" good to them shows the rarity of that kind of goodness. The child is not grateful to those who yield unduly to him, but to those who really help him. Every child is in a certain sense the victim of himself. The true lover of children helps the little warriors in their inevitable battles, and loves them all the time, and pities them in proportion as the naughty spirit gets the upper hand. But these generals of the army of childhood must be heroic self-conquerors, and alas, how few they are.

Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring:
||: He is risen,
Living Lord and coming King. :||

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GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

OCTOBER, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Fidelity.

The ministry of Jesus was marked by singular fidelity. The record is lustrous—there is not a stain upon it. Amid the intricacies and perils of His life-work, and there were perils, He was more than a match for his adversaries. There was not the slightest deviation from the exact line on any occasion. Human favor He never sought—human frowns He never feared. His Father's glory was His life-aim. To this every power of His immaculate nature was consecrated. We may read the inspired narrative with great delight. It inspires our faith, nerves our arm, and gives us a buoyant step amid earthly vicissitudes. Looking at the brilliant example before us, we are encouraged to "stand the storm," and be unswerving in the face of all the combinations that stand against us.

Let us select one from the many beautiful Pictures of the fidelity of Jesus.

One night, Nicodemus, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim, sought an interview with Him. He is supposed to have been the son of Gorion, one of the Rabbis often mentioned with veneration in the Talmud. We must not judge this man too harshly on account of his seeking the cover of night for his visit. Considering his Jewish associations and relationships, and the peril attaching to his seeking such intercourse, we should be prompted to kindly consideration. The good Matthew Henry takes a charitable view of the case. He says: "Christ was engaged all day in *public* work, and he would not interrupt Him then, but observed Christ's hour, and waited on Him when He was at leisure. This teaches us that private advantages to ourselves and our own families must give way to those that are public and of more general use. The greater good must be preferred before the lesser. Christ had many enemies, and therefore Nicodemus came *incognito* to Him, lest, if the chief priests had known it, they would have been the more enraged against Christ. Then, Nicodemus took time from the diversions of the evening, or the rest of the night, to converse with Christ. When others were sleeping, he was getting knowledge, as David by meditation,—Psa. 63 : 6, and 119 : 148. Probably, it was the very next night after he saw Christ's miracles, and he would not let slip the first opportunity of pursuing his convictions. He knew not how soon Christ might leave the town, nor what might happen betwixt that and another feast, and therefore would lose no time. In the night his converse with Christ would be more free, and less liable to disturbance."

Happy those who know their gracious hour, and seize upon it as for

their life! The main fact is before us. It is not ours to explain or to justify. The interview was sought by this eminent Jew. He was evidently a sincere and earnest inquirer after truth. He desired instruction concerning the kingdom of heaven. It is advantageous for those in authority, as well as for those in humbler spheres, to come down to the feet of Jesus for instruction. Nicodemus had evidently been among those who had been impressed by the miracles of Christ wrought on the great day of the feast. Reference is made to this in the 23d verse of the 2d chapter. The approach of this man to the Master was reverent and becoming. "Rabbi," said he, "we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." He reasoned that if he could *do* such mighty works, He must be able to teach glorious truth, God being with Him. The miracles impressed him and drew him to the lowly position of a learner at the feet of the great Teacher.

Now, mark his reception. Jesus spent no time in the settlement of unimportant questions. He had no argument to offer in support of His own authority or power. He indulged in no superfluous words. The interest of the hour was precious. The issues were vital. An immortal soul was in His hands. The destinies of eternity were full in view. The Spirit of the Lord God was upon Him. He spake under the divine afflatus. Under that, words are few,—they are sententious and pungent. The sword of the Spirit, wielded by skillful hands, quickly enters the joints of the harness, and plunges its sharp point into the vitals. There is an instant, quick, powerful—"dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and it is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

The first plunge of the two-edged sword, as wielded by Christ, touched the marrow. The soul of the inquirer was pierced. He felt the keenness of the blade. His Jewish erudition was at fault. He found himself in a grapple with truth which he could neither comprehend nor resist. There was an all-potent, irresistible "*must*" on his track. Following the respectful salutation of Nicodemus, "Jesus answered and said unto him: Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." He was staggered. This was a new truth. Born again! How can that be? He dwelt in the realm-material. He came to inquire about a kingdom—but it was a material kingdom. He was in pursuit of a king—but it was a temporal king. But he was in the presence of One who declared, "My kingdom is not of this world."

He presented his objections. But Jesus held him to the one great, vital, all-comprehending truth—the basis-principle of His kingdom. He would not allow him, by specious objection, carnal reasoning, or seeming impossibilities, to stir one inch from the border line of the real kingdom.

While He cried, "How can a man be born? How can these things be?" Jesus met him with the stern, inflexible, "*Verily, verily, I say.*" In vain thou strugglest to be free from the grapple of this tremendous truth. It is projected into thy thought—it seizes thy conscience—it makes captive thy sensibilities. Unqualified surrender is the demand of the hour.

True, the Master cast further light upon the question, by saying, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The spiritual is here plainly set in antagonism to the material. But still, this teacher in Israel had the veil upon his heart. He cried, "How can these things be?" Jesus met the inquiry with *the must* of the occasion: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again,"—or from above, as the margin has it. And in connection with this over-

whelming utterance, our divine Lord said, "Art thou a master of Israel and knoweth not these things?" Alas, for humanity, masters or slaves, all are under the curse! The things of the Spirit are spiritually discerned. When the veil is on the heart, the simplest truths of the kingdom are sealed mysteries. The cultured as well as the savage, may cry—

"O dark, dark, I still must say,
Amid the blaze of Gospel day!"

What was the effect of this interview upon Nicodemus? How far did he ponder the truth presented? Did he act upon it? "It certainly did not," as Alford remarks, "alienate him from Christ." When the chief priests and elders sent officers to arrest Jesus, and they came back without Him, saying, "Never man spake like this man,"—Nicodemus was present, and he had become bold enough to speak on His behalf. It is written, "Nicodemus saith unto them, (he that came to Jesus by night being one of them), Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?"—John 7:45—&c. Again, at the embalmment of Christ's body, we find this record: "And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight."—John 19:39.

May we not hope that this night-inquirer, subsequently laying hold of the great truth of the interview, may have known what it was to be born again, and passed into the kingdom of heaven? Would it not glorify Christ if it should appear that He has this star in His crown? The lesson of the Picture is brief. There is much that might be said, but limited space forbids. *Be faithful*—that is the sententious lesson. Be faithful—at all times, with all men. Glorify the Master by becoming, continuous fidelity. Let neither smiles nor frowns cause you to swerve. In each providential sphere, minister or otherwise, *be faithful.* Use not many words when called to the work of instruction. Study men. When souls are at stake, be wise in your utterances. Avoid circumlocution. Sink the non-essential in the essential. Let God's glory be the single aim. But above all, *speak only in the Holy Ghost.* Meet every objection with your Lord's "Verily, verily." Let the overmatching "MUST" be flung against every skeptical "*How can these things be?*" Thus will truth be mighty—all-penetrating—making its designed impressson. Holiness is power in thought and in utterance. It shines resplendently in the face of our adorable Jesus—and reflectively in all His followers, who are His chosen representatives on earth. May you, dear reader, possess it in all its richness and potency, and so be mighty among men in the declaration of the truth.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSECRATION.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!

Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee!

SALVATION, WITH ITS CONSEQUENCES.

PHŒBE PALMER.

(Extract from Correspondence.)

Often would you have beheld us, and face to face would we have communicated, if it were in the power of the Spirit to take the body with it on its excursions of love. We think of your ardent zeal, and the spirit of wisdom which God has put within you. We believe He has chosen you as a signet, upon whom many eyes have been and will yet be set. God has highly exalted you, and if you continue faithful, so that all the designs of His grace concerning you may be accomplished, you will yet know what it is to be a sign to be spoken against. Perhaps you have already known what it is to have a sword pierce through your own soul. By the oppositions you have spoken of, the thoughts of many have been revealed. Mary was highly honored in sustaining such a close relationship to the incarnate Savior, yet she was soon assured that this close connexion was at the cost of being in close affinity with Him in His sufferings. Our prayers to be in close communion with Christ, and to be near Him in His kingdom, can only be answered on the condition that we be baptized with the baptism wherewith He was baptized.

IDENTIFIED WITH TRUTH.

To me it seems a glorious privilege to stand so identified with Truth, that when Truth, in whatever form it may be found, is assailed, it may seem as though we were assailed. One of the most memorable blessings I ever received was on an occasion when the doctrine of faith, and those views of Christian holiness which we regard as so precious, were assailed in the pulpit. And this was by one who had once received the blessing of holiness through our instrumentality, and afterward lost it. Such generally become the most trying opposers. His remarks on the occasion were such, that a friend on mentioning the subject to me, observed, "It really seemed to me that he meant to be personal." I took the matter to the Throne, and said, "Lord, this is not my truth, but Thy truth which has been assailed. Thou hast only permitted it to flow out upon the world through this humble instrumentality."

I was on my knees and my precious Bible lay before me. I took it up, saying, "Lord, Thou only knowest the magnitude of this trial, and now give me something consoling and instructive from Thy Word." I then opened the Bible, and my eye lighted on these words, "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found to fight against God. * * * And when they had called the apostles and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go. And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." Such a baptism of joy as I then received, I know not how to describe. It was so blissful—so penetrating. The effect of that blessing I still retain, and trust I ever shall retain. "What am I, or what my father's house before me, that Thou shouldst account me worthy of such an honor!" I exclaimed. It hardly seemed

possible that one so unworthy should be permitted to stand so identified with Truth, that when this was assailed, the idea should obtain that the allusion was intended as a personality.

PAINFUL YET NOT DISCOURAGING.

You observe that all who profess the blessing of holiness, and all who earnestly seek it, have much opposition to encounter. This is painful, but by no means discouraging. In a letter written some time since, Bishop H—— says: "When did pure religion ever gain conquests without previous conflicts. When no war wages no victories await her. If her foes are still, it is because her friends are idle. 'Let them curse, but bless thou.' I have wondered today why it is that we do not more fully rely on these words, 'They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded.' If not one 'jot or tittle' of His Word can fail, then to trust in the Lord is to secure an infallible immunity against all real harm."—I look upon opposers now far otherwise than I did before my heart was wholly sanctified. For want of clearer light, a person may oppose truth, yet not be wholly insincere. The Savior said of His murderers, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Their persecutions arose from a blind zeal, and with Saul they imagined that they were doing God service. Had they been familiar with their own Scriptures, which so abundantly and specifically testified of Christ, they had not crucified the Lord of Glory, and in this their sin lay. And in this is the sin of many who oppose holiness. They do not familiarize themselves with the Word of God on this subject, else would they have learned from its abundant and specific teachings, that the doctrine is of God. And such had you and I, my dear brother, have been, were it not that we were enabled through the Spirit to resolve on searching the Scriptures, and now from the most heartfelt realizations can we affirm that Christ has power on earth, not only to forgive sin, but to cleanse from all unrighteousness. Now, though our hearts cannot but be grieved with the erring professor, yet we will not be discouraged. Though painful, yet to my mind these oppositions are not disheartening. God grant that you may never be wearied nor faint in your mind.

For the Guide.

REVIEWINGS.

LESSONS OF HIS GRACE.—MRS. A. S. WALKER.

"When I said, My foot slippeth, Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."—Ps. 94 : 18.
"Thy God reigneth.'—Isaiah 52 : 7.

(Continued from Page 77.)

Not one of God's children on earth, whatever exalted state of grace they may enjoy, is so holy that they cannot grow holier; or, is so fully the Lord's, that their will cannot become more entirely surrendered to Him. Nor are they ever free from the possibility of falling; and their knowledge in divine things so perfect, that they have not yet much more to learn. My own experience proves the truthfulness of this statement, perhaps more fully than many. I remember as if it were but yesterday, the conflicts that have passed in my soul between faith and unbelief, trusting and doubting. How I have been tempted to doubt the guiding and overruling presence of God, and to question His right to

deal with me according to His holy will.

I had enjoyed the blessing of sanctification for some time, and (as I have said) my experience seemed to be comparatively free from the harassing influences of much temptation; when, as if God had designedly permitted it, the enemy seemed to attack my soul with all the subtlety and fierceness of which he was capable.

First,—He tried to convince me that God had ceased to order my goings in answer to my prayer for guidance, and my trust in Him; in fact, more; that He had never regarded my prayer so as to answer it. This effort however failed, for I was enabled, by using the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, to believe that nothing befel me without my Father's permission.

In the peculiar circumstances under which this temptation was presented to my mind, my faith not being firmly enough grounded, I did not shelter 'neath the loving and protecting arm of my Savior as fully as I should have done. I looked to weak humanity for help, and in following the advice of one whom I had thought to be an able helper, I acted contrary to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and of course the result was trial and distress. However, this was not to be so long, for I was shown my error in looking to man for help, and received strength to grasp the precious truth, that "God reigneth," more firmly than before.

After this, Satan argued that my religion was not the source of happiness and comfort to me that it should be; pointing to the fact, that I had causes of anxiety, which I should never have had if living without religion. This latter statement could not be denied, and O! in times of special weakness, how fiercely, how very fiercely did the temptation to give up the conflict, to try and live without Christ, assail me. To admit it, is humiliating yet, because "Low in the dust I'd lay me, that the world might my Savior see," I write of this painful experience. Shall not the revelation of my weakness show forth the praises of my dear Savior and the triumphs of His grace? This temptation did not answer the purpose designed, for by the grace of God I still hold on.

Many and various were the stratagems of Satan to cause me to fall, and fierce and prolonged were his efforts; indeed, so constant were they, that I sometimes sighed to myself, "O, if he would only give me a little peace; if he would only for a moment cease his harassing influences!" But no; it seemed as if every temptation overcome only made way for another. He knew that if he could only reclaim me, I would make a good servant for him.

One would think that such constant temptation would have produced greater watchfulness, and so it did; but there came one unguarded moment, one short season of unwatchfulness, and then need I say what the consequences were?

I shall not attempt to speak of more than one other temptation; it is the one to which I fell a prey. Hitherto, Satan had tried in vain to make me ask the one fatal question, "Why does God act in this or that way?" This time his efforts were successful.

O faithless heart, to dispute the

Potter's right to do with the clay as He would, forgetting that if thou wouldst only let Him, He would make of it a vessel of honor, fitted for His own use. O, how slow to learn the lessons He would kindly teach! How very distrustful, to doubt the gentleness and wisdom of His dealings! O, erring child, to doubt a Father's love, just because you cannot see as far as He sees; and then to rise in opposition to His will, whose thou art! But it is past experience now, for though my foot slipped, I did not utterly fall, and I only write because I know all are weak and likely to fall, and would fain put forth an effort to save all I could from the unhappiness I felt after losing the resignation of my will to God.

Although I was forgiven in answer to my contrite prayer, I felt as if religion was hardly worth having without the fuller blessing of perfect love, in comparison with its worth when it enables us to retain that blessing.

I would not, however, dwell any longer upon this subject, for I long to tell of the lessons of His grace, which, though so slow to learn, I at length did learn and again received the glorious blessing; again became wholly the Lord's, only more fully and truly so than ever before. I learned many lessons, and which I think I shall never forget. One was previously learnt by a writer in the "Guide," and as I read her experience there, I saw that the Lord would teach me the same lesson, viz:—That He gives us pleasures, and it is His design that we should enjoy them, yet even these we must hold only as a loose garment; being ready to give them up at any time. When God gives us joys with our crosses, (as He did me) and we know that these joys are a special gift from Him, we are apt to hold them with too firm a hand.

Another thing He would teach us is, to be able to say in the words of the hymn—

"* * * * * nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.'

To feel that Christ is our portion and our all! All the sympathy, strength, comfort, and joy we really need, is to be found in Him. I think Christians often feel Christ precious, but they don't love Him so much, that they can live without any other source of help. God designs that we should enjoy Christian fellowship, and help each other; but still he would not have us lean upon these as a main support, for Christ is in himself sufficient for us. Another lesson I would mention. It is one that we may be always learning, and never feel too deeply, and that is,—"Our own weakness." O, dear sister or brother—pilgrim; if you do not feel deeply your own weakness and utter helplessness without the constant grace of God, beware, O beware, for the enemy goes about as a roaring lion, devouring first the self-reliant and those who think themselves strong.

One more lesson and I have finished, though I could write much more. We are never safe unless close to Jesus. Any pleasure or anything else that tends to draw us away from Him, or causes us to feel His presence less precious or needful, is dangerous. Nor are we safe if we cannot from our inmost

soul use the prayer in that beautiful old hymn,—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind."

God's chief design concerning us is, not that we should enjoy the world, but Christ. Nor do we really and truly know what happiness is until that glorious design is answered.

QUEANBEYAN, N. S. WALES.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. THOMAS H. PEARNE, D.D.

In my boyhood I was clearly, powerfully converted. For forty years I have been a happy Christian. For thirty years and more I had been a minister. My ministry had been much honored and fruitful. I had loved the ministry and followed it with great devotion.

The shadow of a great affliction came. It taught me that my experience had been that of a servant rather than that of a son; of justification, rather than of sanctification; of a submission to God's will, when His will was in line with my inclination and with my supposed comforts—but of the most energetic resistance to God's will when my comforts were interrupted. I found that much of self had been mixed up with my most religious doings and frames. And now, in my great sorrow, "roots of bitterness" were springing up and troubling me. It was easy and habitual to fret and to find fault with God and with men. These discoveries alarmed me. I saw I was not so fully saved as I should have been. The Holy Spirit convinced me of my need of cleansing grace and of sanctifying power. Daily I cried and prayed to God. I read the Bible and good books. I sought counsel of those who had reached a higher spiritual plane than my own. I attended a series of holiness meetings, conducted in Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati. No relief came. Instead, I seemed further away. I cavilled at and stoutly resisted the methods of conducting the meetings. I found my heart hard and cold and bitter.

To my daily cry, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew within me a right spirit," there came no response of renewing grace, nor of creative energy. Brassy and black were the heavens above me. Hard and resentful and resistful was my heart. My will was stubborn.

The shadow grew deeper. The saddest earthly bereavement a man can know, came to me. I said God was unjust. I said God was cruel. I would not be comforted. I could not yield myself to God's will.

The Round Lake Camp-meeting for that year (well do I remember) was held by Rev. Bishop Janes. Mrs. Lankford (now Mrs. Dr. Palmer) conducted holiness meetings. I attended them all. Her words were strangely winning and persuasive. She led me to see what the difficulty was with me; that I had been "going about to establish my own righteousness," and that I had "not submitted myself to the righteousness of God by faith.' I

had so much to unlearn; so many cherished theories to give up; so much of self-dependence and self-doing and self-merit to lay aside. Self-renunciation, which I found so essential, was, at the same time, so hard to make. I was so unwilling to renounce myself. Yet God helped me to do this. I made a consecration of myself. I supposed it was complete—I knew it was honest; and it was specific.

Still, I was unable to take Christ as a Savior from all sin. I lacked the power to exercise appropriating faith. I reviewed my consecration to see if the fault was in that. I could discover no defect in it. The consecration was formally and carefully renewed; and then this statement was added:—"O Lord, if there is anything lacking in the renunciation, because it was not known, when it is revealed to me, the renunciation shall be as formal as of those things already relinquished; and if there is anything not promised which should be, when I see what it is, it shall be as solemnly and intelligently promised, as any of the promises already made; indeed, both are already done in spirit and purpose, as they shall be in form when made known." This prospective and conditional devotion seemed to be the needed thing. Faith became easier. I had "confidence toward God." I rested in Jesus for complete healing and cleansing, and for the full empowering. They were given. An unknown peace and rest came into my soul. The discontent and bitter aversion to God's providences gave place to submission. A new sense of God's love and presence was experienced,—

"Every murmuring thought and vain,
Expired in sweet submission lost."

A blessed sinking into God's will was known; as, also, an inexpressible tenderness and sensibility; a marvellous illumination as to all spiritual provisions and grace; a wonderful light in the Holy Word, made the Bible, for me, who had studied it so long and loved it so much, a new book. Prayer was now quite another thing,—a conscious fellowship with the Father through the Son. The Holy Blessed Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, were so consciously in me and with me, that henceforth I was living a new life, in new spiritual relations and under new inspirations.

The next day, God showed me that the use of tobacco—to which I had been addicted for thirty years—was one of the things to be formally and for ever renounced. This was done. God took away the appetite for it. In nearly five years since, the desire has never returned. In a day or two more, God showed me another form of selfishness to be specially surrendered. Grace enabled me to cheerfully and heartily yield it for Christ's sake.

At once I confessed what Jesus had done for me. I was not careful to give the blessing a technical name. The roots of bitterness had been extracted. The old offending nature had been crucified. The stubborn will had sweetly yielded to God's will. The fight was ended by complete surrender. It has never since been renewed. I found myself saying to myself, as never before, but now as exactly describing my spiritual state,—

"The cross now covers my sin,
The past is under the blood;
I am trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God."

Supreme love to God was now the controlling passion. Thus it has been until to-day. All this I confessed at the time. And all this I have from time to time rehearsed to God's people. Not to have confessed this would have been dishonoring to God and unjust to man. And still the vision lingers, —the joy remains.

"The narrow path shines clear,
My Guide moves on before."

Since this remarkable experience nearly five years have passed. And yet the precious new life is as bright, and as sweet, and as fresh, as at the beginning. So, "having obtained help from God, to continue unto this present, witnessing both to small and great," that Jesus saves to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him," I scarcely need say, that while the experience narrated has been sweet and restful, it has also been a Pentecostal preparation for service.

DAYTON, O., APRIL, 1879.

HE lives long that lives well; and time mis-spent is not lived, but lost. —*Fuller.*

For the Guide.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

BY MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

Oh! country of the blessed,
Thou realm of changeless rest,
Where peace flows like a river,
Thou land of lands the best!
Fair Beulah—all thy perfumes
Are redolent of prayer—
And faith with steps unfaltering
Forever dwelleth there.

Oh! sinless home of beauty
Where clouds have passed away,
And love walks close with duty
In the celestial way;
Sweet shore of flowers and gladness,
Where Jesus hath His throne—
And banishing all sadness,
Smiles ever on His own.

To thee, bright land of Beulah,
My weary feet have come—
I look from thy clear mountains
On to the saints' great home;
The city of the pearl gate,
Where all the saved ones stand—
How near it seems!—its suburb
Is surely Beulah's land.

I meet the white-robed angels
As back and forth they go;
I hear the holy harpers,
The "new song's" mystic flow;
And tho' I know the Jordan
Must still be overpast,
It seemeth but a shallow stream,
One step—and that the last.

Oh! country of the blessed,
Where Jesus hath His throne—
Since I have passed thy borders,
How care and fear have flown;
In sweet and solemn measure
The perfect moments roll;
My heart hath found its treasure,
'Tis Jesus in the soul!

CANNONSVILLE, N. Y.

For the Guide.

THE TWO CLERKS.

REV. D. NASH.

"Work any longer to-night I cannot."

Christmas was approaching and the year's accounts had to be made up. In consequence of this, two clerks in a large establishment were at work later than usual, when the younger of them broke in with the above exclamation. This resolve to desist from work was supplemented by the following remarks:—

"I have now an ardent longing for the theatre. I want relaxation and enjoyment. Yet I often wish, even when I am indulging in these pleasures, that I could return to the innocence and happiness of my Sunday-school days. But, there! it is no use trying. I cannot make myself different."

The elder clerk, who had been for some time a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, and who had often

given a word of advice to his junior on the subject of religion, thought as these remaks fell upon his ears, "Now is the time for a word in season;" then opening his desk and taking from it a tract, entitled, "I can't make myself different," handed it to the young man. "Well, I never!" he exclaimed, and was soon deeply engaged in the perusal of the tract. The Spirit of the Lord awakened up his slumbering conscience. He began to see light in God's light. He resolved, like the prodigal, to "arise and go to his Father." The theatre was abandoned that night, and for ever. The reflecting youth went home to open his neglected Bible and to offer prayer to his Heavenly Father. The lessons which he had received at the Sunday-school came back to his mind. He felt again those hallowed and joyous emotions which he had felt in past days. The hymns he had sung there seemed once more to ring in his ears.

"Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In sin and misery."

Yes, it was the turning point in this young man's history. He entered the office the next day a new creature. "Old things had passed away, and behold, all things had become new." "A word spoken in season, how good is it."

That the change was real was obvious to his fellow-clerk. In the few moments he could spare from office work, the Bible displaced the newspaper and the novel. He and his friend now held sweet counsel together, as fellow heirs of the heavenly inheritance,—as pilgrims to the celestial city. The senior clerk had for some time been actively employed in promoting his Master's glory in the Sunday-school, the ragged school—open air mission and other spheres of usefulness. It was very natural that he should be anxious to get his young friend to work.

Whenever a man gives up his sinful companions, he seeks an alliance with the people of God. Our young friend sought admission and was received into a Baptist Church. Since the conversation related above, he has passed from the position of a servant and is now master of a flourishing business. It is pleasing to know that the fire that was kindled in his soul in that business office, on that memorable night, has continued to burn. His zeal has not been a fitful flame, but has burned ever since, steadily and brightly. On the Sabbath-day, both in sunshine and storm, he may be seen leaving his suburban residence, and traveling four miles to superintend a school in one of the most neglected parts of a great city.

What an influence for good or ill may the example of others exert on those with whom they are employed! If this young man's fellow-clerk had been like himself, they might have both been now the slaves of sin and Satan. Christian young men and women are sometimes looking round for opportunities to do good, forgetting that those opportunities are at hand in the factories and shops in which they work. "Be instant in season and out of season," is an apostolic injunction. How delightful it will be for these two brethren when their labor on earth is over, to meet and enter upon the nobler service above! forever to find con-

genial employment in the blissful contemplation of the infinite perfection and glorious works of God, and "serve Him day and night in His temple."—Rev. 7 : 15.

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

Bible Key-Words—"All."

ALL THE PROMISES.

SABBATH, OCT. 5.—"For all the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him amen, unto the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. 1 : 20.

The promises of God are rich—yea, they are "exceeding great and precious." They are the present inheritance of every Christian believer. They are absolutely inviolable—they are "yea and amen" in Christ Jesus. There are no drawbacks whatever. The condition on our part being fulfilled, faith—the verifying of the promise is certain. Dean Alford thus renders the passage: "For how many soever be the promises of God, in Him is the yea; wherefore through Him is the Amen, for glory unto God by us." No matter about the number or magnitude, or seeming impossibilities of fulfillment—the word of the Lord abideth forever. The blood of Jesus constitutes the complete guarantee. The Beloved of the Father has but to ask on behalf of the believer, and it is instantly done.

An old writer says: "God's promises are not yea and nay, like the devil's, who so lays them that he may have the credit both ways; no, the very heart of God may be seen as through a crystal window in the promise—"They are all yea and amen in Christ."

Spurgeon says: "Where is thy casket of promises? Bring it out. Open the jar of jewels. Pour out the golden ingot, stamped with the image and superscription of heaven's King. Count over the diamonds that flash in thy hand like stars. Compute the worth of that single jewel, "Ask and ye shall receive;" or that other ruby, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

And, beloved saints of the Lord, if you have any timidity or hesitancy about claiming any part of your rich *promissory* inheritance, remember the concluding declaration of this passage, "*unto the glory of God by us.*" God is glorified in the verification of His promises.

ALL CARE.

SABBATH, OCT. 12.—"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 Pet. 5 : 7.

Alford renders the passage thus: "Casting all your care upon Him, because He careth for you." Care is anxiety, pressing upon and weighing down the spirit. Entire consecration, and full salvation, imply freedom from this anxiety. Alford remarks on the word "casting," that it is once for all, by an act which includes the life, *all your anxiety*—the whole of it; not every anxiety as it arises, for none will arise if this transference has been effectually made." Perfect faith, which is one of the graces of full salvation, gives this freedom from anxiety, so that it is one of the soul's blessed habitudes to commit all things however dark and threatening unto our Father's hands, in the surest trust, and the reason for this in the passage is all-comprehensive: "*For He careth for you.*" The word "careth" in application to God does not signify anxiety as in our case, but simply a loving disposition and determination to secure all our interests, so that there is not the slightest ground for solicitude or anxiety in any case.

Would that all professing Christians knew the joy of this freedom! Their brows would be unshaded, their souls ever bright as noon, and their steps buoyant, even on the hot sands

of the desert, as a deer. But, alas, this is not the common experience. There are many who are in daily bondage to their fears. One of the old writers says: "To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back." How many thus lie down heavily laden! O, if they could only understand and realize the minuteness and constancy of their Father's care! As one says: "Many think that God takes no thought for anything less than a star or a mountain, and is unmindful of the little things of life; but when I go abroad, the first thing which I see is the grass beneath my feet, and, nestling in that, flowers smaller yet, and lower still, the mosses with their inconspicuous bloom, which beneath the microscope glow with beauty. 'And if God so cares for the *grass* of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven,' shall He not much more care for the minutest things of your life?" O, ye of little faith,—O beloved, cast all your care on Him—on HIM!

ALL THE DARTS.

SABBATH, OCT. 19.—"Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.—Ephes. 6: 16.

The fiery darts of the wicked are flying all around us. They take on their fire-points from the realm-infernal. Darts of plausible suggestion, of withering skepticism, of ridicule, of defamation and slander. They fill the air—they are hurled furiously against us. How are they to be quenched? What is our defence? The apostle answers—"The shield of faith." It is of paramount importance that we grasp it and hold it. He says it is "*above all*,"—without it our Christian armor is vitally defective—we are exposed to the deadly missiles and may be overthrown. "A certain writer says: "A shield is for defence—so is faith. It is not a fixture for any particular part of the body, as the breastplate, the helmet, &c.,—but was for the hand, to be moved about according to the direction in which the darts came. It does not defend only the whole body, but it is a defence to other parts of a soldier's armor also—it keeps off the dart from the helmet and breastplate likewise. So faith is not only a safeguard to the whole soul, but to all the particular parts of the Christian life and character. The shield of faith protects the girdle of truth, the helmet of salvation, and the breastplate of righteousness." Beloved, put on the whole armor of God—and "*above all*," take the shield of faith—wield it dexterously, and however the wicked may hurl the fiery darts, you shall be unhurt.

ALL THINGS POSSIBLE.

SABBATH, OCT. 26.—"All things are possible to Him that believeth."—Mark 9: 23.

A father brought unto Jesus a son possessed of a dumb spirit. He had applied to the disciples and they could do nothing. Now he approached the Master. His plea was sorrowful and despondent: "*If* thou canst do anything, have compassion on us!" Jesus set over against his despairing "*If*" one of life and hope: "*If* thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Instantly the man cried out, with tears, "*Lord, I believe!*" and the foul spirit was dislodged.

These words of Jesus invest faith, well-nigh with omnipotence. Never was there anything more impossible, seemingly, than the expulsion of this demon from the human breast where he had taken up his abode. Yet in a moment, faith brought deliverance. Faith was master of the situation.

And now, in life's varied phases, we are again confronted with seeming impossibilities. Many a sublime achievement lies hidden in the "*If thou canst believe.*" God, through Christ, puts as it were the infinitude of the celestial resources at our command.

"All things are possible to him that believeth." "*Believeth!*"—that is the over-mastering word, rendering disease, danger, destitution, demons, and the whole range of adverse forces and combinations subservient to its scepter. "*Believeth*"—such an exercise, a heart-exercise is supposed, is under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and of course the object in contemplation is in harmony with the divine will, and the issue in such a case is certain. Would that we understood the mightiness—I had almost said, the almightiness of this *faith-weapon*. The Church has yet to learn its use. Ages have failed to adaquetely instruct her. Here and there an ancient worthy tells grandly of its use. The great body of Christians, however, fail to measure up to their privilege. Heaven open to our view the breadth of our gracious opportunity!

For the Guide.

INDWELLING CHRIST.

"For all the promises of God in Him are yea and in Him Amen."—PAUL.

J. M. D.

Come to thy temple, Lord!
  Attest the sprinkled blood.
I wait obedient to Thy Word,
  Presenting all to God.
No merit can I bring
  To Thy most holy shrine;
Bind me with cords while here I cling,
  And seal me ever Thine.

I now draw nigh to Thee,
  With faith in Jesus' name;
Father, I know Thou wilt in me
  Allow Thy first-born's claim;
Faithful to Him, and just
  Forgive and make me clean.
O God, Thy faithfulness I trust,
  Confessing all my sin,

Spirit of plenteous grace!
  Work in me as Thou list,
That sin indwelling may give place
  To an indwelling Christ.
Jesus, abide in me,
  Clothed in Thy seamless dress;
Unspotted, I would walk with Thee
  The way of holiness.

I seek transforming grace,
  God's fulness all is Thine;
O, let me see Thy open face,
  Till glory changes mine.
Amen!—the bleeding Lamb,
  Amen!—the Word—the Blood,
Amen!—the pure baptismal flame,
  Seal of the living God.

MOTHER MONROE.

CHAPTER V.—CHARACTERISTICS.

HUMILITY THE CROWNING GRACE.

"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. xi. 29.

One was struck at first sight with Mother Monroe's humility. Often she spoke of her sense of "nothingness."

"Dear me, I am so weak and ignorant, and I feel sometimes as if I can't do a thing or say a word,—and then I remember His words to Paul, when he asked that the thorn in his flesh might be removed: 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' And I don't wonder that the apostle said, 'Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.'

"Oh, it is a wonderful thing for the power of Christ to rest upon a little worm! And then, God is glorified so much the more, too. If some great one—talented, and learned, and eloquent—shows that the power of God is upon him, he gets eversomuch of the glory himself. But if a poor little one like me is filled with power from on high—everybody can see that it is not of the creature, but of God, and the glory is given to Him who only deserves it.

"And I'm sure I don't want any of it. I know it don't belong to me,—no, no! not one bit of it! and I

often feel as if I would like to get out of sight—be hid away somewhere. I do feel so little and worthless, but if my Jesus can be exalted by my weakness—then I will rejoice that I am permitted to show forth His strength, the more because I have none of my own. And I'm so glad that I can, through His strength, do some good in this wicked world. Bless His name! it is my greatest delight to work for Him; and He does bless me so in all I say and do! He pours into my heart the comforts of His love, so that I often am ready to shout aloud His praises. Oh, He does pay well for all I do for Him. The devil's servants get poor pay, dreadful poor pay, but the Lord gives good pay. Oh, what grand rewards His servants receive! And yet the poor sinners wont believe it.

"Oh that they all would taste and see
The riches of His grace."

"And the poor half-starved Christians, too—how I pity them! I do wish they would come to the table and eat and be satisfied. Such a feast Jesus has prepared, and invites them to come and 'eat and drink abundantly;' and yet so many stay away, and they are hungry, too, all the time—I know they are—and want the children's bread, but won't come and get it! Sometimes they come under the table and gather up just a few crumbs, like the dogs, instead of sitting down with the children of the King and enjoying all the rich dainties. What a pity! oh, what a pity! No wonder they are all the time saying, 'Oh, my leanness! my leanness!'

"Sissie dear, you know how delightful it is to be with our Jesus and enjoy His sweet smiles. You know—

"His presence makes our paradise,
And where He is, is heaven."

Some of the dear ones that profess to love Him don't understand these things. You see, they haven't given themselves all up to God,—they are clinging to idols. Precious souls! I love them very much—some of them are so kind and good to me—but oh, how I do wish they loved Jesus more than they love the world. There is so much in these times to lead them away from Christ—so many temptations! The fashions, and follies, and vanities of the world have crept into the Church! oh, it makes my heart sick. Why, you see how the very Satan himself gets into God's temple, and rules even a part of the worship. Just look at that quartette choir—opera singers employed to sing God's praises in His house! Oh, how my soul is pained to see Him insulted in His own holy temple. I am praying, and I want you to help me pray, that the Church may be purged of all such iniquity. Oh, if Jesus was here in this world now and saw His temple so profaned, He would surely turn them out, as He did the buyers and the sellers in the temple at Jerusalem. You see, I open my heart freely to you about these things, for I know you and I are of the same mind, and we can't believe in mixing up the world with religion. They won't go together anyway, no more than oil will mix with water.

"May God bring the world to see that Mammon cannot be served at the same time with the pure and holy One. That there is 'no agreement with the temple of God

and idols,'—'no fellowship between light and darkness,'—'no concord of Christ with Belial.'

"Oh, let us kneel right down here and pray now that the Church may receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that the Lord may 'purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'"

For the Guide.

SECRET PRAYER, OR THE CLOSET.

M. ANNESLEY.

When we consider that the teaching of Jesus always aimed at the heart, we know where to find the Master in every company, and the clearest and strongest evidence is, that He being God and man knew that which was in man. Men could deceive each other in outward appearances, but He was never mistaken in His knowledge of character, or the history of the heart. No matter how entangled the appearances about them, or how flattering the adaptation to the very best example, He was reading that which He discerned in the secret motives and the thoughts. And for this reason He laid such stress upon secret prayer, for He knew the heart must be engaged in that. He was well acquainted with the long prayers of the Scribes and Pharisees at the corners of the streets, and knew the meaning of all their doings; and that while their sanctimonious faces were so devout that spiritual death reigned within, and in His command, "enter into thy closet," He struck a death-blow at their formality and hypocrisy, the two great leading sins in the Jewish Church in the days of Christ. Their idolatry they left at Babylon, and when they returned to their own beloved land of Israel, they raised the synagogues throughout the land for the reading of the law and prayer, while the Temple-worship was in all its typical grandeur at Jerusalem awaiting the fulfilment of all the types. And no doubt many did substitute the Synagogue worship for the yearly sacrifices at the Temple, and by degrees through that disobedience fell into formality and hypocrisy. It is in all the appointed means we can only save our souls, a part of the plan of salvation will not make a finished work in us.

There is no reason why habit should become lifeless and formal, but animated and quickened by the incidents of thoughts and circumstances, enlivened by the Holy Spirit whom it is our duty to expect in our closets. But when the power of the world creeps over us the closet is abridged in its duty and enjoyment, and we satisfy conscience for a time with unfeeling ceremony. There is always a distinct point, if we will look it up, where the divergence began, and there we commenced to backslide from the intimacy of the closet.

One, on her death-bed, confessed her closet had been deserted by the use of her husband's family prayer. Thus she saved time for family employment, but God gave her plenty of time for months on her sick-bed. Another can pray anywhere, and she or he has no need for times and seasons; and the consequence is that any time is no time, and the careless life shows that soul has in deed and truth no closet. There is a halo which shows itself about the praying life which is its own peculiarity.

Face to face with God, in the

closet is the measure of practical godliness, and only those who keep this command can keep their peace.

Ejaculatory prayer is delightful, and who has not seized it amid the turmoil of life, and saved themselves until the release came, and they could again be alone with God, and let out the full feelings of the soul in utterance.

Backsliding history all comes from the neglected closet. There the spiritual death begins,—then the Bible is a dry book, and very little of it necessary, and the public means of grace become a matter of indifference. But on the other hand, we find souls preserving a heavenly state of mind under the privation of all outward means of grace, because God is a little sanctuary to them in their closets. They have their seasons of reviving and refreshment, for He fulfills His truth by His Prophet,—He is there sanctuary. Be faithful to your trysting place with the Master and He will be always there waiting for you.

For the Guide

REST.

ABBIE MILLS.

Travelers! weary, dusty travelers! Going hither and thither in search of rest. But how vain the search, go where they will, if they do not carry rest with them! Real rest is not an inhabitant of splendid homes, or leafy groves, or cool seasides. It dwells in the believers heart, and goes with him in the busy scenes of life, and makes the talk of rest amid toil no vain play of words. It sweetens and fills with praise the hours of repose, and gives a real meaning to the word pleasure.

Sin is such an embodiment of unrest, that there must be disquiet where it is found, or stupor that betokens death.

Sin sent the dwellers of Eden abroad; and if they could have left this behind them as they journeyed, another Eden would soon have been found. But it kept pace with them, and even went before, so that instead of blossoming and fragrance, there were desert sands and poisonous serpents and bitter fountains, and the sore, tried spirit has often cried in hours of keen disappointment, "O, where shall rest be found?" and the echo has been, "Here is no rest, no rest!"

Nevertheless, the Word of God declared that there was a rest for His people, and they that believed found it. The happy dwellers in this Paradise regained gave clear testimony, but only a few believe their report. It cannot be that so near them, in so short a time, real rest, perfect rest can be found. And yet the Word declares that Christ is near, there is no ascending to find Him, or descending,—a present Savior; and now is the day of salvation, the salvation that is secured by faith alone.

Wherever there is complete renunciation of sin, and complete surrender of all to God; complete trust in Christ as a present, all-sufficient Savior, there rest may be found. It may fill the emptied soul on some pleasant camp-ground, where thousands kneel and plead together; or in some primitive gathering of a few in a grove where nature has done the most of the preparing for a meeting; or it may quietly visit the housewife, who

amid wearisome cares, sighed because she could not go to the Camp-meeting. Now the soul rests in Jesus' love, and even the the tired muscles feel the toning power of the Spirit's abiding.

The busy harvester turns from his well-filled barns and stacks of grain, and counts all things loss beside the treasures of love, peace, and rest, that fill his soul to overflowing, now that inbred sin is cast out.

But the word "rest" seems a lie of itself, to that one who left home with a trunk filled with garments in the latest style and a heavy purse, resolved on having a "good time." Every source of pleasure has failed to give heart-rest. The body, too, is jaded and worn by the weary days and nights of travel.

List, weary one; a voice is calling thee,—"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Faithful is the Promiser, who also will do it. Will you come? Nay, it is not a long, tiresome way. Just fall into the arms of Love, that are outstretched to receive you. Let go of all and let the Sabbath of the soul begin, with every buyer and seller cast out of the heart-temple. Cease from your own works, all of self,—and filled with the Spirit, there is rest that will be with you in the house and by the wayside, when you lie down and when you rise up. Rest in ease or toil, in wealth or poverty. A rest that will grow sweeter farther on, and will never exhaust its freshness, while time lasts or eternity endures.

Come to the blood that cleanseth from all sin, then will the jubilee of rest begin. Not the sluggard's sleep, but joyous, glad, songful rest. And the song shall be of praise to Him who loved us, and washed us, and seats us in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

CLEAR LAKE, WIS.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. HENRIETTA SPERRY MACLAY.

Another precious one has been added to the number of loved ones gone before. Mrs. Henrietta Sperry Maclay, wife of Rev. Dr. R. S. Maclay, of the China mission and now of Japan, has finished her highly useful labors on earth and and gone to the heavenly home. She died in Japan, on the 28th day of July. In the Tuesday Meeting, and in the neighborhood of New York and Brooklyn, her name is of precious memory. It was my blessed privilege to become acquainted with her in the summer of 1842, when she was a youthful member of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. At that time she was a witness of the power of Jesus to save unto the uttermost all those who believe in Him for that blessing. At my first interview with her, I stated my desire for the blessing of sanctification and my difficulty in not understanding the nature of faith. I asked her, "If I should believe for sanctification, how would I know that it was real faith?" She replied, "Faith is its own evidence." That simple and true answer was a blessing to me then and through all the years that have followed. Yes! Faith is its own evidence. It is a simple matter of consciousness. When we believe, we know that we believe; just as when we remember, we know that we remember. I think the repetition of that conversation has enabled me to help many persons whose minds were confused about the nature of faith, and who were vainly striving to have an evidence in their own feelings. Blessed are the dead that die

in the Lord, and their works do follow them. HENRY BELDEN.

LAST HOURS OF MRS. DR. MACLAY.

The morning of the day she was attacked by her last illness she seemed to be in ordinary health, came down to breakfast as usual, and after family prayers spent an hour in conversing with Mrs. Capt. Barnaby, who was stopping with us for a few days. Captain Barnaby had recently died in Hong Kong, and Mrs. Barnaby was now on her way home by the Pacific Mail Steamship "China." At 9:30 A. M., Mrs. M. attended service in our Bluff Chapel and played the organ. She listened with close attention to the sermon preached on the occasion by Rev. S. Kurimura, one of our Japanese preachers, from the text, (Rom. xii. 11), "Fervent in spirit." The subject was "Christian zeal," and after producing from the Scriptures pertinent examples illustrating his subject, he referred to Dr. Alexander Duff pleading for India before the Presbyterian Assembly of Scotland, during which appeal the veteran missionary fainted and was carried from the platform, but on regaining consciousness made them carry him back to the platform to finish his speech, assigning as a reason for his importunity that, if he missed the present opportunity, he could not have another one of the kind for a year, during which time he (Dr. Duff) might die.

After the sermon was finished, the congregation sang "Rest for the weary," Mrs. Maclay accompanying with the organ. She played four verses of the hymn, and then being uncertain as to whether or not there was still another verse to be played, she looked the question to me, and I looked "Yes" to her, which she understood. This was the last interchange of thought between us. At that time her eye was clear and rational, her manner perfectly composed and natural, and to all appearance there was not the slightest indication of the momentous change so close at hand. Having finished the hymn, she leaned her head on the organ and joined with the congregation in the closing prayer offered by the native preacher. The prayer was scarcely commenced, however, when she became conscious of some strange feeling, and speaking to a friend who kneeled near her, she said, "Fannie." This arrested my attention, and springing toward her was just in time to catch her in my arms as she fell backward. Cold water, mustard poultices, etc., were immediately applied, three physicians were soon in attendance with all the appliances medical skill could devise, but all was vain. She lay in the Church three hours, and was then removed to the house. We placed her in the guests'-room down stairs, and here she lingered in a state of total unconsciousness until 4:30 next morning, when, just as day broke, she ceased to breathe, and was at rest.

I have given you these particulars, knowing that you will wish to learu as much as possible about this mournful subject. You will see from what I have written that Mrs. Maclay had no opportunity to leave any last message for any one. The call that transferred her from conscious existence here was entirely unexpected and instantaneous. I think she had not the least conception of the death that awited her when she entered the Bluff Church of our Mission on the Sunday morning when she was struck down by apoplexy. But though the summons may have been unexpected, she was not unprepared for it. For some time past she had thought and read a great deal concerning the future state, and at times she felt a longing for the joys of heaven. I have no doubt she is now satisfied. She walks with half of our family flock amid glorious scenes beyond the river. I journey on awhile longer with the other half in the wilderness of this world. Let us all try to be faithful, so that at last we may form an undivided family in glory.

"One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death."

MILISON MONCK.

The subject of this notice was the daughter of James and Isabel Vandusen. She was born in Marysburgh, Prince Edward Co., Ontario, May 12th, 1832. On Feb. 8th, 1854, she was married to her now sorrowing husband, Mr. Earnest Monck, then living at Point Traverse, and shortly afterwards moved to Saranac, in the Co. of Grey, where she died of consumption, on Aug. 2d, 1879.

Sister Monck was at an early age the subject of deep religious impressions. She never could speak certainly of the time of her conversion; but of the fact itself she was fully satisfied. Yet her religious enjoyment was not as full as she could wish, until the year 1871. In that year she attended the Owen Sound District Camp-meeting for the purpose of seeking a deeper work of grace, and there, under the blessed labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, she was enabled to take higher ground in the divine life, and from that time made greater progress therein.

From that time she subscribed for the "Guide to Holiness," which she eagerly read, and continued to take down to the time of her death. Six weeks before she died her subscription expired, and, though she was sure that death was at hand, yet she requested the writer to send her subscription, with the request that it be sent in her father's name, who would get it after her death. She found in it much spiritual nourishment. The Bible and the "Guide" were her delight during the two years which she could not attend the public means of grace. She appreciated highly the visits of her pastor, and gave evidence of the supporting power of divine grace, of resignation to the will of God, and that she was ripening for glory. She was quite calm in view of her approaching decease, and spoke confidently of her prospect—through Christ—of a better home above. The following note written to her pastor while at Conference, seven weeks before she died, will show the state of her mind at that time:

"DEAR BRO.:—I am getting no better, but think I am gradually failing. I entertain no hope of ever regaining my health, until I arrive at my heavenly home in the spirit land, where sickness is unknown. I am hoping and trusting in my Savior."

As she drew near the gates of death, she longed to go. She said to her father before she lost the power to speak, "O, what a happy release when I am freed from this house of clay." She was quite resigned and firmly trusted in Jesus. She gradually sank without any pain, and on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 2d, she breathed her last without a struggle, and no doubt feeling that "Jesus can make a a dying bed, feel soft as downy pillows are."

The Rev. Charles Smith, of Brooke, preached her funeral sermon from 1 Pet. 2:7—"Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious." A large procession of people accompanied her remains to the Owen Sound Cemetery.

R. STRACHAN.

Editorial.

SERVICES AT OCEAN GROVE, 1879.

Through the guidance of the Heavenly Shepherd, we have been permitted to spend July, August, and a part of September at Ocean Grove, that delightful city by the sea. It would be superfluous for us to attempt to give a description of this attractive grove, that has been transformed as if by magic, in so short a time, into one of the most beautiful outdoor temples, where the hosts of Zion can resort for the worship of God and Christian communion and effort, that can be found in our beloved country. One who visited here last year, in speaking of its unparalleled excellences, said, that he came broken down in health and very much dejected in spirit, but the healthful and invigorating breezes of the ocean had very soon restored the wasted energies of his body, and a renewed baptism of the Holy Ghost had so thoroughly cleared away every doubt from his mental vision, that he

almost concluded that his Methodist brethren had anticipated the Lord, and had really brought on the millenium a little before the time. That millennial experiences are realized, and an earnest of the glory beyond given by the Head of the Church, is very often expressed by the lips of the delighted worshippers.

In regard to the sanctity of the Sabbath as it is observed at Ocean Grove, we may very emphatically call it the "Pearl of Days." Rev. A. Wallace, the able editor of the "Ocean Grove Record," says: "We come nearer to Paradise, in what we suppose to be its pristine loveliness, and enjoy more of the millenium in its grand consummation of Christian fellowship, on an Ocean Grove Sabbath, than anywhere else on this planet." This, we doubt not, is true. It would be impossible to give anything like a satisfactory abstract of the many very interesting services that have been held. The time has been almost entirely occupied with meetings of an intensely interesting character, and all of them having for their motto and inscribed upon their banners—"Holiness to the Lord." The Sunday-school Assembly laid out a comprehensive programme, extending for eight days. It was entered into by the S. S. workers with much interest, and its aim appeared to be—How may we more effectually bring our children to Jesus?

WOMEN'S NAT. CHRIS. TEMPERANCE UNION.

The Camp-meeting of the Woman's National Temperance Union was one that will long be held in remembrance. The heart-moving eloquence of the speakers, as they held the large audiences in wrapt surprise, did wonderfully quicken our dormant powers and leave us full of devout aspirations to enter upon a higher plane of endeavor to work and live for God and humanity. The pathetic appeals of the President, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, and her eloquent co-laborers, Mrs. Yeomans, of Canada, and Mrs. Lathrop, of Michigan, as they plead that our young men should not be sacrificed to the god Bacchus, drew tears from many eyes. They also insisted that entire consecration and a full baptism of the Holy Spirit were necessary, in order to become successful workers with God in saving the helpless victims of intemperance. Entire prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors, is the glorious result they are hoping and laboring for.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

The first decade in the history of Ocean Grove closed on Thursday, July 31st, 1879. The anniversary was celebrated by very interesting religious services. Bishop Simpson gave us one of his eloquent and heart-moving sermons, from the sublime vision of Isaiah 6 : 3—"And one (seraphim) cried to another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of thy glory." In his address the Bishop remarked, "that the great thought which thrills the highest intelligences which God has made, and which we have expressed in other parts of revelation, is—that God is supreme, in the glory of His nature, and seeks the highest good of all his creatures in outgoing agencies to bless and save."

It should not be matter of surprise to the burning seraphim or to us, that He is holy. There must be another idea attached to the exclamation. It is more a matter of wonder THAT WE MAY BE HOLY.

It is ever a marvel of grace that man is redeemed, and lifted up into the light and blessedness of the divine nature. In His unselfish love, which comprehends all our fallen race, we see a glory that fills the whole earth. And it is when these heavenly spirits contemplate the working out of His plans, purposes of wisdom and grace, that they cry out, "Holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is filled with His glory."

In closing, the speaker said: "It is in the thought that I was reached and saved, and joined somehow to God himself, that I see the highest exhibition of His power and grace. No matter how long—that does not concern us. Our mission is to show forth His glory. Brethren, 'be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' What seasons have we seen, but our eyes shall see greater things than these.

O, for a tide of glory to sweep over the assembly! Ministers, your lips have been touched! Preach the truth as it is in Jesus! As I get nearer the end, I am more desirous to see a wave of revival sweep over the land. May it begin here at Ocean Grove."

BIBLE READINGS.

During the Bible Readings, which continued one week, and were mainly conducted by Rev. B. Adams and Prof. Hanlon, of Pennington Seminary, we were necessarily absent, owing to a previous engagement to attend the Sing Sing Camp Meeting. Rev. A. Wallace in his excellent paper, the "Ocean Grove Record," says,—Last week's series of religious services at Ocean Grove hold a place in memory, as sacred and durable as any that have ever been held on this ground. These Bible expositions, running as they did into new and unexplored fields of incident, illustration and practical bearing on human volition, faith and conduct, have left hundreds in an altitude they never reached before. The entrance of the Divine WORD has lightened vision, and lifted up hearts to start anew on the "Highway of Holiness."

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT OCEAN GROVE AUGUST 17TH 1879.

The anniversary sermon was preached by the Rev. C D Foss, President of the Wesleyan University. A congregation estimated at between five and seven thousand was thrilled with his heaven inspired words, waking up in many hearts a living intense desire to increase their efforts to save the perishing. Closing with these remarks: "If you would cultivate in your own soul a spirit that will sustain you all the way through, let it be the spirit of the great commission—'Go into all the world.' We cannot hear the word 'go' without hearing 'beginning at Jerusalem.' There are souls here not saved; hundreds of them, right here at Ocean Grove. This anniversary fitly precedes, immediately, the great camp-meeting. Beginning here, we may go out into the world.

Yonder comes a steamer, westwardly across the Atlantic. She has been out six or eight days. The screw has been thudding away every day without interruption. The captain and officers at dinner. Suddenly the thud ceases! The captain hastens on deck to know the cause, and is told that six men are overboard. The command is given, 'Lower the life-boats!' Fifty men step forward volunteering for duty, twelve are selected. They man the life-boats and pull away until they appear as a speck upon the waters. They come back by-and-by; they have saved four of the six men. Six hundred thousand souls for whom Jesus Christ died are in danger of being lost! Lower away every life-boat! Forward every man for duty!"

In reading the report, Mrs. Rev. J. H. Knowles stated, that the Society in general had received the past year, $66,843.69, and that the appropriations for the ensuing year have been placed at $80,000. Twelve ladies were sent out last year to foreign lands, and eleven are now awaiting appointment. * * *

The ingathering of souls among the Teloogoos in India has been wonderful and has startled the church. In three months last Summer, ten thousand converts were baptized in one mission. The work of this Society began just ten years ago, and it has grown with God's blessing, until it now has representatives in India, China, Japan, South America, Mexico, Italy, Bulgaria, and Africa. Forty-three lady missionaries have been sent out, consisting of Bible readers, teachers, zenana visitors, orphanages, boarding and day-schools, and lady physicians. $500,000 had been raised since the society originated. Two deaths had occurred during the past year, those of Mrs. Cheeney, a successful worker in India, and Miss Higgins in Japan, while they had also been called to mourn the loss of their worthy president, Mrs. Dr. Olin. In concluding she alluded to the famine in India, and the large number of children they had been called upon to care for. This auxiliary has had for some time the care of two little girls in Mexico, one bearing the name of Georgia Lillagore, and the other that of Sarah Elwood Stokes. She hoped

greater success would attend them, and that they would keep before them, what the Savior said, "Inasmuch as ye have done unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Addresses were made by Mrs. Rev. H. Wheeler, of the Wyoming Conference, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Wm. B. Skidmore, of New York city.

ANNUAL CAMP-MEETING.

This is the great event of the season at Ocean Grove. "Whatever the estimate may be of its direct results, the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting of 1879 will be remembered for some of the best discourses, of logical value and intensely evangelical sentiment, those who have been so highly favored as to sit under these discourses have ever heard" Bishop Harris preached the first sermon of the Camp-meeting, from the text, ', Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isaiah 63 : 1. In apposite scriptural quotation, enunciated with beautiful naturalness, and putting a grand climax on his every train of argument, we never heard the effort excelled. There was attending it also a sweet and powerful unction which thrilled and melted the audience, leading all hearts into closer affinity with its subject, Jesus Christ, "the mighty to save" "Holiness to the Lord," was the keynote of the Bishop's sermon, and continued to be the grand topic through the Camp-meeting, as it had been through all the previous services.

The results are only known and reported in full at headquarters. Enough, however, has been re-echoed from the realms of glory, to know that the white-robed company have tuned their harps anew to the praise of Him who has been daily adding to the choir, whose exalted strain is, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us Kings and priests unto God, and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

At the closing service of the Camp-meeting, Dr. Stokes stated to the praise of God, that hundreds had been newly born into the kingdom, many sanctified wholly, and that wanderers had returned to their Father's house.

We were invited to the Grove by the President of the Association, Rev. Dr. Stokes, to hold meetings every morning during the summer, in the Janes' Memorial Tabernacle, on the subject of holiness. The meetings have been favored with much of the divine presence. In the illumination of the blessed written Word as read, many hearts and lips testified for Jesus who said, "The words I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." The presence of the High and Holy One has been realized, as the voice of thanksgiving and of praise has ascended to the throne. God has given us an earnest of our heavenly inheritance, verifying His word, "that after ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." Many received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and were enabled to bear witness that Jesus had accomplished the work that He came to perform, that is, to deliver them out of the hand of their enemies, that they might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of their life."

News Along the Line.

LETTER FROM REV. WM. TAYLOR.

The blockading fleets and big guns of Chili sent eight of my missionary workers adrift. Rev. Magnus Smith, B. A., two days after the bombardment of Mallendo went thence to heaven, and the people paid the passage of his stricken widow back to Massachusetts. She did not wish to leave the field, now rather regrets that she did, but the people were scattered to remote points by the war panic, and it was utterly impracticable for her to stay there alone.

Rev. J. W. Collier, B. A., and his sister Edith, who had a grand educational and evangelistic work in Iquique, Peru, requiring two or three additional workers in the near future, were forced to retire,

and have gone to work with Bro. Higgins in Coquimbo, Chili. Rev. A. Jeffreys, B. A., and his wife, who had a similar work at Antofagasta, the place for which the Chilenos and Bolivians are fighting, have gone to Valparaiso, and will soon find a field of labor and support.

Rev. James Gilliland and wife, who were prevented by the blockade from entering on the work assigned them at Iquique and Pabellon de Pica, Peru, have got work and adequate support at Callao. So the Lord in permitting this terrible disaster to come upon so many of our horoic workers in the first year of its introduction, is teaching them, and all their friends, that the work and the workers are His, and that His "grace is sufficient" for any emergency He may permit. Thus He carried nine of our missionaries and several families safely through the Madras famine, in which half a million people starved to death. Those men of God and their families did not appeal for help to the home Churches nor to Indian Churches beyond their own charges, and borrowed no money, so far as I ever could hear, and yet "lacked not any thing" required for their support nor for the steady progress of their work. Methodism was born and developed its early manhood on this self-denying, self-supporting principle, and is in no danger of undue reliance on that principle under the leadings of the Holy Spirit.

SOUTH INDIA CONFERENCE.

The S. I. Conference, of the M. E. Church, have long been urged to take up Rangoon as one of their stations, and the arrival of a fresh missionary from America, Mr. Carter has furnished the needed opportunity. Dr. Thoburn and Mr. Goodwin accompanied Mr. C. to Rangoon, and the following letter from Dr. T. shows that the work there has been successfully inaugurated.

"I am on my way back from Rangoon, where Bro. Goodwin and I have held a fortnight of special services. God had set before us an open door, and we at once entered upon a most interesting and delightful work. The American Baptists and the Scotch Presbyterian minister gave us a most cordial welcome, and co-operated throughout the meetings in the most fraternal manner. We held our meetings in the Baptist Chapel, except on Sunday evenings, when we took the Town Hall and had large congregations. God blessed His Work very graciously. Many repented and sought salvation in Christ. At one meeting in the Town Hall thirty-one persons rose to ask for prayers. and at the same meeting forty-six persons professed to have found Christ during the preceding meetings. In all one hundred and ten persons publicly sought the forgiveness of their sins, and many believers were greatly quickened in the divine life.

We organized a Methodist Church, with fifty members and probationers, and took steps to erect a place of worship at once. Bro. Goodwin has remained for a time at Rangoon to push forward the work of Church building, and also to help to gather up the fruits of the revival.—"Bombay Guardian."

AFRICA.

Mary A. Sharp writes from Liberia June 27, saying she never was in better health. "I have a Kroo school and have two sessions a day. They are unusually bright, and of a better facial type than any Africans I have ever seen. I never saw the Mandingoes, said to be the finest; they have good-shaped heads, and are very demonstrative in their attachments. A week ago last Sabbath they asked if they could go to Church with me. I said, "Not this time;" I was afraid the Liberians would be shocked. Last Sabbath they slipped in and sat down by the door, and were very attentive. Of course they could not understand what was said. Bro. Osgood preached last Sabbath morning. In the afternoon he preached at Kroo Town, through an interpreter. I wish you could have seen that crowd.

The grown people were seated on benches, tables, etc., the children squatted on the ground floor; very few of them had on any article of clothing at all. They seem to be ready for the Gospel."

NORWAY.

Bishop Wiley informs us that the Norway Conference was closed, "after a profitable session—pronounced by them the best they ever had—on Monday, July 28. All things are moving healthfully in Norway. There has not been much growth this year, but good progress in spirituality and discipline. The country has been suffering much from 'hard times,' and there has been some falling-off in consequence in self-support. There is an epening for a large amount of work in Norway, if they had the means with which to enter new places. They received six fine-looking, promising young men on trial. Bro. Hansen was elected to General Conference. The character of all the ministers is good, and they are true and loyal and thorough Methodists, full of enthusiasm and zeal. I find a very fine type of Methodism in Norway. It reminded me of the Methodism of forty years ago in America."

COPENHAGEN.

We have word from Copenhagen, from Supt. Schow, up to Aug. 11. Bp. Wiley had been with him, from whom we have not yet heard; meantime we will let Bro. Schow speak: "I would gladly take a little rest, but how to get it I do not now see. In fact it is not possible, Our work is quit extensive, taking our force into consideration. Having lost one this year, Sorenson, I have had to send my assistant from Copenhagen to Langdey, and am again alone here, and having to preach three times each Sunday and walk a couple of English miles, besides superintending a Sunday-school and leading a teachers' meeting; and the week as usual, two sermons, one prayer-meeting and class-meeting, besides visiting, editing our Sunday-school weekly and a sixteen page monthly- But the Lord is giving strength; glory to His name! It is wonderful how He can strengthen and give courage. Our ltttle missionary force have never, I believe, been so hopeful of good results of our works as just now. It is a pleasure to meet our Quarterly Conference. Everywhere encouragement. Everybody is desiring purity within our borders, and the result of the fall of one is that we will be stronger, even if we for a time shall have a falling off in membership. The visit of our dear Bishop Wiley was a great blessing to us, we only regret he had to make his visit so short. I met him on his return from Norway and accompanied him through Denmark. He was very much tired out. God bless him. Yesterday we had a good day in our Church here; received seven in full membership. Congregations are increasing.

MEXICO.

Rev. J. W. Butler gives an aceount of a glorious meeting, August 8, in Trinity Church, City of Mexico: "Last night we had a glorious meeting in Trinity. A recently converted priest made a confession of faith, after which I received him on probation in the mission Church. He is but twenty-five years old, but was ordained four years ago. He has for two years been Vicar of Ixmiquilpau, beyond Pachuca, in the State of Hidalgo. After the Archbishop heard of his contemplated step, he had all kind of inducements held out to the young priest to return to the bosom of the Church. Promotion and money were both offered him, but in vain. The young priest stood by his conscience, and God stood by him. He is coming out gloriously into the light. He feels a longing in his soul to tell 'the story.' We are hoping that God will make him of great use in our Church."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A Friend, - - - - $25.00

For Guides to be sent to India.

J. B., Richville, N. Y., - - 1.00

Mrs. J. O., Elmira, N. Y., - - 2.50

Rev. T. R. McM., Currajong, New South Wales, - - - 5.00

Revival Miscellany.

THE GOSPEL IN CHINESE.

An interesting service was held last night in the Chinese Methodist Mission, No. 14 Mott St. This mission was organized by Moy Jin Kee, a young Chinese convert, some months ago, under the auspices and guidance of Rev. Charles S. Brown, Superintendent of the Five Points Mission. During the week classes in English are held every evening, but on Sunday evening religious services take their place.

The leading spirit, next to the Chinese leader, is Mr. James Jackson, for two years an English missionary in Canton, where he married his wife, also a missionary and the daughter of an English Wesleyan minister. Mr. Jackson has been in this Country only since June, and it was his intention to enter into work among the Chinese in the West, but finding so large a field in this city he determined to work here. His wife has been in the city but a few days and will assist him hereafter in his missionary labors.

The congregation last night was made up of persons of all ages, from a boy of ten years of age to an old man of fifty or more. A very few wore the dress of Europeans and had discarded the pigtail, but the majority wore the "regulation" blouse and had their queues wound around their heads. Ah Kee and his brother Ah Fouy wore blouses of a very light-colored linen, almost white, elegantly laundered and fastened with clasps. The others wore blouses of dark blue or black cloth. Some of the Chinamen had come from as far as Seventieth St., through the rain, and are constant attendants. Moy Jin Kee, or Ah Kee as he is also called, feels very hopeful over his mission, and although busy all day in a laundry which he lately opened, he finds time to drop in nearly every evening and always on Sunday, and looks forward to the time when this will be but one of many similar institutions in the city, all of them doing much valuable work.

SING SING, N. Y., CAMP-MEETING.

The Sing Sing Camp-meeting was one of the most successful in results that has been held for many years. The preaching "was in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power," each preacher seeming to be guided by the Holy Spirit in the subject-matter, and in presenting and enforcing the truth. The day of Temperance (Hon. Chauncey Shaffer presiding) was a great success. The love-feast on Sabbath morning was in the spirit and power of the fathers. Though some 8,000 people attended on the Sabbath, there was no disrespect to the Sabbath by any one, the trustees enforcing the prohibition of huckstering on the ground that day. The old-fashioned Methodism on Tuesday of the second week must have convinced the modern critics that Methodist fires are still burning on the altars awaiting the breath of the Spirit. The closing, with 6,000 present, was a season of great spiritual power, and the influence was such that a revival has continued since the close, and a number have been converted. Fifty-six were reported as converted, as many more reclaimed, and many who attended the meetings so efficiently conducted by Dr. W. C. and Mrs. Lankford Palmer received the blessing of perfect love. Dr. L. H. King presided with great ability, assisted by Dr. M. S. Terry, Presiding Elder, whose Bible readings was one of the greatest blessings to many that attended. This beautiful grove and grounds, medicinal waters, and its past historic associations, make it one of the most in accordance with the camp-meetings of our fathers of all the many delightful spiritual resorts of our beloved Zion. A. C. MOREHOUSE.

HEROISM IN THE HOME MISSION.

Responding to the Missionary Society on occasion of a grant for the relief of his district, Presiding Elder John W. Fox, of the Kansas Conference, drops

the following words of exceeding interest. He says: "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. A number of heroic and self-denying Methodist heroes will be glad because of the relief given. One of my preachers told me last Saturday, when at his quarterly meeting, that financially it was getting dark. Thought he would be compelled to sell his riding pony in order to get through. 'Then,' said he, 'I will go on foot.' I have men who would rather feed the flames of martyrdom with their bodies, than yield. Some of them have waded the Arkansas River waist deep, when full of floating ice. They have crossed this wide and treacherous stream when swollen and very angry, when the danger was appalling. When on their way over the wide, solitary prairie, night has overtaken them, and they have slept near the foot of that mysterious ladder which still connects two worlds; the howl of the savage wolf could be heard, but they dreaded it not, for they were entertained by the serenading harps of ministering angels. No stone for a pillow, and in some cases no blanket beneath or above them, they coveted and enjoyed the warming breath of the faithful horse standing over them.

"Look at Dodge City on the map in Ford County. About two weeks ago I journeyed twenty-eight miles south-west from Dodge City, reaching Crooked Creek a little after night-fall. I approached and entered the house. It was a dug-out, about six feet beneath the surface, and about 14x16 feet in dimension. I had a good audience—one hungry for the bread of heaven. Eight awakened souls joined on probation and received baptism at once. The communion—Oh, how precious! The child of eight and the veteran of seventy years bowed together and commemorated the Redeemer's death. We closed at midnight, and our hearts being strangely warmed, we went on our way rejoicing. This was actually on the border. I speak of this to give you an inkling of a border quarterly meeting out here. But time would fail me to tell all the joyous and trying scenes we have passed through. I profoundly thank you and the Board generally for stretching forth the helping-hand in our time of great and pressing need."

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

THE GALLEY SLAVE'S FAITH.

In his inaugural address as rector of St. Andrew's Mr. Froude related the following incident: Many years ago, when I first studied the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave in a French galley, who was bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking: and rising out of the gray waters a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town, and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such services, worn with toil and watching, and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it, 'Yes,' he answered, 'I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory; and I know that how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify His name in the same place.' Gentlemen, that town was St. Andrew's; that galley slave was John Knox; and we know that he did come back, and did glorify God in this place, and in others, to some purpose.

It is, perhaps, not known to all our readers that John Knox was for two years a French prisoner and was confined to the galleys.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

PEARLS FROM OCEAN GROVE.—NO. 3.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

At a social cottage-meeting, July 5th, a sister repeated the words of Jesus, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood ye have no life in you," and remarked that the meaning of that passage had recently been revealed in her own

experience. She had been very sick and was alone. Feeling her desolate and helpless condition, she looked to God as her only refuge, and cast herself entirely upon Him as the Almighty One who could heal the body as well as the soul, and also provide for all the wants of both. She consciously touched the Savior by that act of faith as truly as did the woman who pressed through the crowd and touched the hem of His garment, and as really received divine power from Him as she did who was made whole by the virtue that went out of Him to heal her disease.

She felt that Jesus in that moment had imparted himself to her in His healing power and saving grace, and thus she partook of His flesh and blood in a spiritual sense. She was filled with joy unspeakable, and was enabled to rise from her bed free from pain and with renewed strength.

THE TOUCH OF FAITH

had made her a partaker of Christ in the sense of the passage quoted, and still her soul was feeding daily upon Him, who is the Bread of Life, by the continuous exercise of the same faith.

Another sister, known as a most exemplary and devout Christian for many years, spoke also of the blessed results of faith in God. She said it was the constant habit of her soul to trust in the Lord for every thing. She had not called a physician for twenty years. During that time she had been attacked by sickness many times, and in some cases had been seriously ill. Jesus had been her only Physician. She had lived alone much of the time, and some of her most severe attacks had occurred at night, when she had no one to send for a physician and she was compelled to commit her case to God. She believed He was just as able and just as willing to heal her as when in His human form He went about doing good—curing poor sufferers of whatsoever disease they had; and if He were here now in person as then, and she could have access to Him, would she not ask Him to heal her and expect Him to grant her request? His presence with her was as much a verity as if she could see Him visibly in her room. Why, then, should she not apply to Him—her own loving Savior—with

PERFECT TRUST

that He would cure her? When she thus trusted—she had always received relief and in many cases immediately. When any simple remedy had been within her reach she thought it right to use it, but when she had none she was just as sure to be relieved without any human means. Appealing to a physician present—Dr. I. M. Ward—she said, "Doctor, I don't know what you would think of this." He replied, "I have no hesitancy whatever to receive your testimony, and I believe if Christians would give themselves over entirely into God's hands, and their faith would claim the power of the Almighty Healer it would be imparted, and many sufferers would be cured without human aid. Yet Jesus himself on one occasion used means. He took spittle and clay and anointed a blind man's eyes, and even repeated it, as if He would teach us that He could heal by blessing means or without means, just as He pleased,—and therefore we should not always set aside means and trust only to His interposition; but in all cases we should trust in Him both with or without instrumentalities." He added, "I believe we should commit all our interests to God for both body and soul,—all our temporal and spiritual concerns. He had himself experienced many marvelous interpositions of God in his own case—some within the past year. He had called upon the Lord in the time of trouble and He had delivered him, and he felt that he ought to trust Him with unwavering confidence.

THE COVERT OF HIS WINGS.

JULY 12th.—The 91st Psalm was read by the leader of the meeting, who said he had derived great comfort from that portion of the Divine Word. The question was asked, "Do you take it literally

—may the children of God claim all that is promised there of divine protection and blessing?" His reply was, "Yes, I take it just as it is. 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty,' and receive all that is promised in that glorious catalogue of blessings. But ordinary Christians are not the ones who may claim them. Only those who stand in the most intimate relation to God, which is the meaning of dwelling in the secret place of the Most High—not the worldly-minded nor the faithless doubting one—can receive such blessings. And many good people do not realize the fulfillment of these promises because their faith does not claim them." His own experience, the leader said, attested the truth of those most glorious promises. In sickness he had claimed divine interposition, and had received immediate relief for himself and for his family. During the prevalence of epidemics and contagious diseases, they had been attacked sometimes and he would at once present the case to God, and he had delivered him. But they had been also preserved from the pestilence when it was raging all around them. His own experience for years had attested the truth, that the promises of God in the 91st Psalm belonged to God's children who are entirely devoted to Him. It was his conviction that Christians generally are losing incalculably by not dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, and not abiding under the shadow of the Almighty.

Several other devout Christians spoke of marvelous answers to prayer, and of their sense of perfect security at all times in committing themselves, with all their interests, into the hands of God, whose blessed promises cover the whole ground of our being, and every possible condition and necessity of our existence. A number of passages from God's Word were appropriately quoted corroborative of the glorious truth, that God's tender and special care is over His faithful and obedient children.

FAITH IN GOD'S WORD HONORS HIM.

One who had long walked by faith said, it had been remarked by one of the faithful ones, that "one act of faith was more pleasing to God than a thousand prayers without faith,"—and certainly He is honored by an exercise of faith in His Word, and dishonored by a doubting, distrusting heart. We should take the divine promises without the least hesitancy—fully expecting their fulfillment, and not keep begging and teasing the Lord to do what he has already pledged himself to do. It seemed to imply fear or doubt that He would fail to fulfil His Word, which must be displeasing—as it is dishonoring Him.

AN ILLUSTRATION

might throw some light here: Two little boys who had a good, kind mother, who often promised them gifts and favors on certain conditions, and never failed to keep her word. One of them was always teasing her,—"Now, mamma, will you give me that for certain?" "Yes, my child, I will certainly give it to you if you are a good boy." "But, mamma, I'm afraid you wont. Oh, do give it to me, won't you?" The other boy was entirely different. He would look up into his mother's face smiling, and say, "Mamma, you said you would and I know you will." Once in awhile he would say, "I'm going to have it—I know I am," and seemed to enjoy the anticipated indulgence as a fixed fact. Which of those boys honored their mother,—and which one pleased her most?

For the Guide.

WE MAY GRADUATE IN THIS LIFE IN THE SCHOOL OF CHRIST.

A. Hobart wrote in his article of his "thirst for God." I was reminded of the two years I spent in the wilderness. Sorrowful indeed were those years, before I forsook all and followed Christ fully; but now I am not sorrowful, but joyous, as I realize that God leads me. We may graduate spiritually in this life.

AMANDA HURST.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Some of our friends that had been steady attendants of the Tuesday Meeting, remarked that we had transferred our meeting to Ocean Grove, so manifestly was the divine presence revealed in our midst. For two months the meetings were held reglarly at 9 A. M., in the "Janes's Memorial Tabernacle." Many a loving disciple was made to drink more freely and fully of the wells of salvation, and the blessed Holy Spirit did make the Word the living voice of the living God. We continue this month the notes taken at this meeting.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30th.—Mrs. Palmer read the 35th chapter of Isaiah, and spoke with exceeding liberty on the glorious Gospel day, when the "wilderness shall blossom as the rose," also that portion referring to the "Way of Holiness." "A way cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in." God had prepared it for His own dear children, and desired them to walk in it. It is His special concern that they should walk in that way. How often is this expressed in the Bible, in injunctions, in admonitions, in exhortations. God's children may not be regardless of these and refuse to walk in the way of holiness, with impunity. Their loving Father must be grieved and displeased with the disobedience of those who choose another path, and oh, how much they loose who do so,—for it is such a safe way! such a beautiful way! such a happy way! Walking in this way, the ransomed of the Lord are coming to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. So happy on their way, rejoicing as they walk onward to Zion. Sorrow and sighing flee away from those who are thus traveling in the King's highway of holiness. They are not exempt from tribulation—but Jesus being ever with them, His presence gives them rest, and peace, and joy. Her own personal experience attested this. She had known what trial and sorrow were, but in this blessed way she had found comfort and peace ever abounding.

OUR GREAT RESPONSIBILITY

in regard to walking in this way—she dwelt upon. We are under the strongest obligations to use all our powers and capabilities for God. We cannot free ourselves from these obligations—the vows of God are upon us. Many seem to have forgotten them. They surely are not living according to the teachings of God's Word. The first rule of the school of Christ, in which we are scholars, is, "Deny thyself and take up thy cross daily and follow me." If all would obey this rule, how they would grow in grace and in the the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—and thus glorify God continually.

Dr. Levy wanted to speak well of this highway of which we had been talking. It is a healthy way—no fogs, no mists, no malaria. It is such a pleasant way—full of lovely flowers, fragrant with heavenly perfumes—bright with glorious sunshine. And then the company is so delightful—I'm in love with the companionship of the way. He said, "The ransomed of the Lord are precious companions—and Jesus, the dearest and best of all, walks and talks with us here! Oh, it is indeed a most blessed way! Nine years ago he had felt the power of the all-cleansing blood, and still realized its efficacy to save from all sin. This keeps me steady, he said. I don't want to go after new theories, or new teachers, or new revelations. I am satisfied with the old Gospel—"the old paths,"—and wish "to walk by the same rule." The blessed Bible, with the light of God's spirit, is an all-sufficient guide. This is the way I desire ever to walk in.

CHILDREN JUDGE US BY OUR FACES.

Sister Nobles said her little grandson, only eight years old, said to her, "Grandma, that old colored woman is a christian, I know." How do you know? she asked. "Why, grandma, I just know she is, because her face is so shiny like. She looks so happy all the time." Why, do you

know christians by their faces? "Yes, that's the way I tell 'em. There's lots and lots on this ground, grandma, I can tell every one of 'em. And there's a good many that aint christians, too. I can tell they aint good, 'cause they don't look happy. They look kind o'cross, you know."

And is it possible, added sister N., that the children are reading in our faces what we are? and are we representing the religion of Christ in our families and before the world in this way? Oh, shall we not feel the importance, then, of being so filled with the Spirit of God that it may shine in our faces, and all may say of us as the little boy said of the colored woman? This is what will attract the World to Christ—a sunshiny countenance. Thousands of poor, sad hearts are longing for this blessed rest in Jesus which spreads serenity and sweetness over the face. Oh, that the Churches were filled with such bright examples of the grace that bringeth salvation!

An active Christian lady took up the same subject, and expressed her sense of the importance of being so filled with the light divine, that it might shine in her face, and all around her the hallowed influence might be seen and felt. She often reproached herself most deeply for the worrying spirit which must have manifested itself in her face, and by which her family must often have felt that she was spiritually weak. She deplored it before the Lord, and now she had resolved to live no longer beneath her privilege, but to claim, in the name of Jesus, the full power of that grace which saves unto the uttermost.

A SHINING FACE

carries a wonderful power. As an evidence of this, she stated that a lady came from Long Branch to Ocean Grove the other day, for the purpose of looking again upon the face of a poor German woman, whose countenance was full of divine effulgence. She had herself been charmed with that face—a plain, indeed a homely face—yet made angelic by the glory reflected from Him who is the light of the world, upon whom ever she was gazing—of whose love she so delighted to testify. In broken language she sought to set forth His matchless charms—only a few of her words intelligible, and they were the same words repeated over and over,—"I love Jesus! Oh, I love Him so much! He has vashed all mine sins away mit His precious blood! Oh, come to Jesus, and He vill vash you, too, mit His blood, and make you clean! Oh, He make me so happy! so happy!—mine heart is so glat! so glat!"

Book Notices.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

OR, WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY ABOUT THE DEPARTED? By Rev. B. Weed Gorham, of the North-West Iowa Conference.

Some weeks since we received this little work from the author, and we have read it with great care and great satisfaction. We advise every one of our readers to get a copy of this book and to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with it. The work has many endorsements, and they of the very highest kind. We append a few of the many:

Rev. Dr. E. M. Boring, Chicago, Ill.

I have met with no other argument so concise and conclusive on the subject in all my reading.

Rev. W. S. Harrington, Belvidere Ill.

He who "eats" this little book is armed and equipped against the teachings of Materialism. It is the best book for its size on this subject with which I am acquainted. It should be in the hands of all pastors.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Reddy, Central N. Y. Conf.

I think it eminently sound, orthodox, scriptural, exhaustive; besides it is timely and unanswerable.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Missions and Missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Chvrch. By Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D., 2 vols., with maps and illustrations. New York, Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway.

Beyond the Grave. Being three Lectures before Chautauqua Assembly in 1878, with Papers on Recognition in the future state and other addenda. By Bishop Randolph S. Foster, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York, Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway.

Atonement in Christ. By John Miley, D. D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Drew Theoloulcal Seminary, Madison, N. J. New York, Phillips & Hunt.

Pastor and People, or Methodism in the Field, By Rev. J. H. Potts, with an introduction by Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D. New York, Phillips & Hunt.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Words by Asa Hull. Music by Geo. C. Hugg.



3 Walk in the light! tho' shadows dark
Like spectres cross thy way;
Darkness will flee before the light
Of God's eternal day.—*Chorus.*

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt know
The love of God to thee;
The fellowship so sweet below,
In heav'n will sweeter be.—*Chorus.*

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GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Holy Resignation.

We are now to contemplate a mournful picture—one of sombre character, with its deep, dark shading. We are to fix our eye on the adorable Jesus at the tragic period of His earthly lite. We need to tread softly in such a presence, to have our whole being subdued and solemnized as we enter upon such hallowed scenes.

His brief but eventful life was approaching its close. It was a ministry of love and power. Every chapter glowed with celestial light. The signature divine was upon every act. The demonstrations of eternal godhead were complete. Heaven, earth and hell were concurrent in their testimony. Each day as it rolled away, augmenting the evidence of Messianic authority and glory, hastened the final, awful, and yet triumphant consummation. The shadows of evening were being stretched forth. It was "the hour and the power of darkness." The appalling sacrifice was at hand. Jesus had it in full view. In all its bloody and terrible aspects it was within His omniscient view. The guilty bargain between His betrayer and the chief priests had been struck. The last passover with His disciples had been celebrated. Notice of His horrid betrayal had been duly given. The betrayer dipped his hand with His Lord in the dish. Oh, wondrous love and forbearance!

Following the passover was the institution of the Lord's Supper, designed to be the commemorative sacrament of Christendom throughout all ages. Having sung a hymn they went out, as they were wont to do, to the Mount of Olives, and they entered Gethsemene.

The place is of historic and thrilling interest. The word "*Gethsemene*" signifies an oil-press, being a small grove of olive trees, beyond Kedron. Thomson, in his "Land and Book," says: "We descend the steep broken path into the valley of the Kedron, and, crossing its dry bed by a small arch, reach a group of singular and venerable objects. First, on our right, is a stony plot of ground, surrounded by a low wall, and enclosing eight olive trees of very great antiquity—supposed to be those of the garden of Gethsemene, a tradition we would not willingly disturb."

Be this as it may, there was a garden of deep solitude in that vicinity into which our adorable Redeemer entered with His disciples. All of them, excepting Peter and James and John, He left at the entrance, saying, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder." He allowed them to assume a posture of comfort while He went forth to His great agony. His imme-

diate companions were the favored trio who had been witnesses of His majesty on the Mount of transfiguration. It was fitting that they should be conversant with His deep humiliation. As they separated from the other disciples to penetrate farther into the gloomy solitude of the garden, He said unto them, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." This was predicated of His humanity—of His human soul. It was a sorrow of soul that was upon Him—deep, penetrating, all-pervading. It is important in this connection to keep in mind the great verity of Christ's humanity, as well as of His divinity. Alford remarks: "The right understanding of the whole important narration must be acquired by bearing in mind the *reality* of the *manhood* of our Lord, in all of its abasement and weakness,—by following out in Him the analogy which pervades the characteristics of human suffering—the strength of the resolved spirit, and calm of the resigned will, continually broken in upon by the inward giving way of human feebleness, and limited power of endurance. But as in us, so in the Lord, these seasons of dread and conflict stir not the ruling *will*, alter not the firm resolve. This is most manifest in His first prayer—"*If it be possible*,"—if consistent with that work which I have covenanted to do. Here is the reserve of the will to suffer, it is never stirred. The conflict of the Lord differs from ours in this,—that in *us*, the ruling *will* itself is but a phase of our human will, and may be, and is often carried away by the excess of depression and suffering; whereas in *Him*, it was the divine Personality in which the higher will of the covenant purpose was eternally fixed—struggling with the flesh now overwhelmed with a horrible dread, and striving to escape away (see the whole of Psalm 55). True; and yet, while there was a momentary shrinking of the flesh, for it was but for a moment, when the mountain-load of the world's guilt came rolling upon the immaculate heart—was not humanity as well as divinity finding expression in the succeeding triumph-word, "*Nevertheless not as I will?*" Surely, the divine and the human were in beautiful consonance in this sublime expression. In this momentary shrinking of the flesh, we see our elder brother going down into the depths of human weakness, touching the point of sympathy with human frailty, and acquiring the marvelous ability to screen the tempted, in being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.

And, beloved, behold here the sublimity of the mastery of grace. The wondrous conjunction of the divine and the human in the person of Jesus, covers His character and work and triumph in Gethsemene with exceeding glory. And is it not so in saintly experience, each in His own measure? The saint is in suffering. The ponderous pressure as it comes upon him strikes him with inward horror. The frail flesh quivers. The agonizing cry is lifted heavenward, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But, the indwelling Christ, the divine potency, revealed by the Holy Ghost, marvelously inspiring the shrinking flesh, almost instantly exclaims, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Know ye not that "the riches of the Gospel mystery is Christ in you?" In spiritual presence He is brought into closest sympathy with each believer.

> "He in His measure feels afresh
> What every member bears."

And what He so signally achieved of conquest in His mortal body, in that dread "hour and power of darkness," He achieves in the personal sorrows of His saints. What He did in His own mortal body He can accomplish in our trembling organism. The thought is grand, inspiring. Everlasting praise to our conquering, indwelling Christ, revealed to our inner consciousness, in all His omnific energy, by the power

of the Holy Ghost. As Stier well remarks: "The glorifying (John 17:1) begins with suffering, as the precious words, '*The hour is come*,' might lead us to expect. The 'power over all flesh,' shows itself first as power of the conflicting and victorious spirit over *His own flesh*, by virtue of which He is 'one of us.'"

We shall not enter the realm of mystery here. There are mysteries connected with Gethsemene—too profound for human or angelic mind to fathom. The thrice reiterated prayer of Jesus lifted to His Father's throne, the awful agony that was upon Him, as He trod the wine-press alone, Eternal Majesty rising in His holy habitation, crying, "Awake, O sword against my shepherd, against the man that is my fellow,"—an agony which covered His whole physical nature with a bloody sweat—an agony which would, in all probability, have terminated His life on the spot, had not heavenly succor been brought by an angel.

Nor shall we attempt to explain the cry of anguish that went up from His bruised heart—"If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;"—nor yet how much of the redemption price was paid in the garden. These are points we will leave to those of speculative mind. For us, it is sufficient to accept the inspired record—to get down at the feet of the adorable Jesus—and especially at this time to be entranced with the Picture of Holy Resignation which is before us.

Remember, beloved ones, just here, these facts:—the cup pressed to those precious lips was of unparalleled bitterness—the ponderous pressure of that "hour and power of darkness" was upon an immaculate nature—and the suffering involved in drinking the atoning cup, from first to last, was within the compass of His all-comprehending vision—and He was left *alone* in the midst of the bloody conflict, alone—with a significance attaching to the expression which never did or can enter into human experience. And yet under this accumulation of sorrows, gathered to a focus in the agony of the garden, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt," was the triumph-word. It was a word beautifully expressive of holy resignation, putting the seal of infinite love upon the vicarious oblation, betokening the willingness of the surrender, and not by the compulsion or wrath of His enemies.

Saints of the Lord, ye may not have so bitter a cup pressed to your lips as your Lord; nevertheless, there are Gethsemenes inviting your approach. There are times when you know, as did your Master, "the hour and power of darkness." When the deep gloom environs you, take your appeal to heaven, seek to know your Father's will. It may be right for you to ask the uplifting of the terrible cloud overhanging your sky. But do it submissively, in entire self-surrender. Let the petition for the uplifing of the cloud be accompanied by the "Nevertheless not as I will, but as *Thou* wilt." In this lowly yet triumphant posture, you shall know the joy of fellowship with Christ's sufferings—and, the greater joy of triumph over the powers of darkness.

For the Guide.

TALKING FOR JESUS.

REV. I. SIMMONS.

Is not the devil robbing many Christians of their power, through the plea that public testifying is unnecessary to growth in grace? The house of the Lord is crowded with silent believers. On all secular subjects they can talk with freedom, but are strangely dumb when testimonies for Jesus are called for. In a membership of five hundred, how small the minority of witnesses? The same voices are heard, the same workers are employed, until the sameness suggests the Savior's sad query,

"Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" There are men in every Church, who outstrip their competitors in profession or trade; lawyers who can persuade juries to their side; master-workmen who can command hosts of subordinates; teachers who can direct the minds of a hundred pupils; young men who can debate in the lyceum; women who can lead a sewing society or plan a festival with acute precision; men of talent, social position and acknowledged judgment,—but how few of all these are heard testifying for Jesus in the religious meetings!

There are certain oft-repeated maxims, which when applied to the subject before us, should be adopted cautiously. The livery of heaven may be made to cover an enemy of righteousness. "Speech is silver, silence is golden," is a truth out of place on the witness stand, where truth is sought; so when Christ is on trial before an assembly, the power to be saved doubted, the joy of fellowship with Him ignored, the bliss of His cleansing blood disputed; and where multitudes are strangers to the comforts of the Holy Ghost, silence is not golden,—it is base treason. Where nothing is said in behalf of a cause, it is fair to infer there is nothing to be said.

Another maxim is of doubful application in this connection: "Actions speak louder than words." This is a truth, but irrelevant when honest testimonies for Jesus are called for. If acts and words disagree, then men's judgments of us will be based mainly upon our acts, but such disagreement is unnecessary. Let the heart be filled with Jesus' love, and words and deeds will corroborate each other. We need talkers of the right kind. Fancy a convention without talkers. What conclusions would be reached, what new measures prompted, what converts made, if the "talking committee" were to remain silent? Much more is it all-important that in religious assemblies, the talking should abound. The actions of a great many people are known only to the few, who move in their circle of life, but a red-hot testimony for Jesus, humble yet positive, accompanied by the unction of the Holy One, will reach the ears and consciences of many and be blest of God to their conviction.

Then let the testimonies go on! The tongue was the symbol employed at the Pentecost. It was fiery tongues that awed and convicted the thousands. And modern pentecosts must have the tongue of fire. We must know whom we have believed, and boldly acknowledge His work in our souls. Let the cynic sneer about "cant" and "platitudes,' get on fire with the love of God and souls, and keep testifying.

The talk that tells for good is the talk that comes out like a pent-up fire seeking vent. It is the product of inward necessity. How could Peter and his companions have withheld testimony after that baptism of fire? When we tarry with the promise of the Father until the answering glory fills our hearts and illumines thought, conscience, will and affections, we shall tell it, we must tell it, and the painful trial would be to be denied the privilege. There is a short and simple remedy for dull prayer-meetings and prosy love-

feasts,—"Be ye filled with the Spirit." A heart thus full will overflow. It is such overflow that carries conviction to men that we are sincere. A forced testimony is recognized and repelled by men's instincts. A reluctant witness, speaking because the leader of the meeting urges, will not melt and win sinners to Christ. But if the soul has tarried between the cherubim until it has caught the inspiration of the atonement, and the endowments of the Pentecost, no urging will be necessary. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak.

The Church has a clearly defined doctrine of entire sanctification. It is inwrought into her very lips. Upon it are based her ministerial credentials, her theological system, her hymnology and her richest biographies. But all these must be assimilated into personal experience, and this experience must burn in white heat testimonies. First get the real holiness, and then "tell the old, old story" everywhere. Tell it clearly. God gives distinctness to His blessings, and by the Spirit, we may "know the things which are freely given us of God." Use the Bible terms of definition, and give to every utterance the unqualified endorsement of an irreproachable life.

But oh, as we shrink from grieving the blessed Holy Spirit, let us not listen to the mistaken criticism —that if we live a godly life, the uttered testimony is unnecessary. True godliness commands the tongue. Morality can produce some magnificent specimens of outward conformity to propriety. A strong will can restrain outburts of passion. Culture can regulate and refine to a great extent, but who can know of our inward peace, of the royal victories of our souls, of the blissful fellowship of an indwelling Christ, unless with the mouth we make confession? Then bring up the holy witnesses! Oh, that they were multiplied in every Church! Tell the passion-driven ones, Christ can remove as far as the East from the West, all their evil tempers! Tell the complainers, and the despondent, and the comfortless, that the blood of Jesus, by faith applied, can more than satisfy; can make us glad in our lot and glad with our lot! Tell them that full salvation revels in God's choices, and luxuriates in His arrangements!

Oh, precious friends, if you have nothing but doleful lamentations and bitter complaints of the unrequited sacrifices you have made; if your retrospect is only a waterless wilderness, and a painful endurance of religious duties,—oh, tarry a little while longer at your closet altar! Read Paul's prayer for his Ephesian brethren. Then turn to 1 John 1:7. Take your Concordance, and trace out the word *able* in its relations to God's power and Christian experience. Then have a little pentecostal waiting and you will have the pentecostal visit. God will come and will give you something worth telling and worth hearing. The miserable, half-starved sinner will not be comforted over your gloomy self-reproaches, but he will be won by your true humility, when with swimming eyes and shining face, you tell him you have caught a glimpse of heaven, and carry it in your soul. Talk for Jesus! More holy talk, baptized, fiery testimony!

Glory to God! Call up the witnesses! "Were there not ten cleansed, where are the nine?" Be ye holy, and ye will be witnesses.

GREAT TRIALS PRESUPPOSE GREAT FAITH.

PHOEBE PALMER.

(Extract from Correspondence.)

After having tested the faith of the Syrophenecian woman, by a trial which must have been afflictive to her natural feelings, the Savior said, "O woman, great is thy faith." Piety in its ordinary forms would not endure such tests. Only think of her patience! She cried so after Jesus that His disciples besought Him to send her away. This test must have proved to the satisfaction of herself and others that she had patience; and how could this have been known, unless it had been tried, and thus brought out?

Her humility was also tested. "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs." Not only must she have had great faith in the Savior, but He, who knew well what was in her heart, must have had great confidence in her, in view of the use she would make of the grace He had imparted. God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear. Never would He have suffered this woman to endure such tests, unless He had known that He had put her in possession of the requisite grace. Thus, unless we receive the grace of God in vain, may we be tried.

Great trials often implies the reception of great grace. For God never tries grace that He has not given. It was because Job was a perfect man, that God permitted Satan to try him.

We may conclude that the Lord has given our dear ——— great grace, for in view of his health and of his responsibilities, more than an ordinary degree of it is called into requisition. In a letter received a few days since from Bishop ———, he says,: "Jesus reigns! That is enough to fill a universe with rapture. It enraptures me this night." We have been expecting him and Mrs. —— to visit us this winter. In relation to this, he says: "Circumstances detain us; that is, Christ detains us." Surely God has given him great grace, and in calling into continuous exercise the principles laid down in his excellent tract, "What is it to be holy."

For the Guide

THE WORD OF GOD.

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—*Paul.*

REV. A. R. BRADBURY, A. M.

O, how these words comfort the soul,
And oft our feelings do control;
They lift the saints above their grief,
And send to hearts a quick relief.

These sacred words remove distress,
And fill the soul with holiness;
They offer all unbounded peace,
And cause all sinfulness to cease.

O, let us search the Holy Book,
O'er all its pages constant look;
Their richest treasures bring to view,
And all their golden wealth pursue.

O, may they banish gloominess,
And introduce all righteousness;
May they uphold the sinking heart,
And everlasting joys impart.

These loving words each saint impress
With all the peace of blissfulness;
They crown the life with diadems,
And ornament the soul with gems.

MUCH wanted more, and lost all.

LETTER FROM MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

DR. AND MRS. P.:

My very dear friends—How much we have missed your precious ministrations here! But our blessed Lord has not left us. He has been with us in all the meetings and greatly blessed us.

The first day that the charge of the meeting devolved upon me, it looked so formidable! I felt my insufficiency for the responsibility, and was telling my loving Father about my weakness and incompetence—when He spoke so sweetly to my heart—"I am thy strength." I said, it is enough. "The Lord Jehovah is my strength,—I will trust and not be afraid." Every day the blessed promise has been verified. He has indeed been my strength. Blessed be His name.

In two meetings the theme was "Trust." In the next two "Obedience" was the topic. Then the "Promises,"—and now, "What Christ is to His people." That will be enough to occupy us if we could have a meeting every day for a hundred years to come,—and it will take all eternity to tell the wondrous story. A theme so rich, so full, so glorious—we find it a great delight to contemplate and talk of, and our souls are being greatly refreshed.

Some of the deepest and richest testimonies have been given of what our glorious Savior is to those who love and serve Him.

You will remember a testimony which I gave in one of your meetings here, when I read in connexion with it an extract of a letter from my son expressing a similar experience, and you expressed a wish that I should write it for the "Guide." It is at your service.

COUNT IT ALL JOY.

I had many times read the passage of the Sacred Word in the epistle of James—"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," &c., and thought I understood its meaning, but recently I have learned it as never before.

To count our trials as blessings, and to praise God just in the midst of them, when we are feeling their severity, and our frail nature is writhing in agony under the crushing weight,—this is an experience which can only be the result of the strongest faith in the unchanging love and unfailing care of our gracious God; and this strong faith comes from a state of unreserved consecration to God. No one can rest perfectly in His will, and feel not only entire acquiescence, but a joyful preference of His will,—unless the whole being is entirely given up to Him. This was my condition, when several weeks ago, an overwhelming trial came upon me, and for a few moments I staggered under the blow, and in the anguish of my soul cried out, "Oh, for grace to 'count it all joy!'" Instantly the grace was given, and I said, "I will count it all joy! I do count it all joy!" And as I uttered these words,

A GREAT WAVE OF SALVATION

came rolling over my soul, and swept me out into the ocean of love. Oh, the unutterable bliss that filled and overpowered my entire being! Never till I have immortal powers, can I describe the wondrous glory that enshrouded me and the exquisite rapture of my soul. For some time I was overpowered with the realization

of the tender love of God to me, and the assurance that all that comes to me—

HE MEANS ONLY LOVE.

Then the will divine seemed so ineffably sweet to me. Over and over with adoring love I exclaimed, "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! How wonderful Thy goodness to me, thus to let me prove the heighths and depths of salvation, as I never could have known had not trials and sorrows come to me." The sweetness and the power of that gracious manifestation of divine love remained with me, as a hallowing influence, precious beyond my power to express.

On the following day I thought, Now I will write to my dear son and tell him of this blessed experience; and just as I was about to take my pen to write, I received a letter from him, informing me of his own blessed experience—very similar to my own—a most

HAPPY COINCIDENCE.

My son was at Williamantic Camp-meeting. I here give an extract of his letter:

"On Thursday morning, about dawn, as I lay in my tent, consciously rising to a fuller realization than ever before, that consecration is not mere acquiesence in the will divine, but a joyful preference of His will in all things, who alone knows what is best. It was not any sudden or wonderful "blessing." It was not with any words specially applied, but the privilege of gladly prefering His way to my own was made to appear so exalted, and His presence in my soul so real and blessed.

Never before could I enter so fully into those words of F. W. Faber—

"I worship thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

"He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs it at his cost."

Since that time I have had no special uplifts, no overwhelming manifestations, but the divine consciousness of God and the things of God have been inexpressibly sweet. Some things that I had been trying to bear, but with an ill grace, now seemed delightful to me. I

"Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear,"

for Him, with Him, in Him.

Oh, how I adore the mercy that is now revealed! I feel very little, but very glad in the Lord. My work moves encouragingly. Help me to praise God, and oh, pray that He may keep me and use me to His glory."

I need not say that this letter was an unspeakable delight to me. Had my dear son informed me that he had fallen heir to a million of money, it would have seemed a meager portion compared with this spiritual wealth of which he had come into possession—

JOYFUL PREFERENCE OF GOD'S WILL.

This is what enables us to accept everything that comes to us, however adverse and afflictive it may seem, as a love-token from our Father, and to "count it all joy" when we fall into divers trials.

Hallelujah to our almighty and all-loving Savior for

"THE TRIUMPHS OF HIS GRACE."

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

Bible Key-Words—"If."

SABBATH, Nov. 2.—"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—John 15 : 14.

What a privilege to be called a friend of Jesus! One of the high honors to which Abraham was lifted was, that he was called "the friend of God." Christ's disciples are not called *servants*, but *friends*. The ground of this is given in the context—"For the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth—but I have called you *friends*, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. There is an intimacy in the relationship between Christ and His disciples forbidding the appellation of "*servant*,"—that is too cold and too distant—"*friends*," that is the emphatic, beautiful appellation. As one says, "To conceal anything from those to whom I am attached is not in my nature. I can never close my lips where I have opened my heart."

Now, here he gives the great test of friendship—"*If* ye do whatsoever I command you." The natural proof of friendship is to fulfill the wishes of a friend. So here. Mark the fulness and comprehensiveness of this "*If*"—"whatsoever I command you." To make full proof of our claim to this high designation, there must be a constant, unquestioning, unmurmering, gladsome obedience to all Christ's commands. It admits of no exempting plea, no evasions—no compromises—unconditional, joyous obedience is the demonstration of true friendship.

THE GREAT PRIVILEGE.

SABBATH, Nov. 9.—"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John 15 : 7.

The opening word of the text is potential. It prescribes a great condition, and yet it is very simple—"If my words abide in you." It is expressive of a vital union with Christ. We are made alive by the word of God, and faith in that word,—we are kept alive by His words abiding in us, and they abide within us by faith. Faith gives them spirit and life—faith renders them nutritious and life sustaining. The condition established and maintained—brings the fruit, opens to us a great privilege—"Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." This vital relationship to Christ is inwrought by the Holy Ghost. This brings us under His blessed guidance. He indites our petitions. His omniscience gives Him accurate acquaintance with every want, and with what is precisely adapted to our good. Hence, He implants the desire, prompts the petition, inspires the faith, makes inward and potent intercession for us—omnipotence is joined with human weakness, and the answer is certain. No matter if seemingly impossible,—a faith begotten of the Holy Ghost

> "Laughs at impossibilities,
> And cries, it shall be done,"—

or rather, it *is* done—"For every one that asketh receiveth." O, blessed privilege! Beloved, make it yours—*divinely* yours.

ABIDING WORK.

SABBATH, Nov. 16.—"If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward.—1 Cor. 3 : 14.

There are many foundations and many builders thereupon. There is but one true foundation upon which to upraise an enduring superstructure. And yet there are many builders, and various buildings upon this foundation, even Jesus Christ. Some of wood, hay, stubble—others of gold, silver, and precious stones.

Every man's work built upon this foundation will be tested—tried by fire, of what sort it is. Now here comes in the great "*If*" in this con-

nection—If any man's work abide, he shall receive a reward. As Alford here remarks: "If any man's work shall endure (*i. e.*, stand the fire,—being of inconsumable materials) which he built on the foundation, he shall receive wages." His work will be divinely approved, heavenly intelligences will applaud—but he will also, throughout eternity, reap, in his own personal realizations, the rich fruits. In this he lays up a good foundation against the time to come. Reader, be not a superficial builder—let your work be built upon the one true foundation, and let the superstructure be of inconsumable materials—that which will *abide*, having stood the fiery trial. Nothing less than this is commensurate with the aspirations of an immortal intelligence.

VERY CONSOLITORY.

SABBATH, NOV. 23.—"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you."—John 15 : 18.

Real Christians need not expect to escape the world's hatred. "The carnal mind is enmity against God." As manifested toward the head so also toward the members. Jesus fully apprised His disciples of what they might expect in view of this antagonism. "Because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Let the line of separation be clear and well-defined, and see if the words of Christ are not verified. The weapons of hostility will surely be lifted against us as against Him. The absence of such virulence is because the lines of separation are not drawn.

Now, the point of consolation is this—our Lord was thus hated before us. He has known the keen penetration of the barbed arrow. Know ye this—ye followers of the Lamb, and think it not strange that ye should have the fiery darts hurled at you. Yea, rejoice, and be exceeding glad, in being counted worthy to suffer with your Lord. "A prisoner for Christ!" exclaimed one of the holy martyrs, "what honor is this for a poor worm like me!" One of the old writers says,—"The children of God receive great benefit by persecution t for by it God washeth and scoureth, schooleth and nurtureth them, that so, through many tribulations, they may enter into their rest."

IMMORTAL CERTAINTY.

SABBATH, NOV. 30.—"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."—John 14 : 3.

This is one of the sweetest "*Ifs*" of the New Testament. It drops like heavenly balm from the lips of Jesus. It has the melody of celestial music. It opens to our view immortal certainties. See what a series of them:—A heavenly place—His coming again—a joyous reception—ceaseless fellowship with Jesus—an eternal, heavenly residence. Beloved, gather up these words—they are pearls, enrich yourselves therewith.

Stier says: "This coming of His is begun (ver. 18) in His resurrection—carried on (ver. 23) in the spiritual life, (see also chap. 16; 22), the making them ready for the place prepared; further advanced when each by death is fetched away to be with Him (Phil. 1; 23); fully completed at His coming in glory, when they shall forever be with Him (1 Thess. 4; 17) in the perfected resurrection state.

The "*If*" of the text has been met, grandly met in the mediatorial work of Jesus. He has *gone*—the wondering disciples at His ascension attesting the fact—and His second glorious advent announced by attending angels. Having gone, His glorious appearing at the last is certain,—the saintly reception is certain—the admission to His presence and fellowship—the eternal, heavenly residence—all these are immortal certainties. What, then—what the lesson for weary, earth-worn pilgrims? It is this—"*Be not troubled*, ye believe in God; believe

also in me." Faith in Him, maintained, perpetuated, in full life, will bring the desired, the promised consummation.

For the Guide.

BIBLE COMFORT.

L. A. B.

Read the 1st chap. of 1st Peter carefully, and see if it does not contain the following comforting assurances:—

Your confidence in God shall have great recompense of reward. Wait with patience for God's promises to be fulfilled in you—live by faith—it may be without sight or feeling—keep faith in constant exercise, and hope unto the end for the joys that are promised to you by God.

When Jesus comes He will bring rich and glorious things for you. Your beautiful inheritance that will be yours forever, is ready waiting in heaven for you, while you are being kept on earth and preserved from evil by the mighty power of God, who will try your faith it may be in the fires of affliction, till it becomes so pure that it will be an honor and glory to Jesus when He appears.

For the Guide.

BITS OF THOUGHT AND EXPERIENCE.

M. ANNESLEY.

"Our blessings are usually allied to our circumstances. When the ravens fed Elijah, he had nothing else to eat." Gratitude brings us nearer and nearer to Christ. The grateful heart is a soft, tender heart, plastic in the divine hand, moulded and fashioned by the Holy Spirit; while the ungrateful, hard heart is under Satan's control, to work all manner of mischief.

Perfect love is—being clothed in one's right mind, and sitting at the feet of Jesus; day in and day out, accepting all things as good, is the will of the Lord. The hallelujah, then, lives in the heart, and the union between Christ and the soul is complete. No matter who says otherwise, I and my Lord are one. If He finds no fault with this my assumption of relationship with Him, the King of kings, surely no courtier He has can dare to refuse my position.

How thankful we should be for every new subject of prayer, every new errand to the throne of grace, because asking and receiving keeps the heart ever moving, finding rest in active faith and obedience. None so happy as the busy, useful man, for the more he does, the more he finds he can do, and the more delightful the labor.

Ever active, ever useful, is living in the neighborhood of divinity. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The disciple like his Lord must keep up the kindred affinity.

Was there ever a greater sweet for the human mind, than the approving smile of the Lord? And can you define the ineffable delight of a soul in a state to receive this divine consciousness?

Those who live in the bosom of His love, only know something of the divine measure of joy.

For the Guide.

CHOOSE CHRIST.

Your choice of Christ is the evidence of Christ's choice of you.

You have not to ascend into heaven, and make your way to the place where a glorified Christ sits enthroned, in order to ascertain

what are Christ's desires; your own desires for Christ are the revelations of Christ's desires. Do you wish to know whether He has chosen you?

Choose Him.

If we are the elect of Christ, we are elected to live a Christ-like life on the earth—elected to be branches in the true Vine, and to bring forth fruit.

How many there are who fail to bring forth fruit because they do not *go* and bring forth fruit.

Bowen of Bombay.

For the Guide.

THE INVITATION.

ANNIE A. CLARK.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Mat. 11:28.

Cheering words of our Savior,
More precious than gold;
They bring to us ever
Love raptures untold.
Blessed words of our Savior,
So tender and dear;
No sweeter words ever
Could greet mortal ear.

His dear lips divine
Once parted to speak them;
In beauty they shine,
Still bidding us come.
They were borne on the zephyr
O'er Judah's wide plains;
They speak to us ever
In sweetest of strains.

He said, come to me
When thou art oppressed,
I have redeemed thee—
Repose on my breast.
In the cleft rock abide,—
I will keep thee secure;
From the rough surfing tide
Thou hast nothing to fear.

Thou art bending to-day
O'er Thy sapphire throne,
To cheer our lone way—
To catch each low moan!
Yes, dear blessed Lord,
We know Thou dost hear—
Thy great heart is stirred
With the weary one's prayer.

A HOLY MINISTRY.

BISHOP JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

Experience will furnish the impulse to preach the doctrine of holiness. It may be preached because we find it in the Bible, or because it is a recognized doctrine of the Church; but then it will be more a matter of form than of feeling—more of duty than of choice. But when the rich enjoyment of perfect love pervades the soul, it is a well-spring of purity in *utterance*, as well as in life. Holiness becomes the most natural, truthful, and energetic outward expression of the inner man. It is not, then, hard for the minister to bring himself up to the conclusion to offer perfect love to the children of God. He will not seek apologies for delaying to speak on the subject. The holy fire burns within, and it must flame out to the sight of the world. The blood that cleanseth from all sin is in the thoughts, and it is at once commended to the Church. The sanctifying, witnessing spirit, pervades the soul, and impels its action, and His divine energy is proffered to all who "hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Experience gives unction and power to the preaching of holiness. Such is the constitution of mind that it can give force only to that which it feels to be true. Mere assent to a doctrine will impart no warmth—no impressiveness to its announcement. It must therefore be far less effective where it is preached without the inward reality. Conviction of deep-felt sincerity in the preacher; of a warm and glowing love for the Church; of an inward and powerful realization of the truth and paramount importance of the doctrine, will

give great force to the preaching. We have all marked the difference, in effect, of these two modes of presenting truth. How often have we deeply regretted that the most sound principles of religion and the most fundamental practical teaching should suffer for the want of inward experience in the preacher, while the fresh and lively interest, the overwhelming pathos and power, imparted to the same instructions, by a deep and glowing experience, have fixed our attention, and melted our hearts, and stamped indelibly upon our very souls, the truth of God. We must have the whole anointing to do this work. We can use nothing in the stead of it. We may argue in the use of the profoundest logic; we may adorn our discourses with all the beauty and grace of rhetoric; we may utter the very words and combinations of orthodoxy; we may vociferate until our strength of lungs is exhausted, but if the truth does not well up from within us—if it be echo merely, it will so appear. There is no concealing the fact. It represents itself. It speaks to the ears of men in its own intelligible language; and all feel, if they do not say, "there is something wrong. The words are all very well, but they seem to be hollow—empty—powerless!" The presence and agency of God's Spirit in the preaching will remedy this, and just in proportion as its influence has been admitted and made effective in the soul. The experience of which we speak is the work of the Holy Spirit. The soul is sanctified wholly by the Holy Spirit, and His divine presence. His pervading energy in the heart alone can sustain the soul in its higher, holier life. The living experience, therefore, implies this very presence, and secures its holy power, in the exertions which the soul makes to diffuse its own purity and joy. Ministers of God who in this state proclaim a full salvation, not only can say, "we speak that we do know, and testify that which we have seen;" but a power from the living God dwelling within them, will accompany, attest, and send home the truth that is uttered.

For the Guide.

MORE TO FOLLOW.

MRS. M. N. VAN BENSCHOTEN.

It had been a day of toil. For some time my heart had been going out after more of God, for a deeper baptism, for a fresh uplift, such as is the privilege, continued and repeated, of the sanctified soul. Towards evening, I secured a few leisure moments, and taking my Bible, I hastened to a quiet room. O, how precious it did seem to be alone with God. My heart eagerly and quickly "opened to my Beloved." Deeply sensible of the divine presence, I cried, "Speak to me, Lord!" and opening my Bible to catch His words, I heard, "Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." O, the blessed living waters! like waves of the sea, they came rolling in upon my soul, such a divine fullness as carried me up, up, way above the weariness of the way, the wearing cares and toils and trials, and giving the sweetest refreshment, satisfaction and joy. Triumphantly my heart sang, "My beloved is mine, and I am His." Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in all their redemptive power, are mine, abiding in my soul; for we are made a habitation of

God through the Spirit." Instantly the living energy of the Holy Ghost went thrilling through my body—this temple of God, making even that seem sacred and to be carefully guarded, that it may be able to do the greatest possible service for God; while on lips and hands and feet were more deeply inscribed, "sacred, alone and forever, to Jesus."

This full and continuous consecration, together with a glad receptive faith, is ever the condition of this "divine fullness, which keeps the believer full to the brim," and empowers for service.

I love that word "abundantly." It has been dear to me ever since I heard Jesus say, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

At one time, as I sat alone with the Lord, when for months previous He had been pouring that "life" into my unworthy soul, in a wondrous way, I silently wondered, "Will it keep on so, always, even if I should live for years?" when opening my Bible that lay in my hands, I read, "And to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." That was a long time ago, but through all the intervening years, it has proven true. In time of trial as in joy, when crosses lay heavy upon me, and the way was rough, there has been no cessation of the onward, abundant flow, and to-day He says, "Drink ye, drink abundantly." O, how I humbly rejoice in this ceaseless, increasing life of Christ in the soul, —no winters any more, my summers last all the year. "Because I live, ye shall live also. My faith claimed that precious word years ago, and holds it steadily. Christ's ceaseless life the pledge of my life in Him, for the present as in eternity. United to Him by a living faith, it shall never die. And O, the intensity of love that holds me to Him, while words cannot express the ineffable sweetness of those moments when He reveals himself to me, and God touches my soul and breathes upon me the breath of eternal life.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
And let him that heareth say, Come!
And let him that is athirst, Come!
And whosoever will, let him take the
water of life freely."

For the Guide.

THE LOST BLESSING.

MRS. M. E. KNIGHT.

"And he sold his birthright unto Jacob." "Afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

"Oh, barter not thy heritage of grace
For love of some earthly toy,
Lest thou forever lose thy blood-bought place
At God's right hand of heavenly joy!

For at the last, when all too late, thou'lt know
And prize its precious worth divine;
While evermore thy sad regret will flow:—
"Would I again could call it mine!"

And question not how much with profit rife
This glad inheritance of light;
A goodly harvest store 'twill yield in life,
And lead to land of pure delight.

Then squander not thy heritage of grace,
But glad remain an heir and Son;
Content to fill thy little day and place
Till all thy heaven of bliss is won.

WATSEKA, ILL.

HE who never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes.

THE closest walk with God is the sweetest heaven that can be enjoyed on earth.—*Brainerd.*

THERE is no real use in riches, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—*Bacon.*

DEAR DR. PALMER:

I have in my possession a few outlines of sermons by Rev. William Bramwell, of precious memory. I thought you might like to present one to the readers of the GUIDE, so that "he being dead, might yet speak" to them, through your excellent periodical. I send you the first part of one of them. If you think proper to utilize it, the other part shall be forthcoming. Yours affectionately,

DAVID NASH.

ORIGINAL SERMON OF REV. WM. BRAMWELL

"For our exhortation was not of deceit, nor of uncleanness, nor in guile; but as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, even so we speak. Not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts."—1 Thess. 2; 3, 4.

The servants of God in all ages, have found the greatest satisfaction in seeing their labors rendered useful to the souls of the people; and St. Paul, when writing to this Church, informs them that his labors had not been in vain. "After that we had suffered before and were shamefully entreated, as ye know, at Phillippi, we were bold in our God to speak unto you the Gospel of God, with much contention; for our exhortation was not of deceit, &c., &c." In treating this subject I would, in the first place, consider this trial.

I. God trieth our hearts.

II. We are allowed of God to be put in trust.

III. Our conduct in executing this trust.

IV. We must not seek to please men, but God.

I. God trieth our hearts.

1. He trieth the peace of our hearts. Persons from considerations of station, connections, prospects in life, &c., may soothe and calm their minds, speaking peace when God has not spoken peace. These persons may have no acquaintance with the religion of the heart. Satan, the grand adversary of man, uses every means to preserve the children of men in this false security, and to prevent all proper inquiry respecting their salvation. This is an effectual bar to conviction, godly sorrow and true repentance.

2. He trieth our love.—It is to be feared that thousands of persons are led to substitute natural affections for divine love. But have we not a display of natural affection, existing in a striking manner, amongst the brute creation? Yes, both in the male and female. See this exemplified in the cow, the sheep, the dog, &c., and yet we cannot imagine that any of these inferior creatures experience, in any measure, "the love of God." By submitting to his natural feelings, a man may be led astray in any situation in life; yea, in every part of his practice in an official capacity. In being influenced by natural affection, governors may act contrary to all proper order, to every law of God or man, and be led in every case to act contrary to all propriety. And in the case of masters with their servants, when they are in a good humor, they may bestow particular favors upon them, and perhaps in such a manner as to lesson their proper authority and due subordination; and when actuated by different feelings, they may become very tyrannical in their proceedings, to the great injury both of themselves and their servants. Their natural feelings may cause parents to neglect their duty towards their children, and to treat them in a manner which is directly opposed to the oracles of God. The feel-

ings of parents become their law; the children are exceedingly indulged; everything they want is given to them, however injurious to the body, mind, or station in life; correction or advice is no longer attended to. To all persons who endeavor to remedy this folly, such parents will say, "We must love them, and if we love them, how can we do any thing to grieve them?"

But God tries our love, whether it is from Him, and agreeable to His law. Ministers of the Gospel ought to be upon their guard in this particular, especially respecting our discipline amongst the people. We may make our feelings our law, and proceed with the utmost partiality in a number of cases. But it was St. Paul's special charge to Timothy—"before God, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, to observe these things, without preferring one before another, doing nothing by partiality."

3. God tries our faith.—There is a faith which cannot be of the operation of God. Many of our modern believers must be tried. They believe God to be a glorious being; that His cause is eternal; that He is wise and good—of great loving kindness to all men; that He is too good to punish any of His creatures, and that He has made no place or provision for torment. These are persons who profess to be of the most liberal sentiments, and if those who have to maintain the truth of the Gospel should proclaim, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish," instantly their reply is, "You are illiberal." Suppose we happen to say, "He that believeth not shall be damned." They exclaim, "Oh, you are quite illiberal. We think much better of God than that." If we tell them that the punishment of sins will be eternal, and that there will be no end of their misery, they again cry out, "Illiberal!" and say, "We cannot indulge such hard thoughts of God."

These persons, in their admiration of the mercy of God, forget His holiness and His justice. They, in effect, divide the divine attributes, and take away from the everlasting Jehovah what so essentially belongs to Him. They will believe all that is agreeable to the carnal mind, but criminally neglect and despise the grand doctrines of the Bible, which is the Word of God. It is evident that Satan, the great deceiver of men, has lately entered into the world in a new dress. He has substituted the word "Liberality" for Deism, and though it is more palatable, it is exceedingly dangerous even to the Church of God. This has been a deep plan; for in the present day it has bred general and most baneful results. To my certain knowledge, a number who were truly religious have been caught in this fatal snare, I fear to their own destruction. True faith, which is of the operation of God, believes all the attributes of God, all the contents of the Book of God; both the promises and threatenings, the rewards and punishments. As ministers of this Word, are we not in great danger from this fine-sounding word, "liberality," and from those fine liberal people? Let us be careful, my brethren, never to shun to declare the whole counsel of God, for God tries our faith.

4. God tries our joy.—I need not expatiate much on this particular, for it will be very easily discovered that there is much joy which is not from God. The mind may be affected with gladness from different causes, circumstances and practices in the world. Some rejoice in their own superior strength, and others in having rich relations. Some rejoice in receiving great possessions, others on account of certain deliverances. Some are joyful because they have obtained victories over their enemies, and others delight themselves in worldly pleasures. We may rejoice in a thousand things, and yet our joy may be merely natural; it may not be of God, but carnal and ministering to destruction. St. Paul said, "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world." This kind of joy is "in hope of glory,"—"it is unspeakable and full of glory,"—it is "with trembling,"—it is constant and for evermore.

5. God tries our hope.—There are very few persons who believe in a future state of reward, but who hope to be saved; yet it is possible that we may be greatly deceived in our expectations. Some hope to be saved because they are not so wicked as many of those around them; others, because they have many sufferings in this world. Some because God is merciful, and others because their eyes are opened; and some persons indulge in hope because they once knew the way and walked in it. Thus do some hope on one false ground and some on another; but there can be no true hope except that which arises from our standing in the grace of God, or, "Christ in you the hope of glory." God tries our hope, whether it be built on a good or a false foundation. He tries us by the Gospel. We live under this glorious dispensation, and we must be acquitted or condemned according to the law of our dispensation.

(*To be Continued.*)

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. M. L. PAINE.

In Corinth, Miss., Mrs. M. L. Paine, beloved wife of Dr. S. L. Paine, fell "asleep in Jesus." On Feb. 14th, at 1:30 o'clock, A. M., the pure spirit of my mother winged its flight to her God.

For long weary months before her release she lingered, but particularly the last three months of her life, her suffering was excruciating, but never a murmur. "Oh," she would say, "the Lord is so good to let me suffer His holy will. Blessed be His holy name!" Always patient, cheerful and uncomplaining, I never saw her exhibit the least impatience. Nothing ever annoyed her. She has often told us that naturally, she was high tempered and impatient, but she would add, "Glory be to God, His grace is sufficient. It has changed my whole disposition."

The fear of God was ever before her eyes. With prayerful diligence she studied the Sacred Word, and with painstaking conscientiousness she regulated her life and conduct according to its holy precepts. Quiet, gentle and unobtrusive, only those who knew her well, knew the beauty and strength of her character, the depth and fervor of her piety. Yet, as the modest violet is discovered by its fragrance, even so her religion was made manifest by the beautiful consistency of her life. Like the gentle dew and noiseless sunlight, her influence was potent for good; even the most careless heart in her presence felt drawn from

earthly things, and nearer to God and heaven. All the graces which combine to make Christian womanhood lovely, were harmoniously blended in her character; and every charm was heightened by the soft, heavenly radiance of that ornament which "in the sight of God is of great price, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Eternity alone will reveal her good works.

Her gentle heart was ever moved with sympathy for the suffering, and she stretched out her hands to the poor and needy She was a great lover of holiness—the "Guide to Holiness" and the "Way of Holiness" were next to her Bible. During her last illness both were welcomed visitors to her sick room. Her baby generally read them to her. Her dying message to you was: "Still send the 'Guide' to my address. My husband and daughter will receive and read it. It was the first book that ever awakened a desire in my heart to seek the blessing of holiness, and I thank God He ever directed a copy placed in my hands. Go on in your good work winning souls to Christ, until He shall call you to 'come up higher,' and bid you, 'well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

One hour before she left us, father knelt by her and said: "Darling, you will soon leave us so lonely and desolate; we all know by your pure life you only await the Master's call, but tell us again." A sweet smile lit her lovely face as she replied, "Not only ready and willing, but oh, longing to go and be at rest." "Then, my darling," father replied, "with bowed heads and crushed hearts we humbly say, Thy will, O Lord, be done! But won't you kiss us good-bye?" "Not good-bye, but good night, my precious husband. I will await you all just on the golden shore." She kissed each of us then, with a look of tenderest love. She turned to her baby and whispered, "My lamb!" Clasping father's hand, she said clearly and distinctly, "All is well—all is well with me." The beautiful blue eyes closed gently, the tongue that had never spoken evil of any one was stilled forever,—the idolized little wife and mother was with her God. A wail of anguish went up from the crushed hearts and darkened home. God in his infinite wisdom had taken our household angel to brighten heaven, but leaving earth so dark and desolate. To the few loved ones, I would say, forget not the promises given wife and mother—that we would so live, that when the angel of death calls us, we would as sweetly, trustingly and confidingly fall asleep in Jesus. Good-bye, idolized little mother; good-bye, until you welcome me on the golden shore.

"She hath fallen asleep! fold the robe
O'er the meek heart, so pulseless and still;
She hath gone to her Father's and ours,
And our grief is His glory and will.
The rest which He gives His beloved
Is hers, untroubled and deep;
And because we so love her we say,
It is well she hath fallen asleep."

Her bereaved daughter,

DONIE P. WADEN.

JOSEPHINE HELM.

How sweet the memory of loved ones gone home to rest! As the rude blast tears the tinted leaflet from its parent stem, and sends it trembling to the ground, to be hid from sight, so does the king of terrors snatch our treasured ones from our clinging arms, and consigns them to the tomb.

The subject of this brief sketch, Josephine Helm, was born in Iowa; removed to Oregon with her parents in 1862; and in March, 1868, at Salem, was united in marriage to her now grief-stricken husband, Dr. A. C. Helm.

For ten years they joyously trod God's walks together; indeed, their life-barques seemed to glide over almost waveless seas, and beneath ever cloudless skies, save on two occasions, when the death angel entered their happy home, and took from their embrace their bright baby boys. One short year were they spared to comfort each other, since the last little form was tenderly laid away beneath the autumn leaves. All too short now it seems to the stricken husband, as swift-winged memory recalls the happy hours; but "time, the tomb-builder," stays not his flight for loving

hearts, and on Wednesday, the 23d, the cherished wife and mother was stricken with erysipelas.

From the first she seemed to be chosen as a shining mark for death, and after nine day's suffering, yielded her gentle spirit into the hands of Him who "doeth all things well."

It seems yet scarcely possible for her friends to realize that she, the young, the beautiful, with eyes of light and cheeks of bloom—who so short a time since was by our side, has truly passed from earthly scenes. But to the glory of God, we would chiefly speak of the triumph of the cross, as displayed in her glorious translation to the "better land."

Ever a thoughtful woman, she had often been an earnest seeker after Christ, but it seemed difficult for her to apprehend the way of faith; and though she joined the Church as a seeker, she did not profess to an experimental knowledge of sins forgiven, until the morning before her death. The Lord whom she had sought came suddenly to His temple, and revealed himself to her soul in such a glorious manner, that all desire to remain on earth was taken away, and she besought her weeping friends not to strive to prolong her absence from her loving Savior, one glimpse of whose face had completely entranced her heart.

Death had now lost its terror, and for hours she was permitted to give expression to such wrapt utterances of holy ecstasy, that every soul present was filled with awe divine. Then followed a scene which no limner's brush could paint,—no pen save one dipped in inspiration could portray. As Jordan's water laved her feet, behold—the darkling stream appeared to her but a narrow rill, as in Jesus' arms she was borne above its tide. While tender hands were wiping the death-dews from her marbled brow, her tender lips were syllabing sweet words of praise to Him who had redeemed her, or were employed in uttering burning words of exhortation to those who stood about her bed, striving to catch the slightest whisper.

"In my Father's house are many mansions," said the dying one, and her eyes seemed to catch a glimpse of the one prepared for her; "this day shall I be with Christ in Paradise;" "Come, Lord Jesus Christ, come quickly," were among the fitly spoken words she uttered which are like "apples of gold, in pictures of silver," engraved upon our memories."

While we sang "Brushing the dews on Jordan's banks," the heavenly ranks came forth to meet her, for with eyes blazing with holy fire, she pointed upward with her trembling hand and bade us behold her sainted mother and her cherub boys, as one by one they appeared a little in advance of the innumerable throng, who on snowy pinions hovered near; then as the heavenly vision grew brighter, and brighter still, the celestial gates burst full in view.

Here words failed her, but the angelic smile which stamped itself upon her face portrayed as much as language, that the vision lasted until she was triumphantly borne into the audience chamber of the King.

M. C.

ANN E. THOMPSON.

Entered into rest, July 28th, 1878, Ann E., daughter of F. B. and Harriet Thompson, aged 36 years and 6 months.

At fourteen years of age she sought the Savior, and became a follower of the blessed Jesus; and though for a number of years she was a great sufferer, still her faith grew stronger and stronger in Christ. Patiently and calmly did she endure her sufferings, till our heavenly Father in His infinite mercy called her home to the beautiful realms of the blest.

> Daughter, thou hath passed away,
> Thy form no more we'll view,
> But in that one eternal day
> We hope to meet thee true."

In Bowne, Kent Co., Mich., March 21, 1879, Frederick B. Thompson, aged 72 years, 3 months.

> "Servant of God, well done!
> Thy glorious warfare's past;
> The battle's fought, the victory's won,
> And thou are crowned at last."

BOWNE, KENT CO., MICH.

Editorial.

[We insert this by request.—ED.]

ONE MORE YEAR.

The dear old GUIDE has nearly completed another year. Thousands have been each month welcoming it to their homes. In every part of the land, and in the regions beyond, far over the sea, it is joyously received. Who can tell the results of the year soon to close? Since last January it has been read with profit and delight by large numbers of people. How many, think you, dear editor, have been brought from darkness to light by this instrumentality—how many walking in the light for years, have been cheered and consoled by its good words? Not until the opening of the book, can the blessed results be declared. I have no doubt, if you could open to the view of your readers the letters you are constantly receiving, and the mention made therein of saving effects, the disclosure would be thrilling. Your modesty, however, no doubt forbids their being spread before the public eye.

I am so well persuaded that the precious GUIDE is a ministering angel in the Churches, that I could wish that thousands more might receive this message of life and salvation. Will you allow your humble correspondent to utter a word which you may feel like shrinking from uttering yourself? If I could only get the ear and heart of each subscriber, I would beg them to canvass for it. If your minister does not receive it, either by your own contribution, or in some other way, see that it finds its way to his study, by January 1st. It will help and bless him in his ministry. Each one of the officiary of the Church, not forgetting the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, might be wonderfully aided by having a copy.

Now suppose, dear subscribers to the GUIDE, that you get this thought in your mind and heart—"I must somehow, by personal sacrifice or solicitation, secure ONE MORE subscriber to the GUIDE, by January next." Let that be your thought and resolution. Universally adopted, how easy and how grand the result—A DOUBLE SUBSCRIPTION LIST ON JANUARY FIRST! Shall it be done? I pray that such may be the case. A FRIEND.

OUR CAMP-MEETINGS.

In the "Forest Temples" of our God, where thousands of His hosts have gathered during the summer campaigns, and obeyed the imperative command, "PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR," the shout of victory and the song of triumph have been wafted to heaven from hundreds, if not thousands of lips newly touched with fire from off the altar. God has verified His promise, expressed in the beautiful, poetic language of Isaiah, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." In view of what has been accomplished, we will unite with the sweet singer of Israel and say, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men. Let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare His works with rejoicing."

Our Camp-meetings all over the land have been unusually good in spirit and results. The editor of the "New Jersey Methodist," our beloved brother, Rev. George Hughes, gives as a heading to one of his articles, "Many souls saved"—"Joy in heaven and on earth,"—and remarks of the eight grand summer campaigns of 1879 in New Jersey, that he had the privilege of attending and preaching at seven of them. He adds: "We have surveyed the whole field. Results in brief. Despite some things that we think might be changed for the better, God has graciously overlooked human weaknesses and given large success. First—Gospel preaching, pure and simple, is everywhere in demand, and moral essays on camp-meeting stands at least, are dead stock. Second—Old-time altar work, well sustained, is most effective in soul-saving. Third—Holiness has been

deservedly prominent. To God be all the glory."

At Pitman Grove it is reported that the results were glorious,—not less than three hundred souls were converted. Two hundred of them occurred at the young people's meeting, and one hundred on the last day. The seventeen days at Pitman in 1879 will be remembered in time and eternity. Of the Camp-meeting at Mount Tabor, Denville, the Presiding Elder, Rev. R. Van Horn, says: "It was characterized by able sermons and earnest prayers. The number of the professedly converted, reclaimed and wholly sanctified, cannot be definitely ascertained, but it was large."

Dr. Lowery, editor of the "Divine Life," stated at the Tuesday Meeting that he had been absent for about three months. During the time he had visited six Camp-meetings in the West, where he had witnessed a return to the old-fashioned way of conducting such meetings; where the seekers of pardon and the seekers of full salvation were kneeling side by side, and the glory of the Lord did appear as in ancient days; and according to the promise, the wilderness and the solitary place was made to blossom as the rose."

Lakeside encampment, near Sandusky, Ohio, is beautifully situated on the margin of Lake Erie, and is very properly denominated a "city among the trees." This grove was dedicated to God and holiness by our late beloved Missionary Secretary, Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D., in 1874, and has ever since been marked by signal victories, for truth and soul saving. This year the power of the Lord was so manifest, that they prolonged the meeting for three days. The Germans from the Central German Conference, held meetings of special interest in the large German Tabernacle. Scores were brought to Christ. Often the whole tabernacle would be converted into an altar, and as many as fifty persons would be seeking pardon at the same time. Drs. Nast and Liebrand did efficient service.

Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to share,
All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you to dare?

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

On Saturday, Oct. 15, 1879, seven beloved ambassadors for Jesus bid adieu to their native land, for the purpose of joining the noble band already in Southern India. The men of God already in the field have proved that holiness is power, and they have really dared to inscribe "HOLINESS TO THE LORD" upon their banners, and to tell these heathen idolators that emphatically sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, that Jesus shed His blood to save even them from all sin; and in proclaiming full salvation, have they alone had victory and triumph.

The company now on their way to their new fields, have been selected by our beloved brother, Rev. Wm. Taylor, who has journeyed around the world, in quest of lost souls, at his own expense,—not condescending to ask anything of the Church, or of individuals. Many years ago, in his early history in California, the Church of which he was pastor became seriously involved in debt; but sooner than have the cause of Christ suffer, he voluntarily assumed the obligation, and has settled all claims, by his authorship, as well as meeting all demands, travelling or otherwise. Jesus says, "Ye are the lights of the world," and when He would select specimens to go round the world, to exemplify the beauty of holiness and to show what Infinite Love can do for poor fallen humanity, He would not have them burdened with debt, so that the enemies of the cross should truthfully say, they had better take the means given for travelling and pay their honest debts.

Since the work has opened among our "South American Cousins," as Bro. Taylor is pleased to call them, the demand for the transit fund—for that is all that is called for—has become so imperative, that he has very reluctantly consented to divide the honor of sending these missionaries, in the least expensive way, among his friends.

A letter received to-day from our dear friend, Mrs. Bishop Hamline, says: "Were I not limited, very limited in my means, I would not hesitate to send thousands of

dollars to promote the mission work of Rev. Wm. Taylor, that wonderful man of God. The Lord is doing a wondrous work in the earth. But how strange, that many are rejecting the salvation which is flowing all around.

AMANDA SMITH.

We rejoice to hear that our colored sister, Amanda Smith, is already on her way from England to India, at the invitation of our Bro. Osborne. In a letter, she states that the Church sends white men for missionaries to Africa, and now the Lord is sending the African to India. We remember her simple but thrilling story of what it cost her in giving up all for Christ, (her washtub and scrubbing brush). She knew not at the time why such demands were made, but she understands it now. God has graciously honored our sister both in England and America, in the awakening and conversion of many sinners, and the sanctification of believers. To God be all the glory!

NOT IN GOOD TASTE.

Let us whisper a secret in the ear of persons, who in writing to editors, say—"I write in haste and have no time to copy," &c. The secret we will divulge is this: Editors always begin to read such articles with an abatement of more than ten per cent. Having been placed in circumstances to know something about the thinkings of editors, we can disclose some of the secrets of their thinkings. Well, they run in this direction. If the writer of this article did not think the matter of sufficient importance to bestow time for unhurried thought in preparing it, can it be of sufficient importance to spread before the tens of thousands of people for whom it is written?

But it sometimes happens that editors find in these articles in which the unwelcome appendage appears, "written in haste," &c., that they are really more than passable. Well then, as we have admitted you to the secrecy of editorial thinkings, we will tell you that their thoughts shape in this direction:—it is surely in ill taste for one that can write so well, to detract in the eye of an editor so manifestly from his article as to append, "I write in haste." Persons of correct taste will always prepare their articles with much care for the press. Mature writers know this and practice on this principle.

News Along the Line.

BURMAH.

Rev. Wm. Taylor, at our Tuesday Meeting, gave us an account of our Brother and Sister Carter's success in Burmah, saying: "Though our dear brother and sister sailed for Burmah in the spring instead of the fall season, the latter being the only orthodox time on the score of health, they arrived duly in Rangoon, in good condition. Brothers Thoburn and Goodwin of Calcutta, hearing of their arrival, went to help to put them in. They rented the town hall of Rangoon for $25 per night, and had a series of 30 meetings. Two collections paid expenses of town hall and the passage of the ministers from Calcutta. The meeting resulted in the conversion of many souls, and the organization of a Methodist Episcopal Church about 60 strong. The "city fathers" gave a good lot for a Church worth about $4,000. Most of the money was subscribed for a Church edifice worth about $5,000, and a subscription payable monthly for the support of Bro. and Sister Carter. Thus in about three weeks was Methodism planted in Burmah on the self-supporting principle.

AFRICA.

Mr. Stanley, during his African explorations, was on very intimate terms with King Mtesa, and expressed great hope of his conversion to Christianity. He had already turned from heathenism to Mohammedanism, and he listened admiringly to Stanley's representations of the teachings of Christ. News has now come that he has embraced Christianity, and as a first-fruit of his new life, he has liberated

all the slaves in his dominions—about half a million in number. His dominions are situated in the centre of Africa, and embrace about 40,000 square miles, with a large population. Should he prove steadfast in his new faith, it will have a very important bearing on the Christianization of the dark continent.

AUSTRIA.

Is Satan "loosed for a little season?" The missionaries of the American Board have had to withdraw from Austria. Individuals have been fined for reading the Word of God to their neighbors; they have also been imprisoned for having their neighbors present at family prayer. The Papacy has not yet gone to the length there, so far as we know, of the rack and the stake, but whither they will go is known only to Him who hath said: "Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther."

A CHRISTIAN Church has lately been built on a hill near Jabra, India, by native Christian masons, carpenters, and other artisans, and these workmen were originally thieves by profession. In consequence of having become Christians, they not only have forsaken their evil ways, but learned their various trades. This good work is mainly the fruit of Mr. Narayan Sheshadri's mission labors.

RIVER SIDE S. S. MISSION, P. E. ISLAND.

A few years since it was laid upon our hearts to gather into a Mission Sunday-school, the neglected little ones from the streets and by-ways. Fruit unto holiness has appeared to the glory of God. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, to send forth more laborers—such as will think those precious ones worth saving. We find much difficulty in obtaining help in sustaining a Sabbath afternoon open air service during the summer months. We want earnest prayer that Christian young men may feel the importance of this work, and be filled with the spirit of love and power.

Winter is our harvest time. We hold nightly prayer-meetings; for the most part the room is crowded with young men and boys We are glad to have them, though they do behave sadly sometimes. In striving to win them to Christ, we find that we are called to bear the sweet reproach of His dear name. Some think us half demented, but what matter if we are—it is to the Lord who has said, "Go ye gather in as many as ye find, bad and good." What others think or say does not trouble us just now; our trouble is, how shall we accommodate "our roughs?" We are asking in faith for a few hundred dollars, that the work may not cease.

The mission receives no aid from the Church funds—it is a work of faith. The Lord has provided, and we are confident that He will supply all our need. We are sure, dear brother, that we can rely upon a hearty response. You will not require an incentive, yet it is right I should tell you that two of our band were brought to God during your visit to Charlottetown in 1858. They request your prayers and will ever entertain grateful memories.

And it only remains that I ask forgiveness, if herein I have offended, and with Mrs. Brecken, in the bonds of a common Gospel, gratefully acknowledge help received from your labor of love, both by personal ministration and the more frequent visits of the "Guide to Holiness," and which ever proved a blessing to us as fellow-helpers of the truth.

Please accept our united Christian regards for Mrs. Palmer and yourself.

PHŒBE M. BRECKEN,
JULIA M. DUCHEMIN.

Revival Miscellany.

As the results of our Camp-meetings, many places in our beloved Zion are enjoying seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The good news comes from all over our land too numerous to record, or rather requiring too much space.

Rev. A. A. Price closed on the 30th of August a three weeks' meeting at Germantown, Ky. This was one of the best that has been known in this section of the coun-

try. Men with hoary locks that were mighty in the army of Satan, came calling out: "Men and brethren, what shall I do to be saved?" Whole families have been converted. The news comes in regularly that many who have attended these services have been added to the army of God.

BOSTON.

Bromfield Street—Four weeks of continuous meetings have resulted in the quickening of many believers and the salvation of many precious souls. Still the fire burns.

VERMONT.

"Zion's Herald" reports the Camp-meetings in Vermont to have been unusually good. The preaching for the most part was eminently practical—very little "star" preaching; and God blessed the truth to the salvation of hundreds. It is believed that the attendance was larger than usual at all of them.

The "Pittsburgh Advocate" says: Over forty souls were converted at Bentley Springs Camp. Summerfield Camp was full of much interest. A large number were converted to God during the meeting.

TEXAS.

This year will be memorable in the annals of Texas Methodism, on account of the revivals which have visited all parts of that State. Other Churches have shared in this gracious influence, but the M. E. Church, South, has been specially favored. Hundreds of conversons have been reported in each issue of the Advocate for weeks past. There has been a corresponding increase in the Church. All the interests of the Church are responding to the revival influence of the Church.—"Texas Chris. Adv."

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

A recent number of the Nashville "Advocate reports, under the head of "Southern Methodist Notes," 1,550 conversions in various Southern Methodist charges, and the half was not told.

From the "Methodist Advocate," Atlanta, Sept. 24: "Our revival columns last week reported four hundred and ninety-one additions to the Church in the South. Excellent revivals have occurred in many places among both white and colored."

An extensive revival is in progress in Germany and promises to be fruitful of good results to the Churches. The movement extends along the whole Rhine Valley, and at Dusseldorp alone two hundred conversions are reported.

For the Guide.

IOWA CAMP-MEETING.

A Camp-meeting held in Hardin Co., Fort Dodge District, the first week of September, resulted in great good to the cause of Christ. An "old-fashioned" meeting it was called. Sinners were powerfully converted, and backsliders were wonderfully reclaimed. Glorious indeed was the sanctifying power which rested upon believers. A number of aged Christians, who had for a long time been travelling Zionward—whose heads were blossoming for the tomb, gave good evidence and testimony that the blood of Jesus cleansed them from all unrighteousness.

A father in Israel said, "I came forward to seek full salvation, and I have got it." A class-leader was almost the first at the altar, and wonderful was the change in him, as the baptism of the Holy Ghost came upon him. Old and young, professors of religion, wanderers from the fold, and those who had never known the love of God in the pardon of their sins, bowed together at one communion altar. The manifestations of the Holy Spirit were beyond description. Thank God, the pentecostal power has not ceased, and wherever and whenever the people are willing to consecrate themselves fully to the service of the Most High, the offering is accepted, the Holy Ghost descends, and power all heavenly and divine is given.

MRS. I. M. HARTSOUGH.

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world
His praise proclaim?
Who shall speak if ye are silent! ye who know
and love His name.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

PEARLS FROM OCEAN GROVE.—NO. 4.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

The wife of an infidel, who had for thirty years been praying for the conversion of her husband, had recently seen the answer of her prayer in his salvation. These recorded prayers all that long dark period were under the omniscient eye, and God meant they should be answered. The little daughter of the infidel was the instrument that brought him to Christ. She had been converted, and told her father that Jesus had saved her; and then said, "Father, won't you come to Jesus and let Him save you?" He was at once melted, subdued and powerfully awakened. He said, "I am lost." His wife and daughter prayed for him and he was gloriously converted.

EXPERIENCE OF GOD

is the only kind of religion that satisfies the soul—said a good brother. Theories won't satisfy. There must be a heartfelt acceptance of God's truth—a resting upon it with perfect confidence; and then the knowledge of God in His wonderful love, and the renovating, purifying power of His grace follows. To know Him as our God—our Father—our Redeemer—our Sanctifier—this is full salvation. This experience is essential for our usefulness. We must know for ourselves the power of this great salvation, before we can set it forth to others. A full mature Christian, thus filled with the knowledge of God, is grand before earth and heaven. Many of the patriarchs and prophets, and the apostles and saints of later years, had this experience of God. "Enoch walked with God," and knew him intimately. Abraham knew God. Jacob knew Him—God having revealed himself to him at Penuel. Moses knew God—having seen Him in the bush, and afterward in the pillar of cloud and of fire, and on Mount Sinai—had talked with Him as a man with his friend. Job knew God—and his knowledge of God caused him to endure with patience the terrible ordeal through which he passed, as an example to all future generations. How beautiful his words—"He knoweth the way that I take. When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." And, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." David knew God,—and John, and Peter, and Paul, and the martyrs. It was their knowledge of God that made them triumphant at the stake. Martin Luther knew God, and by that glorious knowledge accomplished the mighty work which was given him to do in the Reformation; amid fiercest persecutions and trials unmoved, and triumphant in the assurance of the grand cardinal truth given to him by the Holy Spirit on St. Peter's staircase, as he was torturing himself to win God's favor by penance.

"THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH."

With this mighty weapon—the Sword of the Spirit—he afterward vanquished Satan in a hand to hand fight. The marks of ink on the walls of his study furnished a memento of that tremendous conflict, when he threw his inkstand at the head of Satan when he came to him bringing accusations of all the crimes he had ever committed. The array was fearful, and for a moment almost overwhelmed him, as the accuser said, How can you, so vile—so polluted a sinner, be accepted of God? And Luther said,—Now, I will write a list of all you have alleged against me, and took his pen and paper and wrote every sin as Satan repeated them over, saying "yes" to each one—"yes, that is true,"—until the catalogue was complete. Then he said, "There is one passage in God's Word which I bring to cancel the whole black catalogue,—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' That blood is applied to my soul and cleanseth me—even me—poor wicked Martin Luther." The adversary fled and Martin Luther came off

victorious, through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony.

SATAN'S ASSAULTS

are not unfrequent with those who live near to God. Mrs. Palmer related in one of the meetings an attack of the enemy many years ago, after a very great baptism of the Spirit. For seven days the Holy Ghost had been revealing the love of Christ. The glory—the bliss of these manifestations were almost overwhelming; so that the dearest ones of earth remarked to her, "It seems as if you were about to be taken to heaven bodily." Heaven had truly come to earth. We knelt, and I had opened my mouth to lead in prayer at the commencement of a meeting, when suddenly a dark cloud came down and the powers of darkness seemed to encompass me. Forgetful of outside surroundings, my voice ceased—and with flowing eyes, my wondering heart said, "Lord, why? What is it? Is the Holy Spirit grieved? Has He left me?" &c.,—when the sweet voice came, "Jesus being filled with the Holy Ghost, was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil..' A blessed consciousness of fellowship with my precious Savior settled down upon my soul, and oh, what sweetness in the privilege of being like Jesus even in temptation. The servant is not above his master. Immediately I was lifted above the temptation. Light indeed arose in the darkness, and the snare was broken.

A BEAUTIFUL EMBLEM.

A brother was reminded of a magnificent flower he had seen in the tropical climate of the Amazon, where the luxuriant bloom excels that of countries not within the tropics. The flower alluded to was eighteen inches in diameter, and the leaves six feet in diameter,—a most lovely green, and glossy—as if varnished. A fit emblem of one who knows God and exhibits a fulness and maturity of Christian character as a result of that knowledge. Ordinary Christians may be likened to plants and flowers that grow in other climates not so favorable to their full development. They are not as lovely and luxuriant in their life and spirit as they might be if they were dwelling in the blessed climate of perfect love. Not so fully exemplifying the loveliness of the Christ-mind and the beauty of holiness, as they would if in the prolific land of Beulah.

THE NIGHT TRAIN.

A brother said, when he heard all these testimonies of such glowing and beautiful experience, his heart longed to enjoy the same good things of the kingdom, but he had never been able to apprehend them. He had been the subject of doubt and gloom. He, however, felt sure he was on the way to heaven, and though he was on the night train and could not enjoy the lovely landscape scenery through which he was passing, he was nevertheless bound for that happy land, and expected to get there through the blood of the Lamb.

Another brother—following him—said,—I prefer going to heaven in

THE DAY TRAIN,

and having the light of the Sun of Righteousness all the way to the better land. Why not have heaven to go to heaven in? The Lord wants us to be happy—and Jesus says, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." The one was on the night train had better change cars and get on to the day train.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

"I have made a great discovery," said a warm-hearted, eloquent and well-known minister in the office, the other day, his face flushed, and his eyes filled with tears. His voice trembled as he repeated it: "I have made a great discovery, at this age of my life and of my Christian experience. I have discovered the secret of perfect peace!" If he had fallen heir to a fortune he could not have manifested greater earnestness, or given a livelier exhibition of delight. He had

always had, as he thought, a clear idea of faith, and had exercised it. But led by severe, although gracious providences, he had been enabled to place himself utterly upon the divine Word and promise. He had not only accepted Christ as his personal Savior, but had received Him as a guest in his heart; and the result had been perfect peace. In the whirl of life he had been enabled to say, "None of these things move me." This is just what the Master says to them that really come to Him and reach Him—"I will give you rest." It is just what wearied, worried, burden-bearing men most need. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." What a discovery! Perfect peace! It was worth all the discipline of sorrow and the struggle of prayer to finally have it break, as a heavenly revelation, upon the hungering and thirsting heart. And this peace is the spiritual birthright of every disciple.—"Zion's Herald."

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF P. HERRICK.

I was converted ten years ago last February. The scales fell from my eyes about ten o'clock at night, and one thing I knew—that whereas I had been blind for thirty years, now I could see. I knew what Nicodemus did not know. I knew what it was to be born again. I had been in the world for thirty years without God, now I was in the world with God. Old things passed away, and all things had become new. The kingdom of heaven was set up within me. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. I felt like praising God and I did praise Him. I expected to remain in this condition until I entered the golden city. In a short time I did not feel so much as I had. This world did not look so good to me as heretofore,—did not have the victory in meeting as formerly. It became cloudy—I did not know the cause. It was whispered, "Where is your religion? If you had it, you have lost it."

What to do I did not know. Once in a while the sun would shine, but how to keep in the light I did not know. I searched the Scriptures to see where the trouble was. (The Bible is God's looking-glass, and if we look into it carefully we can see the condition of our hearts.) I discovered unbelief, (which was the most prominent), pride and sinful anger; and these roots run to the centre of my heart, and were the cause of my trouble. I could see this without any doubt. I found we were to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.

I was using tobacco, and this was the filthiness of the flesh. These were the roots of bitterness springing up and troubling me. Must I live a life-time and let these remain? It would make me shudder to think of it.

The devil says to me—quoting Scripture, as he is wont to do—"You must work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;" and so I went to work to make myself better, and to dig these roots out of my heart. The more I tried to do, the more the roots developed themselves. At times when I attempted to do duty, the cold drops of sweat would stand on my face.

I was about to give up in despair. I went again to the Bible, and found myself in the seventh chapter of Romans, and I did exclaim, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?" I found the disease was beyond my control. Depravity was out of my reach. Is there any remedy for indwelling sin? I would do good, but evil was present with me. I searched the Bible night and day. It had shown me my disease—would it not point out the remedy? I found there was a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness (and I was unclean); and I went just as I was, and behold, this fountain was filled with the precious blood of Jesus, and I was made clean.

Christ said to me,—Now are ye clean through the Word which I have spoken unto you; abide in me and I in you, as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself."

These words were written on my heart, never to be forgotten. Oh, the precious blood of Jesus—the only thing that can remove uncleanness! It will make whiter than snow, wherever it flows.

I loved the Lord with all my heart. for the first time I was in the presence of this love that casts out fear. The sting of death had just been removed. For me to live was Christ, and to die gain. Six months before this my old sins had been forgiven, which brought great peace to my soul. Now the indwelling principle of sin had been destroyed, and my peace was like a river. I have not been troubled with these roots, including the appetite for tobacco, since I plunged beneath the blood, and can say, "where sin abounded grace does much more abound." I live by faith on the Son of God. "Not I that live, but Christ liveth in me." I remain your brother in Christ, P. HERRICK.

For the Guide.

A SKETCH OF MY EXPERIENCE.

From the earliest of my recollection, I have felt it my duty to be religious. My parents, by example, taught my infant lips to pray. When I was fourteen years of age, I joined the M. E. Church at a Camp-meeting held at Flagg Spring, Gallia Co., Ohio. There I sought and found the pearl of great price. The enemy soon took the advantage of me, and told me I had been deceived. I became somewhat discouraged, and lived without the enjoyment of religion; yet I prayed daily—attended the means of grace, such as class and prayer meetings and all public services. But I was too fearful to bear the cross for nearly four years, when I resolved to bear the cross, God's grace helping me.

I went to the altar of prayer. After going a number of times, I received a clear evidence of sins forgiven, for which I shall ever feel grateful to God. I resolved to do every duty, but O, the cross how hard to bear! I felt I needed much grace to enable me to bear my cross. The more I read the Word of God, and the more I prayed, the more I felt the need of being made holy. I felt it my duty, and also privilege, to become wholly the Lord's. I was conscious in order to enjoy the great blessing, I must be willing to profess it.

The enemy was very bold in telling me no one would believe it, if I did enjoy and profess it. However, after many hard conflicts with the enemy, I was enabled to make a full consecration in November, in the year 1861. I received the evidence that I was made holy at a little prayer-meeting. It was perfect love—a perfect trust in Jesus.

Since that time, Satan has often met me with his arguments. I have passed through some trials and some afflictions, but the Lord has ever been sufficient for me. The enemy has well-nigh gotten the advantage of me by my not professing all the Lord has done for me. Language cannot express it.

> "O, for such love let rocks and hills
> Their lasting silence break."

He has been to me as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." He has ever been a present help in trouble and affliction. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." Praise be unto His name forever! NANCY C. CHICH.

PATRIOT, O.

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

THE LORD'S WALL.

Somewhere about fifty years ago, one bitter January night, the inhabitants of the little town of Schleswig were thrown into great distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and news and fearful reports of the conduct of the lawless soldiers were hourly reaching the place.

In a large commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother and her widowed daughter and grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in crying out to God

that He would "build a wall of defense around them," quoting the words of an ancient hymn.

Her grandson asked her why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should build a wall about their house that it should hide it, but she explained that the meaning was that God should protect her.

At midnight a dreadful tramp was heard; an enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the houses to overflowing. But while the most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to their door, at which they were greatly surprised. The morning light made the matter clear, for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was impossible to get over to them.

"There," said the old woman triumphantly, "do you not see, my son, that God could raise up a wall around us." Truly, "with God all things are possible."—Ex.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by singing

"Love divine, all love excelling."

After which requests were read from Iowa, Louisiana, and elsewhere, and the Rev. Dr. Lowrey, followed by Dr. Palmer, led in prayer.

Dr. Palmer, as he took up the Bible remarked, that we are called to be workers together with God in the salvation of a perishing world. We see so many who are going down to destruction, that we ought to be doing all we can to rescue them. He remembered hearing Bro. Carr, a trustee of Allen St. Church, say that when he was a young man, the Methodists were all in earnest, and when he saw one coming on the same side of the way that he was, no matter how muddy the street, he would always cross over, for he knew that he would take him by the buttonhole and he could not get away without an earnest and affectionate exhortation to give his heart to Jesus. Jesus said, "I will put my spirit within you," and He laid aside the glories of heaven that He might rescue the perishing. O, that we may have more of the Spirit of Christ!

THE NAME OF JESUS.

The Dr. then read a part of the 15th chap. John, which he said was as a mirror which Jesus held up, in which we might see ourselves, and know that if we would glorify the Father, we must be fruit-bearing Christians. Some feel too timid to work for Jesus, but if they could only realize the truth of this—one of the most wonderful sayings of this wonderful Book—"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you"—all timidity would be removed. The Father's love for Jesus is the measure of Jesus' love for us. God calls His children and ordains them for a special purpose, and in converting us, creates a new power in the earth to win souls to Christ, We are not to go and bring forth fruit in our own strength, but Jesus says—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name He will give it you." The president of one of our banks was on a visit to Buffalo at the time of some political gathering, and while out in the evening his pocket was emptied. He was an entire stranger in the city, but the next morning he went to the bank and inquired for the cashier, and related the circumstances of the robbery, and stated that he was president of a certain bank in this city, and wished to borrow one hundred dollars. The cashier, not knowing but he was an impostor, eyed him very keenly, and then asked him to write his name, as it was then customary for the president of a bank to sign their bills. When the cashier saw the signature, he said, "Mr. A——, you may not only have one hundred dollars, but a thousand if you wish

it." May we not expect the name of Jesus to bring to us what God sees we have need of? May we not ask for the gift of a clean heart in the name of Jesus? The blood of Jesus does cleanse from all unrighteousness, and he had the witness within that the work was done.

I WILL PRAISE HIM.

An aged brother desired that all should join with him in praise to God. He was now eighty-three years of age, and he gave his heart to Jesus nearly seventy years ago. He passed his time in visiting from house to house, and the other day, one of his patients—so to speak—went home rejoicing in full salvation.

STRONG TO DELIVER.

Sister Fitzgerald desired to praise Jesus as a Savior from sin. She had tried Him in joy and sorrow, in health and in sickness; even when she was so low that she knew nothing of what was going on in this world, the arch-fiend commenced an attack, but God was strong to deliver. Man could forgive his fellow-man, but our God can not only forgive, but cleanse. God had led her to the point where she was ready to suffer His entire will, and she was ready to say, "Thy will be done." She was saved to the uttermost.

THE CHARACTER OF GOD.

Sister Bottome had been thinking of the incident related by the Dr., of the president of the bank, and how there was something back of the mere name—there was character at the back of it. When any one thought of her name, they thought of what she was, or of what they thought she was. Her name stood for her—for her character. She didn't believe it was in our power to think of all that is back of the name of the Lord Jesus. The character of God is at the back of His name—He was God incarnate. Think of Him from the babe in the manger, till He expired on the cross, and said of his murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is not possible to think of the character that is back of the name of Jesus, and not believe it is possible for us to have everything God wants us to have. She loved to think of GOD. God had become her salvation. She had no experience as her salvation—God had become her salvation. The thought of what God is, and of what God is doing, was more to her than ever before. He had become her salvation, and there was an absence of care and axiety about things. She had not the government on her shoulders; the government was on His, and she could sit and see things swing, knowing that He who is at the helm of affairs is God.

RESOURCES OF GOD.

Rev. Bro. Lowrey.—In using the illustration of the name, he thought there must not only be character at the back of it, but resources. How infinite and inexhaustible are the resources of saving grace! While the Dr. was reading, he was impressed with the thought brought out, that it is we and not Christ that bear the fruit, and yet we cannot bear fruit unless we abide in Christ. He supplies the sap, and we grow and bear fruit. There is a passage that reads, "All the trees of the Lord are full of sap," There is no lack in that direction. The father is glorified by this fruit, and we have no ground for taking the glory to ourselves. Three months had elapsed since he had been present, during which time he had attended six meetings for worship in God's temple in the grove. He had enjoyed God's presence, and had been witnessing that kind of a jubilee described in Isaiah, 55 : 12. When the heart is pure, the vision is strengthened to see God in everything. He had seen many converted and many sanctified. Man is not allowed to measure religion out to us. God has His own standard, which is one of fulness; to which he was not a stranger.

CAST YOUR DEADLY DOINGS DOWN.

Rev. Bro. Remington said, the question often came to his mind—What is

the difference between the great body of evangelical Christians and the select companies that meet all over the country? Last Sunday he met a man who was carrying a lantern, on one side of which was a powerful reflector. The power of the light was in the reflector, and the reflector was only powerful as the lamp was kept burning. It is necessary for Christians to burnish up the reflecting power of salvation by prayer, or they will do little for God. When he sought this blessing, he thought he had to do a great deal. He was in the condition of the beggar, who brought his rags to a lord in part payment for livery promised to him as a gift from him. He wanted to bring his rags of self-righteousness before he was willing to take the righteousness of Christ, Bury your sins under the cross of the Redeemer, who promises you an unspeakable gift.

CHRIST MORE THAN CONQUEROR.

Rev. Bro. Odell, after further illustrating the truth already brought out, of the resources of Christ—said, that the question was often asked, Can we live without sin? If Christ is our Redeemer and Atoning Sacrifice, will He not do more for our entire deliverance than Satan can do for our ruin? If it is the work of Satan to lead us into sin, is it not the work of Christ to lead us from sin, and so fully save us as to find more blessing in Christ than we lost in Adam? He used to speak of the struggle of faith, but now he talked of the victory of faith. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith. Faith in God brings us in sympathy with everything around us, and he only is the true man who is full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

Children's Department.

MORE ABOUT A NEW HEART.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

My Dear Children—I wonder if you have all come to Jesus, as little Tommy did, and received a new heart. You remember I told you in my last letter how quickly he was changed from a bad boy to a good one, and any other child can go to Jesus and get a new heart, just as he did. If you will go to Jesus, and say, "I will give myself to Thee; take me for Thy child; wash my sinful heart and make it new, and I will be Thine forever," just that very minute the dear Savior will take you in His arms and bless you, and you will know it just as well as the children knew it when He lived here in the world and took them up in His arms and blessed them. I know this is true, because Jesus received me and gave me a new heart when I was a little child. My poor little heart was full of sorrow because of my sins. I wanted to be good, and I prayed, "Oh, Jesus, give me a new heart, so that I may love and serve Thee as long as I live, and then go to heaven and be happy forever." I cried and prayed in real good earnest, and all at once I saw Jesus, just as plainly as I ever saw any one in my life. He smiled on me so sweetly, and called me His dear child, and told me my sins were all gone—washed away by His own precious blood; and He said He loved me so much and I should be His forever. Oh, how glad my little heart was!

You may think it strange that I should say I saw Jesus and heard Him speak to me. It was not with my natural eyes and ears that I saw and heard Him, but with the eyes and ears of my soul. The soul can see and hear, and know just as certainly all these things, as we can see and hear and know with our natural faculties all other things. Fifty years have passed since I became a child of God, and all the circumstances of that blessed change in me are just as fresh in my mind as if it were only yesterday that I was converted. Oh, how glad it makes my heart to think I gave myself to God so early in life, and that I have loved and served Him for so many years. And they have been such happy years!

Dear children, how I wish you would all begin a new life now! Don't wait till you are older. Come now to the dear Savior, who is waiting to receive you, and who loves you so much, and give your hearts to Him.—"New Jersey Methodist."

For the Guide.

SATISFIED.

Words by Rev. J. PARKER,
and dedicated to Mrs. E. Remmington.

Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



CHORUS.



3 I shall not want, I am hiding,
Like a bird beaten back by the blast,
In His sheltering love still confiding,
I rest 'till all danger is past.
CHO.—I'm satisfied, &c.

4 I shall not want, O how often
He sendeth me help from above,
Men trust to themselves in providing,
But I in His bountiful love.
CHO.—I'm satisfied, &c.

5 I shall not want, every murmur,
Is hushed by the sound of His voice,
And though I may pass thro' the furnace,
I lean on His arm and rejoice.
CHO.—I'm satisfied, &c.

6 I shall not want, in the valley,
Where shadows of death gather round,
The morning of heaven will greet me,
And gladness and glory abound.
CHO.—I'm satisfied, &c.

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GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

DECEMBER, 1879.

For the Guide.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE CHRIST-LIFE.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

A Picture of Wonderful Love.

Calvary gives us the Picture of Wonderful Love. Jesus on Calvary is the crowning proof of divine love. Well may it, as it does, hold the whole universe in amazement. The manifestation of Jesus in the flesh was God's great expression of love. He came on an embassy of love. He was the bearer of the Father's letter of love to His erring children. Well did He perform that love-errand. At each step of His earthly life there was a glow of love. Thought, word, act—all bore the signature of love. Every doctrinal utterance, every miraculous demonstration, and every day's intercourse with humanity, were under the same lustrous auspices. We are now to look, as far as our weak vision will allow—weak it is even under the divine illumining,—upon love gathered to a focus, love burning with holy, yea, with divine intensity,—so intense as to set seraphic legions in a blaze, and to kindle all the ranks of pure intelligences with rapture. Indeed, we are constrained to believe that the realm of dark and eternal apostacy is not unimpressed by the bloody spectacle, the lifting up of Jesus upon the cross.

In our last we were with Him in the darkness of the garden. The Gethsemene Picture was before us. Our eye of faith was upon our bleeding and agonized Lord. Our inward soul shuddered at the horror of darkness which had come down upon Him. The cry, the bitter cry of His bruised nature was in our ear. Not the cry wrung by human inflictions, but by the Father's mysterious and awful bruising. Sadly, yet steadily, the Man of sorrows trod the wine-press. In the stillness of the night, with the whole atmosphere freighted with appalling destiny, we traced the bloody footprints. Sadly, yet steadily we heard His foot-fall. At each step there was a gushing of blood, staining all His raiment, covering all His hallowed person. We exclaimed,—

> "O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
> Was ever love like Thine!"

Hour after hour passed on, and there was no sign of faltering—the mystery hidden to the ages was being solemnly, grandly unfolded—the mystery of love. Now we are to follow Him still farther. The mystery was not wholly unfolded in Gethsemene, although we read there in lines of horror and of blood, some of its most significant and sublime utterances. It was reserved to Calvary to open the last great chapters, that the whole universe might read the resplendent pages.

And now what do we see? The solemn stillness of the garden is broken. Suddenly, an armed multitude appears—armed with swords and

with staves. Strange indeed that they should come armed with such formidable equipments. It was a *Lamb* that they were in pursuit of—gentle, submissive, unarmed. True, He could have opposed multitudes to multitudes, swords to swords—more than twelve legions of angels were at His call. The treacherous Judas was at their head. He gave them the unmistakable sign, the traitor's kiss. Oh, that he dared in that night, amid the glare of torches, approach his hallowed Lord so guiltily! Yet he did—he betrayed Him with a kiss!

Seized thus by His adversaries, the disciples covered with ignoble cowardice which forever puts a stigma upon their name, forsook Him and fled. Peter, who had said, "I am ready to go with Thee to prison and to death," ventured to follow Him "*afar off*" to the high priest's palace. Poor Peter—frail, cowardly Peter! He slipped in and sat with the servants, "*to see the end.*" There he plunged down to the depths of apostate destiny, of which he had been previously apprized.

The Sanhedrim was in waiting—convened in the night—anxiously awaiting the coming of the victim. This time their order had been obeyed—the prisoner was in their hands. The scene of perjury and mock judicial proceedings is familiar. The unbroken silence of the immaculate Son of God, despite the appeal of the high priest, saying, "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. To this He only answered, meekly, "*Thou hast said,*"—accompanied by the declaration, "Hereafter thou shalt see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power." At this, the high priest rent his clothes, saying, "He hath spoken blasphemy;" to which they all responded,—"He is guilty of death." Then followed indignities which we would deem incredible were not the record distinctly made,—the spitting, the buffeting, and the smiting with the palms of the hands;—and He was held during the residue of the night, for further counsel and determination.

The morning dawned, the dreadful morning, the morning of destiny, the morning of accumulated horrors, and yet of consummated glory. We need not enter into detail concerning the succeeding steps—the story is a familiar one. The confession of Judas and his attempted restitution and awful end. The appearance of Jesus before the Roman governor,—His marvelous silence and ultimate condemnation. The cry of the people when he asked, "Whom shall I release unto you, Jesus or Barabbas?"—"Crucify Jesus! His blood be upon us and upon our children!" The disrobing, the putting on of the crown of thorns and the scarlet robe. The renewed indignities—the spitting, smiting on the head, and the wicked mocking. The leading away to Golgotha, compelling Him to bear His own cross, until fainting beneath the load they placed it upon other shoulders. Then the transfixing to the rude cross, the driving of the cruel spikes thro' those hands and feet. O, wondrous love, that Jesus should thus consent to suffer! We almost fancy that we can hear now, the crashing of the relentless spikes through those delicate hands and feet! The cross, at length uplifted, showed the bleeding Prince of life in His shameful agony on the tree. The passing multitudes wagged their heads and railed upon Him.

Darkness, thick darkness covered the heavens and the earth—the rocks were rent by earthquake throes—the affrighted dead started out of their sepulchres! It was the hour and power of darkness! Earth and hell were jubilant. The triumph-notes were filling the air. But, only for a brief moment. The Crucified asserted His great majesty. Amid the far-reaching triumph of His adversaries, a voice was heard, a *loud* voice, loud enough to rise superior to the Cal-

vary clamor,—loud enough to silence hell and inspire heaven with immortal song,—"*It is finished!*"

Earth heard it and had a new lease of life, love bridging the awful gulf betwixt man and heaven, flinging the new inspiration of redemptive hope upon the heart of stricken humanity. Heaven caught the sound and the massy gates flew open, to be shut no more until the myriads of the saved are gathered home.

Hell listened for the cry of despair, and while her ear was opened to drink in the gloomy notes, lo! the death-knell of her malicious aspirations reverberated through all her dark caverns.

FINISHED! gloriously finished. Let the glad word sound from pole to pole, and earth and heaven "roll the rapturous hosannas round."

The lessons of this Picture of Wonderful Love are numerous and beautiful. We can only glance at two or three. We see here the deep, all-pervading, unfaltering *consecrations of love.* The date of the primal consecration of love is unknown to us. Far back in the anterior ages there was the consecrating utterance, "*Lo, I come!*" From that moment there was no faltering, no swerving—but a steady, tireless march to the redemptive consummation.

We see also the *silence* of love. There is nothing like the silence of love—love, silent amid railing accusations, perjury and wicked adjudications. The silence of Jesus before the Sanhedrim, and at Pilate's bar, has a voice of omnipotence.

Beloved, let us know the cogency of stillness. At the throne of judgment, or, amid the clamors of the infuriate multitude—*silence*, the silence of *love*, will cause them to marvel and recognize the unrivaled power of our Christianity.

Another beautiful lesson that we learn at the cross is the *endurance of love.* It is a quenchless flame. Indignities, cruel tortures, death-throes in their severest forms—these cannot extinguish the unearthly flame. Jesus "*endured* the cross, despising the shame."

And, the final lesson is, *the triumph of love.* "Love never faileth," says the apostle. She is immortal. Amid the wrath of elements into tempest tost—the might of opposing combinations—and the malignity of earth and hell—she rises in her majesty, and with "*a loud voice*" proclaims her triumph.

We close now this series of Bible Pictures of the Christ-Life. Our appropriate posture at the close of the year, as at the beginning, is at the foot of the cross. And as we prostrate lie, gazing on those "glorious scars," and our wrapt vision apprehends the bleeding beauty of Calvary,—may our souls be kindled into an ecstacy of love, quenchless as that of our Savior on earth, and rising to its fuller and grander developments under the inspirations of the eternal throne.

THE INWARD LIFE OF A MAN OF SCIENCE.

BY E. C. ESTES.

I have read with zest and profit the life of Rev. Albert Hopkins, Professor in Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.; whose biographer, in the preface, says, the object in publishing the book is to perpetuate the influence of one concerning whom, reverently and in a qualified sense, it may be said that in him "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth * * * and of his fulness have all we received."

The need of man is conformity to God. This is not reached or maintained without a struggle, and that life is the most useful in which this struggle is the most successful and by which the largest numbers are led to enter upon it.

In the line of science, he orig-

inated scientific expeditions, the first in this country from any college being under his direction. It was his sympathy with nature which led him to adopt in his teachings the principle of showing the thing itself whenever that was possible; and so he put up, almost wholly at his own expense, an astronomical observatory, the first in this country.

The first noon prayer-meeting in the country was established by him, and for more than thirty years he attended it with a regularity only exceeded by that of the sun in coming to the meridian.

Soon after graduation he was attacked by disease which wasted his strength, and assuming a chronic form continued for a long time. The disease was a humbling chastisement to one who had never known anything but strength and activity. It led to the most serious and heart-searching reflections. He had little to say to his fellow creatures; it was God who was pleading with him, as it were, face to face. At the end of these agitations and shiftings of his soul, he came, with the suddenness and almost with the decision that marked the conversion of the apostle Paul, to an absolute surrender of himself to God. From that moment he sought to bring his own life in conformity to the life of Christ, and to lead others to a like submission and conformity. Ridding his own mind from all self-seeking, he consecrated himself with all his powers to the service of God, chose wisely his life work, and developed it in a character noble, beautiful, Christ-like.

When about twenty-three he began the keeping of a journal, his motive being "for the purpose of restraining myself." The recorded dedication of himself embraced his immortal soul with all its capacities of feeling and of action; his mortal body, promising by strict temperance to guard against every fleshly lust, and praying for complete deliverance from the lust of the eye and the pride of life; his time, promising to spend every hour and moment of it in performing what he believed to be God's will. "I give also my property, what I have now and what the Lord may hereafter grant to me, promising to spend it, so far as my judgment guides me, all for His glory. And what ever else belonging to me I have not here specified I desire to holy consecrate to God." Henceforward he was a consecrated man. He never recalled this vow; he never wished to recall it.

1831. July 17. "In prayer this evening felt that it was my duty to be absolutely holy. Prayed that through my own exertions and the aid of the Holy Ghost I might be. Seemed to get near to God, and cannot help feeling that he will answer me."

— 22. "Every day since Sunday it has been on my mind that I ought to be holy. And when this thought has come over me, I have felt that I ought to be so now. I pray God that I may never commence another day without feeling this and living up to it."

Oct. 4. "Felt convinced that the only way to do good is to be good, particularly in reference to frugality and temperance. According to F——'s notion (with whom I have just been conversing) a man by looking constantly at Christ may have oneness with God.

Is this so? If perfection is attainable, is it not in this way?"

1833. Dec. "For a year and a half I have regarded entire sanctification as a duty; but now I have come to regard it as attainable. This change has been wrought by entering, under a sense of duty, upon what I considered a course of godly living. While in this way I fell in with one who considered himself entirely sanctified. This led me to search the Scriptures with prayer, endeavoring to lay my heart all open to conviction, throwing off entirely the shackles of sect; and here I found the doctrine as I supposed clearly stated. The Scriptures now appeared a new book, nearly as much so as when I experienced justification. And now I am expecting when God shall take up His abode in me and walk in me."

18th. "Feel the want of nothing so much as a spirit of sweet humility, a willingness to do nothing and be nothing if Christ may only be glorified in me."

22d. "In my dreams last night repeated this passage over and and over again: 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life.' Arose strengthened. Pursued holiness. Seemed to get very near to God at noon. Felt that the way I was to receive holiness was by receiving the Holy Spirit to help me to be holy. Have had many and sore struggles this week."

"Thus," says his biographer, did he miss the blessing when it seemed just within his grasp. Mistaking the true significance of faith, failing to reach the proper standpoint from which to estimate duty, he toiled on under the law, understanding as yet no other way."

"Saw that I must claim possession of every inch I have gained. Convinced that I ought to live so as not to waste time in repenting, that God has cancelled only those sins in a Christian which are forsaken; the rest are nails in the body of Christ. How much better it will be when one gets to heaven to be greeted by some one who shall say, 'You were the means of my being here,' than to enter alone and unwelcomed. I ought to live so that when I come to the close of life I shall have nothing to do but to die."

Sin sickness prompted him to say, "Never before have I had a more vivid perception of the misery of that endless state where every change of place brings only an increase of pain. Freedom from sin is the only preparation for death, complete redemption thro' the sprinkled blood of Jesus."

"Yesterday noon I prayed long. I felt that I had forsaken all sin, and then I was helpless before God. I thought of the promises. Felt that God would give me his Spirit. Pleaded for it. At this time a feeling came over me which I never felt before. I said, "My Father! My Father!" I think that I received the Holy Ghost at that time. This morning I prayed long to Christ directly, and got the blessing for which I prayed, viz., the meek and lowly mind. Tuesday and to-day in the morning meeting urged the propriety of forsaking all sin."

1836. Feb. 11. "Whilst in prayer despaired of ever getting rid of pride and unbelief, my besetting sins. This led me to com-

mit the keeping of my soul to Christ. I seemed to throw the responsibility over on to Him, and felt a relief which I think I never experienced before. I hope I shall never go back: never take my salvation again into my own hands." Thus finally did he entrust himself entirely to Christ. Henceforth, although there will be times when the clouds will gather again, and the thunders of Sinai will be heard, his soul has found its true refuge. Its flights outward will be like those of Noah's dove, circuits only, with the ark Christ Jesus as its points of departure and of rest.

June 1. "In morning prayer got some new light on the passage, 'If we walk in the light,' etc. To walk in the light seemed to me to be led by Christ the true light. To do this we must first commit ourselves to Him as our guide. I desire to subordinate everything to the purpose of God's glory, and to shape all my plans with reference to the advancement of the Savior's kingdom. I cannot bear the idea of living without being useful. There is no combination of circumstances in which a man can possibly be placed in which he may not be kept. Hence I saw that I should take a bold stand and assert my freedom. Accordingly I began to testify to a full salvation in the noon meeting.

"Yesterday morning had nearness to God in prayer, praying to the Holy Ghost, when He seemed to say, 'Be clean immediately;' Christ also to say, 'I will, be thou clean;' and the Scriptures chimed in, 'Now are ye clean through the word.'"

"Have felt to-day the vanity of seeking salvation by works, it must be by faith alone. Through the opening veil of my heart Christ enters as the High Priest of the new covenant to execute His office, especially that of sprinkling the atoning blood on all within. Lord, help me to keep hold of this figure as a medium of sanctification. At peace and about as happy as I seem to be capable of."

In the progress of things toward perfection, light comes by degrees, and new light generally breaks in whilst we are working under the guidance and impression of that already enjoyed. To him Jesus Christ was not merely a teacher to be believed, or a ruler to be obeyed, but a guide to be followed, in lowliness and meekness, in gentleness and patience, in love and charity. His telescope never pointed more surely and steadily toward the heavenly bodies than did his life, his example, and his teachings direct us to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

At once a mystic and a most practical man, a visionary and a mathematician, a Christian of the most intense pattern, and the best company for youth that could be desired; most solemn, most witty, most severe, most lovable and generous.

He was more remarkable for what he was than for anything which he said or did. One controlling Christian impulse pushed forward and held in check all his powers; and the symmetry and beauty and strength of character became obviously to all the fruit of his interior spiritual life. The flow of his daily action, like quiet clear waters, carried good wherever it went; beauty was in it, and it ministered to the life and beauty

of the world. The peace of his spirit was not apathy, it was victory. A rare example of combined goodness and greatness, gentleness and strength, science and religion, by nature he was a nobleman, by education a scholar, by grace a Christian gentleman. He was eminently catholic in his sympathies and charitable in his judgments. He bemoaned the party zeal which so largely animated Christians of different sects, and bent his energies constantly towards the realization of that ideal which our Savior set before His followers when He prayed "that they all may be one." In revivals the burden of his preaching seems to have been, "the Master is come and calleth for thee." His constant exhortation was, "immediate surrender to Christ."

For the Guide.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SANCTIFICATION.

MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

Suppose a friend of mine has a magnificent telescope, thro' which the planets are to be seen in all their beauty and brilliancy. He asks if I would like to look through it at these great heavenly bodies. I reply in the affirmative, and he then shows me how to direct my gaze that I may obtain the most perfect sight of them. I proceed first to adjust some kind of a veil over my face, and then follow his directions.

"Hold!" he says, "what are you doing? You cannot possibly expect to see anything with a veil on—take it off! I persist, however, at the same time giving as a reason that I cannot bear the sight of so much splendor—I must either look through a veil or not at all.

The result is I see little or nothing, and it is my own fault. Now, would it not be very unjust for me to lay the blame upon the telescope, and say to those to whom I relate the circumstance—"It is no use to look through a telescope,—there is nothing to be seen after all—I once tried it, but it was a failure."

Yet, this is the maner in which people are every day treating the glorious doctrine of "entire sanctification." As we can only see the heavenly bodies by the light which they themselves emit, so we can only perceive divine truth by the light which emanates from God himself, the source of all Light and Truth. "God is Light." Now, to apprehend His perfections, His will and purposes, we must place ourselves in full and unobstructed connection with His light. Our selfish desires, our heart idols, our unbelief, are veils which we interpose between himself and our spiritual vision. Faith is the telescope by which we are to apprehend all spiritual truth, but if faith be clouded and dimmed by our own wilfulness, no wonder we look in vain for that view of Christ, "whom steadfastly beholding we shall be changed into the same image."

Under these circumstances, what sinfulness to lay the blame, as it were, upon the Most High, and to use language like the following, which, alas! has too often been heard from the lips of professing Christians: "I cannot believe in sanctification in this life."—"I'm sure I've tried to get it, but I never have; and I have come to think that there is really no such thing."

As well say that the planets and

the fixed stars are not there, because you have hung a covering over the eyes which are your only means of discerning them. Get the veil—the obstacle—whatever it may be—the indulgence of doubtful pleasure, pride, love of the world, idolatrous attachment to friends, or unbelief—I say get these out of the way.

Use the glass of faith as God designed, as an unclouded medium between the soul and himself, and you shall stand in delighted amazement at the revelation of His glory; and as you bask in the dazzling radiance of His perfect love, you will never again say,—"I do not believe in entire sanctification."

CANNONSVILLE, N. Y.

For the Guide.

THOUGHTS.

M. A.

Lazarus in his low state belonged to the family of God, and was attended by angels while he was preparing for Abraham's bosom; thus he was watched over with tender care so that not a hair of his head should be hurt while in his low and seemingly neglected condition.

Many a Lazarus now is in the same state, and people wonder why God's children pass through such tribulations, but their unseen attendants are ministering to them, while Father, Son and Holy Ghost are with them too, with sweet breathings of love. We can never judge of the inward comforts by the outward forlorn appearances.

There are some people who think it meritorious to find fault with themselves, whether God helps them or not, so keeping their vision upon their own little deeds, instead of dropping all at the foot of the cross, expecting to do greater things by looking unto Jesus instead of self.

For the Guide.

"THE SEAL OF THE SPIRIT."

E. E. M'KENNEY.

Blessed the sealing! Blessed revealing!
The loved of the Lord doth receive.
"The seal of the Spirit," in the heart sweetly dwelling,
Heaven's gift unto those who believe.
Ephes. 1 : 19.

O wonderful sealing! its worth none can measure,
A token of love from above;
The gift of the Spirit, the Father's own treasure,
And bearing the impress of love,
2 *Cor.* 1 : 22.

"Sealed with the Spirit!" the heart cannot fathom
The depth of its meaning while here.
Of the peace and the joy—and blessed assurance,
And "the love that casteth out fear."
Gal. 5 : 22.

"Sealed with His Spirit" of blessing, who knoweth
All His loved ones, his chosen, His own;
And knowing, doth keep, with a love overflowing—
A love issuing forth from the throne..
2 *Tim.* 2 : 19.

The sealing so precious, so pure, so enduring,
Be thine evermore from this hour.
On His heart may He wear thee, His love ever proving,
And endue thee with wisdom and power.
Song. Sol. 8 : 6.

"Sealed with the Spirit," for life's active duties;
Sealed for its quiet and rest.
Sealed for the future inheritance, waiting
The faithful, in the home of the blest.
Ephes. 1 : 14

TESTAMENTARY charities are no better than dead sacrifices.—*Sherlock.*

Sabbath Bible Readings

THIRD SERIES.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

BIBLE KEY-WORDS—"FOREVER AND EVER."

A HOLY SONG.

SABBATH, DEC. 7.—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel forever and ever; and all the people said Amen, and praised the Lord."—1 Chron. 16:36.

The bringing up of the ark of the Lord from the house of Obed-edom occasioned great rejoicing in Israel. David appointed a grand festival service. He had a choir of singers to offer praise and thanksgiving, and delivered to Asaph and his brethren the psalm of which the words before us are a part.

We have come to a song-period, a time of holy festivity. The Christmas and the New Year's festivities are before us. While the children of this world are engaged in their frivolities, the children of the Most High are called to higher and holier employ. Let us improve the occasion, bringing out our song, a song unto the Holy One, commemorative of His greatness and glory and marvelous kindness, from our heart we should be ready to sing, "Blessed be the Lord God "of Israel forever and ever!" We would have His name in perpetual remembrance, and all the people should say, *Amen.*

Mr. Punshon says: "Praise is the only part of duty in which we engage at present which is lasting. We pray, but there shall be a time when prayer shall offer its last litany; we believe—but there shall be a time when faith shall be lost in sight; we hope—and hope maketh not ashamed; but there shall be a time when hope shall be lost in the splendor of the fruition that God shall reveal. But praise goes singing into heaven, and is ready, without a teacher, to strike the harp that is waiting for it, to transmit along the echoes of eternity the song of the Lamb. Sing on, then—sing on—"*forever and forever.*"

THE FATHER'S TESTIMONY.

SABBATH, DEC. 14—"But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom."—Heb. 1:8.

Jesus is God. To this the Eternal Father bears testimony. Above men and angels—He is full of glory and dignity. How can men doubt this in view of such a testimony? The contrast between angels and the Son of God is marked. Of the angels He saith, "Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire." But unto the Son He saith, "Thy throne, O God, is *for ever and ever.*" Christ then is enthroned, has been from all eternity past, will be in all eternity to come. He bears a sceptre, the sceptre of universal authority, a sceptre of righteousness,—the margin has it, a sceptre of *straightness.*" As our great King He should be worshipped, adored and obeyed. Let Him have the kiss of loyal submission, and the unreserved homage of the heart.

Napoleon said: "Everything in Christ astonishes me. Here I see nothing human. The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine. Everything is above me. Everything remains grand,—of a grandeur that overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an Intelligence which certainly is not that of man."

Jesus is on the throne. He will never abdicate it. He can never be dethroned. His throne is "*for ever and for ever.*" Happy those who are His subjects, dwelling in the light of His countenance, basking in the splendors of His throne. Reader, are you?

SAINTLY SOVEREIGNTY.

SABBATH, DEC. 21.—"But the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever."—Dan. 7:8.

The thought of our last meditation was of CHRIST our KING, enthroned, bearing His sceptre of righteousness, "*for ever and for ever.*" Here we are called to contemplate saintly sovereignty. Daniel gives us a grand view of the setting up of Christ's kingdom on the earth, in the days of the other kings, breaking in pieces and destroying their kingdoms, and standing for ever. Here we have the vision of the saints of the Most High taking the kingdom and possessing it "for ever, *even for ever and ever.*" How emphatic! The prophet would make it as positive as language will allow—"*even for ever and ever!*"

The empire is set up. It is widening and still widening its boundaries. The glory thereof is in perpetual augmentation. Combinations that rise against it are "dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel." The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel against it in vain. The saints, the loyal subjects, are being royally endowed, in name, nature, character—undergoing a preparation for the ultimate sovereignty and glory. Who can tell the glory that is coming on when the kingdoms of this world are given to our God and to His Christ, and the saints shall reign with Him in glory!

Beloved, let us be ready to enter with Christ into the sovereignty of this world, to reign with Him for ever, —*even for ever and ever.* If so, we must have a royal name and royal character—be arrayed in royal robes, in fine linen, clean and white—the righteousness of the saints. Put on royal robes—put them on!

A GREAT PROMISE.

SABBATH, DEC. 28.—"And they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and for ever."—Dan. 12:3.

This is indeed a great promise. It constitutes a powerful motive to holy activity, a stimulus to the highest possibilities of Christian service. We should be *soul-winners.* This is our holy vocation—not to save ourselves only, but to bring in as many sheaves as possible into the heavenly garner. And this honor belongs not to apostles and the chief men of Israel. Many in the humble walks of life have been great soul-gatherers—they have literally turned many to righteousness." We should have a passion for soul-saving. One has said: "As the pilot-boats cruise far out, watching for every whitening sail, and hover, through day and night, all about the harbor, vigilant to board every ship, that they may bring safely through the Narrows all the wanderers of the ocean,—so should we watch off the gate of salvation for all the souls, tempest-tossed, beating in from the sea of sin, and guide them through the perilous straits, that at last, in still waters they may cast the anchor of their hope."

O beloved, think of the ultimate glory here unfolded—"shine as the stars "*for ever and for ever.*" I suppose to get the full significance of the prophet's language, we should be permitted to behold an Oriental sky, on a starry night, clear, studded with multitudinous stars. Let us be emulous to have such a star-lit destiny—not to win heaven ourselves, simply—but to shine as the stars *for ever and for ever.*

For the Guide.

AC OSTIC.

MRS. I. M. HARTSOUGH.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS, thou art
Unto many a seeking heart,
In the old world and the new
Duty's path thou dost pursue,
Ever faithful, ever true.

Teacher of the blessed art,
Of loving God with all the heart.

Holy ones who're passed away,
Of thee learned the better way;
Lo! a multitude they stand
In fair Canaan's happy land.
Numbers more will learn of thee
Earthly vanities to flee.
Safe thy teachings, sweetly given,
Speed thee, messenger of heaven.

For the Guide.

MOTHER MONROE.

Decision was a marked feature of Mother Monroe's character. From the time of her consecration at Eastham Camp-meeting she was never known to waver or hesitate in the path of duty as she saw it. If some thought her obstinate it was not strange, for "compromise" was a word not found in her vocabulary. But with unswerving fidelity to duty, there was so much of heavenly sweetness and love that even those who differed from her in opinion, felt that firmness for right and not self-will, made her decided in her opinions and conduct. But when convinced she was wrong a frank and full acknowledgment was readily given, and her magnanimous and loving spirit shone forth with the greater lustre.

An illustration of this was given me by a brother in the Church of which she was a member, and who for a time was teacher of a Bible class which she attended.

The teacher being called to a different field of labor where he believed he would be more useful, stated to his class his intention to leave and take the superintendence of a Sabbath-school in another Church. He had won the affections of his class, and all remonstrated against his giving up that work in which they believed God had made him very useful.

Above all the others, Mother Monroe most strongly insisted that he should not go, and persistently reasoned with him to show him he would do wrong, and she believed God would be displeased with such a course, saying it could not be right for him to leave that class when he was doing so much good. He stated his own strong convictions that it was his duty, and that his usefulness would be increased by the change. She was so decided in her opposition that it gave him pain to act contrary to her views—but he did so, and she was much grieved. Months afterward he proved to her that his labors in the larger field had resulted in greater good. She said, "Ah, I see I was mistaken. Well, it was Betsy Monroe and not the Lord that wanted you to keep the Bible class. I thought He would have you stay—but it was poor little self all the time, and it's just what you might expect from such a weak, foolish thing, to make such a blunder. I shall learn a lesson by this."

Next to her adored Redeemer and His Word, was the Church in her warm affections. Anything that seemed an impediment to its prosperity pained her beyond expression. Any discordant element, or disagreement between members of the Church, was specially afflicting to her.

There was once some opposition manifested by several members of her own beloved Church, to one of their brethren to whom she was strongly attached by Christian ties. Her heart was grieved beyond measure, and in the warmth of her feelings she expressed her deep sorrow with a degree of indignation at the spirit of bitter contempt exhibited toward him whom she considered blameless, and who had so stood before the Church and world for many years.

The remarks referred to were uttered in the presence of several of her friends, one of whom, in speaking afterward of her excited

manner and strong language on that occasion, said:

"I think Mother Monroe was a little too severe. I had thought her faultless, and had often said—if there is no other example of perfect love, Mother Monroe is one. But I find there is a little of human nature in her as well as in other people."

Could there not have been a feeling of holy indignation at what was really wrong? Might not her "righteous soul have been vexed" by that wrong, and an expression of her feelings have been given in perfect accordance with purity of heart? In such a case may not a holy soul "be angry and sin not?" If there is a possibility of such a case, then why call in question her conduct, who "walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless?"

Not that the idea should be advanced that Mother Monroe was above the possibility of speaking unadvisedly with her lips, for doubtless she was subject to human infirmity and liable to err, as all human beings are in the imperfect state. Yet, love to God and her race evidently filled and ruled her heart and life.

In the matter above referred to she was strongly inclined to lean to one side, and avowed her determination to do so. But just at that juncture she had a remarkable dream, which she believed God ordered—as she said—to show her that she must not take sides.

THE DREAM

as related by herself:—

"I saw before me a very narrow passage that I was required to go through. On each side of that narrow avenue was a red hot iron wall. So extremely small was the space between the two burning walls that I thought I could not possibly pass between them without being scorched. But Jesus was standing at the entrance, and said to me.—You can pass safely if you will keep exactly in the middle of the path; but if you step the least bit to one side or the other, you will surely be burnt. I said,—Dear Savior, I'll go if you say so. He said "go,"—so I gathered my dress closely around me, and walked very carefully as He had directed, and passed through unhurt.

She spoke of that dream with much feeling as an evidence of her Father's tender love to her and to His cause—in admonishing her of danger which might have resulted in harm to her and to the Church, had she not avoided it. Committing the matter to God in earnest supplication, she trusted that He would manage it, and overrule all for good.

For the Guide.

REASONS FOR BEING HOLY.

ANNIE A. CLARK.

Man has a natural tendency to search for happiness; yet without being holy, can never obtain the object of his search. The person who is holy must be happy, as the two are inseparable. There are three kinds of perfection: absolute perfection, which belongs to God only; angelic perfection, which belongs to angels; and Christian perfection, which belongs to mortals, and which it is the duty of every son and daughter of Adam to enjoy. There are three reasons why we should be holy. God commands "Be ye holy for I am holy." As

holy as God is, that may look absurd to some, yet nevertheless we can be as perfect in our sphere as God is in His. One writer explains it thus: "Is one ray of light the sun; and yet is it not like the sun? Is one drop of water the ocean; and yet is it not like the ocean? The quality is the same, the difference is only in the quantity."

In the second place, we must be holy in order to be useful to the extent that God would have us. Without the baptism of the Holy Ghost, duty becomes irksome, and when we do make some effort to obey God, it is with a sort of servile fear that prompts us to action, much in character like that of the slave, as he toils on day after day, beneath the rays of a burning sun, he knows that unless a certain amount of labor is performed, he must suffer the penalty, the dread of which prompts him to action. Now, God's consecrated children do not labor under such fear. "Perfect love casts out all fear which hath torment." Those who possess the blessing, work because it is their meat and drink to do God's will. It is love that drives their chariot wheels, and is ever impelling them onward. Anywhere with Jesus is their motto. It matters not though home and friends are to be forsaken, and native land, though dangers are to be encountered in the deep, and perils in the desert, though through trackless forests and over mountain steeps, He is leading the way, they are endeavoring to follow closely in His footprints, and nothing is too hard for love to perform.

"Ah! who against His charms is proof,
Ah! who that loves can love enough."

In the third and last place we are to be holy, because without it we can never enter heaven. We are told that without holiness no man shall see the Lord; we are told that many shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able. Why are some not able? Because they refuse to give up their idols and consecrate themselves fully to God. God forbid that any should strive, as those who beat the air, without ever coming to the point. Every thing must be completed. A piece of work is not sent home until finished, neither does God leave His work unfinished, when we comply with His requirements. Yet some would have it that He employs death to finish His work in us, and make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. How absurd the idea! God does not blindfold any person. He has made the way so plain, that "a way-faring man though a fool need not err therein."

When is this blessing to be received? Mr. Wesley says it is to be received now, and just as we are. "The Lord is near in the valley of decision." It is to be received and retained by a repetition of the three steps laid down: first, entire consecration; second, acceptance of Jesus moment by moment as a perfect Savior; and third, by a meek but definite confession of the grace received. It is to be received by taking God at His word, and venturing out on this firm foundation, regardless of feeling. God will take care of the feeling, and give us as much as He sees best for us to have. It is our privilege to have the witness of sanctifying grace as much as of justifying grace, and we should not rest satisfied without it.

The blessing of perfect love is to

be received by simple faith in the atoning blood of Jesus, the same as in justification and regeneration. Now we are to plead the promises for sanctification, get hold of the promise where he says that "He is not only faithful and just to forgive us our sins, but to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." When we consecrate all to God, and our faith takes hold of the promises, God does His part very soon, and gives us the sweet assurance within, that He reigns supreme in our hearts, and we are enabled to realize that

It is not fancy that deludes,
'Tis no impulsive flight of feeling,
'Tis not illusion that intrudes,
But 'tis the Holy Spirit's sealing.

Franklinsville, N. J.,
August 25th, 1879.

ORIGINAL SERMON OF REV. WM. BRAMWELL.

I Thess. ii; 3, 4 verses.

II.—"We are allowed of God to be put in trust."

If we be found to be proper subjects, the Almighty may allow us to be entrusted with the Gospel. "Allowed" is a strong word. The everlasting Jehovah condescends to commit a deposit to us. We are put in trust with the Gospel, with all its warnings, invitations, promises, privileges,—even with a kingdom, and with God himself in his divine attributes. Be astonished, O heaven! wonder, O earth! Shall the glorious, the ever blessed God thus deign to intrust His creatures with His glory, for the salvation of men? for that which is of more value than the world, yea, than all the material creation of God. The The servant of Christ may say, "The world is in darkness, but I bring light. The world is expiring, but I bring life. The world is impure, but I bring the cleansing blood. The world is in misery, but I bring happiness and everlasting glory." This is the will of Christ, yea, His last will and testament, "that they may behold my glory." He hath chosen us as His creatures. We are allowed of God to see His last will and testament executed, and we have to impart to every man his portion, to see that every person really inherits his share of the estate—of the purchased and bequeathed possession, justification and sanctification, yea, the fullness of God. And we are not to keep back anything that may be profitable to you. Every minister is called to declare the whole counsel of God. A man who undertakes the charge of a vessel at sea is supposed to understand navigation. A man who has the charge of a business should understand the whole of that business. In writing to the Church at Corinth, the apostle informs them that he and his fellow-laborers were "workers together with God, and ye are God's husbandry—ye are God's building."

If a man is called to improve a farm, he should understand plowing, sowing, weeding, &c.; and if to build a house, he must know how to lay the foundation and to raise the superstructure. So, if we are called of God to preach the Gospel, we are called not only to preach a part, but the whole of that Gospel; to declare the law and all its penalties; to declare the promises, with all their accompanying privileges; the rewards and the everlasting punishments, —for in what doctrine was our Lord more express, than in the doctrine of eternal damnation? If

the promises are true, the threatenings are also true. But when the labors of some preachers are not attended with effects, they tranquillize their own mind and satisfy the people, by declaring that their call is the building up of the Church, and in this way they excuse themselves from engaging with proper zeal and labor in the work of the ministry, and seek to accommodate themselves to the liberal, often, it is to be feared, to their own destruction, and to the great prejudice of their hearers. A talent to preach is certainly a talent for the whole of preaching. It is true that some may be called "sons of thunder," and some, "sons of consolation,"—but can those epithets mean anything more than that some are more and some less vehement and energetic in their manner? If we explain it so as to make one man a mere preacher of the law and threatenings and another a preacher of the promises, it would undoubtedly contradict a great part of the New Testament. Let us take the Word of God in its fair and proper meaning, and in the phraseology of Scripture. Let us "declare the whole counsel of God," neither adding to it nor diminishing from it,—"seeking not to please men, but God which trieth our hearts."

III.—Our manner of delivering the counsel of God.

1. "Our exhortation was not of deceit."—We have not by any means deceived you. We have not led you into error, either in your views, or in your feelings; in your conversation or your practice. We have not acted in any way to cut off your expectations. We have preached in such a way, as to encourage you to expect a knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins, full salvation from evil, and a joyful resurrection to eternal life. As executors we have not done anything to defraud, or cheat you out of your everlasting inheritance; but we have used every means that you might obtain full possession of all the valuable property devised to you. We have no desire to rob Christians of their spiritual riches, their divine pleasures, and their eternal kingdom of glory.

2. "Nor of uncleanness."—We received this Gospel from the pure love of God, and this love constrains us. We were amongst you in consistency of character. If we preached against drunkenness, we were ourselves temperate in all things; if against swearing, we gave ourselves rather unto prayer; if against worldly pleasures, we refrained from them. If we told the people that they should not be light and trifling in their conversation, we were deeply serious; and if we said—you must cease from evil, we gave up all sin. You know how holily and unblamably we behaved ourselves amongst you. We showed ourselves in all things to be men of God, having only one end in view—the eternal salvation of your souls.

3. "Nor of guile."—It appears from the apostle's letters to the Corinthians, that he was charged with guile. But on carefully reading that part of his letter, it is evident that he repelled the charge, and it might have been truly said of him, "Behold! an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Oh, how often have I been pained on hearing professors of religion endeavor to vindicate the practice of

sinful cunning, saying, "I caught them by guile." Can there be a greater evil? Can there be anything more displeasing to God? We should possess purity of intention, heart, or affection, and purity of design and practice; honesty, without the least cunning, which is unbecoming in all the disciples of Christ. But the ministers of the Gospel especially, should ever feel that love which is without dissimulation and without guile. The heart and the word should always be in unison, producing the greatest consistency and piety of conduct. We are called to be followers of Him in whose mouth guile was never found.

IV.—"Not seeking to please men, but God."

It is highly proper that every man should endeavor to "please his neighbor for his good to edification. But we should never seek to please men, merely to obtain their praises, their money, &c. We are certainly in great danger at this time, and especially when we want their money. The prophet Samuel endeavored to avoid this evil of men-pleasing. He said,—"Whose ox have I taken, or whose ass have I taken, or of whose hand have I received any bribe, to blind mine eyes therewith?" The people were satisfied, and acknowledged that he had acted uprightly and faithfully, and had declared to them the will of God, without either regarding the smiles or the frowns of men. There are various ways of seeking to please men,—

1. By neglecting to declare the threatenings of the Lord against sinners, and by not mentioning the place of final punishment.

2. By softening down the strong and nervous denunciations of Scripture. Instead of "hell" and "eternal damnation," these modern and refined preachers would perhaps say, "a place, or a state, too bad to mention."

3. By not insisting upon the direct witness of the Spirit, the clear and indubitable evidence of our pardon and acceptance with God.

4. By ceasing to preach a full salvation, the necessity of being cleansed from all sinful tempers, and entirely sanctified to God.

5. By intimating that it is not necessary to be so strict; that we may indulge in worldly pleasures, trifling amusements, as cards, plays, &c., &c., and yet be good Christians.

6. By not insisting upon the strict observance of the Sabbath. Many will be induced to plead the necessity of going to counting-houses, &c., on the Lord's day. It is to be feared that some preachers are not sufficiently decided in their discourses. Rather than insist upon an entire abstraction from the world, they will allow that you may have something of the spirit of the world and yet be saved.

We seek "not to please men, but God;" that is, we study, strive, labor, work, preach, &c., &c., to please God. We fix our eyes on death, judgment and eternity. We look at God, the Judge of quick and dead, and we labor that we may be at last approved by Him; that we may stand at His right hand, and hear him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

(*Concluded from Page* 143.)

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MISS MARGARET ANNESLEY.

"They are gathered homeward from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one,
Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel stained garments are all laid down;
And clothed in white raiment, they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb doth love His chosen to lead,
One by one."

Our loved ones are hastening home to "the bright forever." The falling leaves of autumn remind us that we, too, shall soon be garnered. But as the Sun of Righteousness gilds the landscape and lights up the way, not only is all fear dispelled, but with calmness, if not with shouts of triumph, we behold the victors crowned. When our friends who for many years have been robing themselves in white raiments, washed in the blood of the Lamb, are called home to take possession of their newly prepared mansions, we are rather inclined to rejoice that they have gained the object of pursuit, and are permitted so soon to join with the heavenly choristers on the other side, who welcome them to their choir, as they have already learned the new song,—than to look at the earthly side, and mourn their departure.

The very cherished name that stands at the head of this communication, has become familiar with the readers of the "Guide to Holiness." Her interesting and instructive articles have for many years occupied a place in almost every number of the magazine, but her work is done.

Her sister writes:

"At Albany, N. Y., her native city, Oct. 25th, 1879, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Miss Margaret Annesley, daughter of William and Ann Annesley, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. She was the eldest of six daughters,—two brothers were older.

Miss Annesley was blessed with a devotedly pious mother, who trained her according to the Scotch Presbyterian fashion of those days,—to keep the Sabbath day holy, and attend Church regularly, and the lecture on Wednesday evening, and Saturday evening prayer-meeting. She early made a profession of religion, and joined the First Presbyterian Church, to which her parents belonged, under the ministry of Rev. Henry R. Weed, of blessed memory. From the beginning of her religious life she was wholly in earnest to save her own soul, and the souls of her family. She united with several young Christian females in a weekly prayer-meeting, to pray for each other's brothers and sisters; and when the sisters were converted they joined the same meeting.

She taught in the first Sabbath-school formed in the city. It was for colored people, mostly adults. Many of them, if not all, were Christians old and gray-headed, and had never been taught to read. She used to take some of her younger sisters with her, as they could point out the letters, and teach to spell out the first chapter of John. She also had a school on Saturday afternoons, to teach poor children to sew and mend their clothes. In this she was assisted by a young lady, member of the same Church, who was a very sweet singer, and who would sing and read to them. Visiting the parents of these children was to them a spiritual and temporal blessing. This school was continued many years, assisted by the volutary aid of young ladies. She wrote for the first child's paper published at that time. Assisted in the formation of an Orphan Asylum, in the distribution of tracts,—visiting the poor and needy, and with the aid of her brother, who now survives her, made many a widow's and orphan's heart sing for joy. To God be all the glory."

"Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know;" so says the heavenly teacher. About the time that the Bethel was established in Albany. the two sisters, Margaret and Martha, transferred their membership to the Bethel. They were

deeply interested on the subject of Christian Perfection. The light had dawned upon their pathway, and they heard the voice of God saying, "Be ye holy;" and they were not disobedient to the imperative command, but willingly obeyed God rather than man. With Christian heroism they forsook all for Christ. From this time they became experimental witnesses of the power of Christ to save from all sin, and their lives gave abundant evidence of the truth of their profession.

About 1853, they removed to the city of New York, and united with the M. E. Church, where they exultingly had the privilege of testifying that Jesus had accomplished the work that He came to perform, namely, "To deliver us out of the hand of our enemies, that we might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life," as prophesied by Zacharias. Her sister continues:

"She truly had the blessing David said should come upon those who consider the poor, for the Lord certainly made all her bed in her five weeks' sickness, for she suffered no pain, though the physician pronounced it heart disease. She was weak, and quietly rested; as she said to her sister, who was with her day and night for four weeks,—"How sweet to do the will of the Lord and then rest," emphasizing the word rest.

Miss Annesley had the appearance of a feeble woman, but never kept her bed one week, at one time, during her whole long life. She was of a cheerful, bright disposition, never desponding. Simple and gentle in her manner, her heart could always sympathize with the young. She loved children and could readily adapt herself to them. By the grace of God she has been a succorer of many."

Rev. Henry Belden, who was an intimate friend of the deceased, says: "Our dear sister was a wise counsellor, and a kind sympathizing comforter to those who needed such offices of Christian love; and many mourn her departure as a great loss to them, while they rejoice in her everlasting gain."

MRS. NANCY COLTON.

Mrs. Nancy Colton, wife of Aaron Colton, of this city, died at home on the evening of Oct. 12th, in the 73d year of her age. She was born in the State of Vermont in the year 1807, was united in marriage to Aaron Colton in the year 1828. Shortly afterward she with her husband was converted and joined the M. E. Church, of which she has remained a faithful and exemplary member. About thirty years since she experienced the blessing of holiness, in the enjoyment of which she has continued to live ever since. For many years she has been an invalid, but has borne her afflictions with great fortitude and Christian courage. Since her removal to this country in 1861, she has been known among Christian people as a cheerful and uncomplaining servant of God. She came down to death "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." The epitaph that best becomes her is that which St. John inscribed upon the tombs of the saints,—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Her aged husband and four children still remain to mourn their loss, four having passed on before to await her coming. She was borne to her last resting place, a delightful spot in Elm Cemetery, followed by a large concourse of sorrowing and sympathizing friends. Mother Colton was too long and familiarly known to require a eulogy either from tongue or pen; her record is on high, and her numerous acquaintances will cherish a delightful recollection of her faithful life and triumphant death. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The heart-felt sympathy of a very large circle of friends is extended to Father Colton in this the hour of his great sorrow. "The strong rod is broken and the beautiful rod is despoiled of

its grace and bloom," but the tendrils of a sincere and virtuous affection which like a holy atmosphere encircled her, will continue to enrich her memory and exert a benign influence on the children to the end of life.

SYCAMORE, ILL.

CATHARINE M. COOK.

Catharine M., wife of Andrew L. Cook, died in Fox Lake, Wis., May 23d, 1879, from internal injuries, produced by accident while riding to Church three years ago. It was then thought her stay on earth was short. But after three months of patient suffering she again rallied. But again, on the 30th of April, she was attacked by a severe cold and a gradual decline ensued, and on the afternoon of May 23d she was released from her earthly sufferings, and her happy spirit soared away to her native element, to mingle with the just made perfect.

Sister Cook was born in Brownville, Jefferson Co., N. Y., July 3d, 1818. She was converted in Hermon, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., in 1832. For 47 years she has been a member of the M. E. Church. In 1850 she with her husband came West and settled in Burnett, Wis., and immediately, with her husband, united with the M. E. Church, of which she remained a faithful member until her death. Hers was not merely a nominal profession, but one of faith on the Word of God. For she could say, "Not I, but the grace of God that dwelleth in me." Her life as a Christian was as the shining light, that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The writer of this sketch formed her acquaintance seventeen years ago, as her pastor, and during all these years has seen the same kind, meek and loving spirit. She was naturally one of the most amiable of her sex, but grace had added a charm that far surpassed the charms of nature; so that seemingly there dwelt in her all the fruits of the Spirit,—as love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith, meekness, temperance. (Gal. 5:22.)

Sister Cook had looked into the perfect law of liberty and continued therein, therefore she was blessed in her deeds. She had sought and obtained, lived and enjoyed that perfect love that casteth out fear. Since 1863 she had been a subscriber and reader of the "Guide," which she dearly loved.

MAHLON CAMPBELL.

Mahlon Campbell, of Highland Co., Ohio, was born Dec. 25th, 1831, and died Sept. 11, 1879. He joined the M. E. Church and was converted when a boy, and by his life showed the genuineness of the work of grace in his soul. But as he grew older, and had experience in trials, he was sure that God could complete the work already begun, by killing and casting out the "old man" and filling his soul with all the fulness of God.

In the spring of 1874, he sought the blessing of heart purity, by faith in Christ, and was made sure of the power of God to save to the uttermost. He received from God a new heart by the baptism of power. From that moment there has been no doubt of the power of God to cleanse, and keep clean. Sanctification increased his zeal for the prosperity of the Church. His zeal was constant, steady, burning.

His object was to glorify God in his body and spirit, and he did it fully. He was not forgetful of the Church in his will. He directed the missionary treasury to be replenished, after providing for his wife and an adopted daughter.

Bro. Campbell's life was exemplary, his death was most triumphant. Books and periodicals on the subject of holiness he purchased, read, and then distributed to his neighbors, and it was not in vain. His house was a place for prayer-meetings for the promotion of holiness every Thursday evening. He is not dead, but sleeps in Jesus, to await the call of the first blast of the trump of God.

His wife is most wondrously sustained by God's grace. She waits her Savior's call to meet her precious husband that

has passed on before. God does bless the widow and the little daughter with perfect soul rest. E. M. COLE.

Editorial.

HOW HOLINESS IS OBTAINED AND RETAINED

Our late beloved Bishop Janes said, in familiar conversation in regard to his manner of preaching: "It had been his aim in every sermon so to preach the Gospel, that if one person should happen to be in the congregation who had never heard the Gospel before, and should never again have the privilege of hearing another sermon before his death, that by following the advices given, he would be able to find his way to Jesus."

Something like this was the fixed determination of the now sainted editor of this magazine. She would often repeat, and said during her last illness, "Let not one magazine be sent out, but may show the steps by which one hungering and thirsting after righteousness may find full redemption in the blood of Jesus." It is with this view that we give her own advices in the present number, believing fully that she was instructed by the Holy Spirit, and was able to point out the way —knowing, as she said in the dying hour, "My teachings have been according to the Bible, and I am now proving them to be true."

"I went to the evening meeting. Our dear pastor preached, but I scarcely heard a word. I had resolved to die in the struggle to believe, rather than give up my confidence, and it seemed as if the matter had now come to a climax. I felt, after wrestling some time, that the Lord permitted me to come near the throne, and in much simplicity of heart, even as a little child to a tender parent, make known my grievances.

"I said, 'O Lord, Thou knowest that I would not believe merely because I will believe without having a proper foundation for my faith. And now, in condescension to my constitutional infirmities, my proneness to reason, O give me this blessing in some tangible form, that the enemy of my soul may never be successful with the temptation, that I believe merely because I will believe. Thou knowest that I would not believe without a proper foundation for my faith; and let me have this blessing in some such tangible form, that I may know the precise ground upon which I obtained, and also upon which I may retain it.'

"The answer came. New light burst upon my soul. The Holy Spirit took of the things of God and revealed them unto me. It was by the unfolding of this passage to my understanding: 'I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable; which is your reasonable service.'"

"I now saw that I had obtained this blessing, by laying all upon the altar. I had retained it, by keeping all upon the altar, 'a living sacrifice.' So long as it remained there, I perceived that both the faithfulness and the justice of God were pledged for the acceptance. While kept upon this altar, it must be cleansed from all unrighteousness, for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth; not that it can or will at some future period, but cleanseth now, just when the offering is presented.

"By this I saw that I could no more believe for the future moment than I could breathe for the future; and perceived that I must be contented to live by the moment, and rely upon God to sustain me in spiritual existence, just as confidently as for sustainment in natural existence. So long as the offering was kept upon the altar, I saw it not only to be a privilege, but a duty to believe.

"I also saw, that just as soon as I should begin to lean to my own understanding, feeling that I cannot do this or the other duty, just to the degree in which this is indulged, the offering would be taken from off the altar, and I would have no right to believe the offer-

ing 'holy, acceptable,' inasmuch as it is not such an offering as God has declared acceptable, by the voice of the written WORD, which is the voice of the Holy Ghost.

"O my soul, mayest thou ever remain upon the altar of sacrifice, and Thou, my strength and righteousness, forbid that any unhallowed act shall ever cause its removal! It is by Thy power alone, O God, that I am kept. How shall my soul fill and expand—fill and expand till it shall burst its tenement, and faith shall be lost in sight."

A VETERAN'S EXPERIENCE.

[We had prepared the following address, and it was waiting for the printer to set it up, when the news reached us that our dear brother had been called home.—ED.]

In the "Wesleyan Christian Advocate," of Macon, Georgia, the venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce, now in his ninety-fifth year, gives what he says is perhaps his last salutation. Dr. Pierce has been more than seventy-four years in the work of the ministry, and during the greater part of that time, has borne clear testimony that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. After giving important advice to his co-laborers, he says: "This is perhaps my last salutation; but my love of you compels me to make it. I have not St. Paul s inspiration, yet with the same ministerial affection, I say—Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

In closing his address he gives his experience, which we here insert:

"I was born in North Carolina, raised in South Carolina, and married and settled in Georgia. My principle vocation through life, as you all know, has been to preach the Gospel. In this blessed work I have been engaged seventy-four years. Of these years, Georgia has received seventy. My effectual general work is now done, lain away, not so much as a broken vessel, but as one worn out. In this blessed work I tried to do my best; but, like all other men of limited minds, failed as I believe only in actual perfection.

"As to my present condition, I have been closely confined for nine months, have suffered much, prayed much, and enjoyed much. As to my present holiness, I think my friends have crowned me above my experience. I hope, in every heavenly sense, that I am as good as my friends have regarded me to be. I am satisfied in my case that my failures are the result of my infirmities, and not of my heresies. My every purpose, principle and aim has been in the Scripture sense, perfect. As to death and its eternal hereafter, I derive my comfort more from what I call insurance than assurance. My salvation is insured if I am faithful till death. It has been my habit never to consider my salvation safe until it cannot be lost. Therefore, following the direction of the apostle St. James, I am passing the time of my sojourn here in fear. I may at some time have yielded too much to this fear; I feel indeed satisfied that I have done so; but in my experience this fear has arisen from the true fear of the Lord. It is written: 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' Of holiness I can have no just conception, except that impartation of spiritual purity, which may be known always by its abhorrence of evil, and love of all that God requires. Without the positive love and desire of holiness, no man can have religion. Therefore, I hold and believe that there never can be, and never will be, an earnest seeking after a revival of religion until the desire of holiness prompts it. I regret to learn that there is a theory upon this subject going the rounds, which will greatly embarass the present very general effort to resume our original profession, that we were called of God "to spread scriptural holiness over these lands." This theory is, that holiness is indefinite, and cannot, like counties and States, be known by boundary lines. In this case, the great boundary line is the holiness of God, and we are commanded to be holy like He is holy, and because He is holy. The question in controversy is, whether this is a state into which we grow as a matter of course, or an

instantaneous act of faith in the sufficiency of the atonement to cleanse us from all sin here and now. My opinion is, and long has been, that we are made holy through the sufficiency of this atonement for sanctification the same as for justification. As all must see from 1st John, chapter 1st, and 9th verse, that it was the express purpose of the Holy Ghost to assure us of pardon if we confess our sins, it was no less His purpose to assure us of the sufficiency of this redemption to "cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"Redemption was intended to save us from all these sins, from which, if we are saved, it must be through faith in this sufficiency in the blood of Christ, which cleanseth us from all sin. Sanctification, or holiness in Christian experience, is Christ in us the hope of glory, and if Christ be in us, He is in us with His eternal holiness. The philosophy of this matter is, that if we must be saved from any sin for moral reasons, we must be saved from ALL sin for the same reasons. Most people look for and expect to obtain the evidence of this entire sanctification or holiness by the rapturous joys which usually accompany it, and these indeed are pertinent to it, but the best evidence of the possession of it is found in the following experience:—the hatred of sin on account of its opposition to God's government. Therefore, the growth of grace required in the Word of God is found in our growing hatred to sin, and love and desire for true holiness.

"With these remarks I finish this sacred farewell to my friends, by declaring that with David, I can say: "Thy word is very pure, therefore, Thy servant loveth it!' Amen. L. PIERCE."

A GOOD AGENT.

Bro. Martin C. Lowell, of Sycamore, Ill., last year wrote: "If I live to see the 14th of December I shall be eighty-six years old. I assure you that God has been wonderfully good to me all my days, and I hope to meet you in that world of glory with all the blood-washed throng, and join you in loud strains of praise to God and the Lamb, for ever and for ever." He says this year: "I am still alive and in good health, and am trying to do a little good by circulating your 'Guide to Holiness.' I have three new subscribers. P. S.—I have given away all my 'Guides' except one, and all the books you have sent me as premiums, which is fifty."

News Along the Line.

RANGOON, BURMAH.

In our last month's issue, we gave a short account of the success of our new mission under the care of Rev. Robert Carter. In a letter to the Rev. Wm. Taylor, he says:

"To give you a more definite idea, I will state the results of a few of our last meetings. Last Saturday evening at class-meeting one came forward as a seeker of pardon, and several were seeking for purity.

"On Sabbath evening four middle-aged men and one lady, the wife of one of our editors, came forward as seekers of pardon in the old-fashioned Methodist style.

"On Monday evening, at a meeting for the promotion of holiness, a man and his wife, who had not been at our meetings before, were clearly converted to God, and about twenty were earnestly seeking the blessing of perfect love. A grand spectacle, even in a Christian country, yet this is just what we have here in this heathen city week after week. All glory be to God! I am working on the definite line of entire sanctification obtainable now by faith. At first I encountered a little opposition, but now it has given way. After my first sermon on this subject, one of my stewards requested me to be careful how I preached that doctrine, and thought I had better defer it awhile. The next Sabbath I preached from Heb. vi: 1, and last Monday evening, in meeting, the same brother said, 'Thank God, thank God, I have it!' A number have come into the clear experience, and they have the freedom

and power that usually attends this experience.

"We have been here three months, and have received eighty members. Our present place of worship will soon be too small for our congregation. The work is opening up all around us. I cannot do half the work that I see ought to be done. There have been a number of sailors converted in our meetings, and a great work might be done among them. There are about three thousand English-speaking people here. The total population is about one hundred thousand.

"Rangoon is regarded as a healthy place, and is growing very rapidly. Mrs. Carter (a classical graduate of the Baldwin University) has opened a day-school of twenty scholars; more coming next month. I love my God, and believe I am just where God wants me. There never was a place where the Gospel is more needed, and the people more willing to receive truth. The work is the Lord's. I am here as an errand-boy to carry messages of the Holy Spirit to the people. The Lord is verifying the fact, that it is not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit. If the work shall not continue to advance it will not be the fault of the people, but my own, for God certainly provides everything requisite to success in the work He has given me to do. He is more than equal to any obstacle or the demands of any work. I trust God. He clothes us, feeds us, and gives us the joys of His salvation. I carry no burdens, have no sleepless nights, no anxiety, no fear. I feel perfect security in God. I let Him have His own way and time about every thing. I claim a now salvation, the blood of Jesus now keeps me clean. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

Oct. 20, 1879.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not;
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath the comfort spoken;
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

Revival Miscellany.

THE CLEVELAND REVIVAL.

Mr. Moody, the powerful lay preacher, has been holding very successful revival services in Cleveland, Ohio, for over a month, and God has been owning his labors to a very remarkable degree. Multitudes have been saved. At the voice of this beloved messenger, whose lips have been touched with a live coal from off the altar, the Church of God in Cleveland is obeying the command,—"Arise, shine, for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee,"—and the results are glorious.

The meetings have been largely reported in the "Evangelical Messenger," and, as a contemporary says in truth, its pages have glowed like live coals from off the altar." Our space being so limited, we give only a short extract from Mr. Moody's fourth lecture, on the

HOLY SPIRIT.

"Before Jesus ascended into heaven, He commanded His disciples to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. They might have said, Lord, are you not mistaken? Did you not breathe on us the Holy Ghost some time ago? Yes, He had done this. But still they were to tarry till they received a more mighty anointing—the special promise of the Father—the enduement of such power as they did not receive in conversion, or had not thus far received since their conversion. When we have this power we often do more for God in one day than we did before in five years. Oh, see the glorious result of the disciples obeying the command of Christ, and patiently waiting and praying for this divine anointing! What a mighty revival of religion followed! And do you ask how long that revival lasted? Why, more than eighteen hundred years! The world still feels the effects of that tarrying at Jerusalem by the disciples of the Lord."

Miscellaneous Gatherings.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

The pilot of a United States revenue cutter was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied: "No; it is only necessary to know where there are no rocks." These words suggest a deep moral and spiritual truth. Sermons, lectures and books abound on the temptations that lie along the life-course of the young to eternity. Over the most dangerous ones are lifted the solemn notes of repeated warning. This is well. And yet how much more frequently does the Word of God present and enforce, with all the urgency of motive love can suggest, the very truth contained in the pilot's answer—the "King's highway of holiness." Looking unto Jesus with simple faith, the soul is secure; whatever the perils that lurk on every hand, there are no rocks ahead. To a loyal spirit it is sufficient to know this.—Ex.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

PEARLS FROM OCEAN GROVE.—NO. 4.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

REV. DR. HENSON on Ps. 119th, 17th verse. "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me,"—i. e., concerning me.

When we estimate a man, it is not according to his possessions in acres, houses, &c., but his thoughts—his wealth of mind. God be thanked for the thoughts of men—of the good, the intellectual of all ages that come to us. What wealth we have in those thoughts! God is the source of all thought. He has projected His thoughts in all His works. A writer has said—

"FLOWERS ARE GOD'S THOUGHTS."

Not only flowers,—the verdant earth, the trees, the rivers, the sea, and all animate creation—this body "so fearfully and wonderfully made,"—this is God's thought, as the statue is in the mind of the sculptor before it is chiselled out.

God's thoughts are given to us not only in nature, but in His Book His thoughts are given. The Bible is

GOD'S LETTER TO THE WORLD,

embodying His thoughts. His Book is all radiant with divine glory. The best evidence of a man's conversion is that the Bible is all new to him, and all glorious—full of diamonds.

We think—among the myriads of worlds, peopled—can God think of me? Does the bird think of the coming brood when it builds its nest? Does the mother think of her boy going to sea when she puts into his trunk every thing he needs? We come into the world finding every thing adapted to our wants—every thing fully prepared for us,—all temporal things—all that the physical needs. And are not our spiritual needs provided for as abundantly as perfectly in the gift of our Savior, and with him all things spiritual and heavenly? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." And having given him, "how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

We say, suppose such a thing should happen?—such a calamity, such a loss—such a trial? God has his plans for every one;—don't fear to leave all in his hands. He knows just what we want and provides all we need. How safe we are in his care! His love will prompt all that is good for us, and his wisdom and power will bring to us all that his love can prompt.

"How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God, and how great is the sum of them!" This is an expression of holy trust in our loving Father that should often be upon our lips—and one the most sweetly suggestive of his tender care and unfailing love toward his children. No room for fear or sadness with such a Friend, such a Father, such a God.

AUG. 21ST.—Mrs. Palmer read Rom.

6th, and spoke of newness of life. Just as truly as Christ was crucified and raised from the dead, just as truly we may rise to newness of life—in him. Christ has broken the power of sin, as he broke the bars of death. "The old man is crucified." Shall we allow God to make us free to-day—now? "Reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord," is the command to each one of us. Because Christ has died for me, I will reckon myself—consider myself dead indeed unto sin. Let this be an established understanding, that I am dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God from this time.

This newness of life is accomplished by yielding ourselves unto God and then considering ourselves as belonging to him, and through the power given by him we are enabled to be "dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God."

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Abiding in Christ we have continuous victory. How terrible, that any should think they may sin because God is good, and because we are not under the law, but under grace. "Yield yourselves unto God." "It is a voluntary thing "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are."

"Being made free from sin, and become the servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life."

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of Holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2 1-2 o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by singing—

"And can it be that I shall gain
An interest in the Savior's blood."

Requests for prayer were made, and Rev. Geo. Hughes, followed by Rev. I. Simmons, invoked the divine blessing.

Sister Palmer then read and commented upon the 2d chap. Heb., dwelling upon the necessity of taking heed to the words of God, "lest at any time we should let them slip," and become neglectful of this wonderful salvation provided by Him who gave himself a ransom for all, "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them." For whom is this great salvation? We are told in Heb. 5 : 9, that Christ became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him. Some experience much difficulty in getting this salvation because they are not willing to obey Him. Obedience is the first rule in the school of Christ, and we cannot even be admitted as disciples, unless we are willing to deny ourselves, take up the cross, and follow Him. If we are weak and tempted, we have a great High Priest in whom we may find a supply for all our needs, and will infallibly receive it, if we trust Him. Language failed to express the deep emotions of her own heart, as she sang with the poet—

"No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus with all in Him is mine."

WHAT IS TO HINDER?

Dr. Palmer's heart was going out in thanksgiving at the thought that we have a High Priest that ever liveth—a High Priest that maketh intercession for us; and the Savior has said. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." The blessed Jesus is ever present, and every one may prove fully the power of the blood to cleanse. What is to hinder? He is saying to us, "Ask what ye will," and shall it not be that we may prove fully the power of Christ to save, and remove every hindrance out of the way, so that His precious words may not slip from us? In olden times they spake often one to another, and there was a book of remembrance written for them. God did not need a book to call to His remembrance. So in the cycles of eter-

nity, when we get in some of the groves of Paradise and call for the book in which the names are written, will your name be there as a witness this afternoon that He does indeed cleanse from all unrighteousness? He praised God that He had made Him a witness of His power to save to the uttermost.

OUR WILLS.

Sister Palmer, in reply to the question asked by the Dr., "What is to hinder?" felt impelled to say that there was nothing but our wills. It is an awful truth—that our wills may withstand God; but He has become the author of eternal life, to every one who will lay aside every weight and obey God.

HE FILLS THE SOUL.

Sister —— testified that she had found in her experience, that when we are as little children, and obedient, and love Jesus above everything, He does come in and fill all the vacant places of the soul and glorify His own name.

ONLY JESUS.

Rev. I. Simmons was finding that, day by day, he made progress in the Christian life, and one of the peculiar phases of it was the fact, that he was satisfied more easily with "only Jesus." He was growing into the thought more and more, that somehow he was in a kind of a heaven with Jesus. He didn't find as much joy now in singing about heaven, as in thinking about Christ. As he sat down to contemplate a text for the Sabbath, holding himself in a receptive attitude, this shone out with great significance in the verse, "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings;" and as he dwelt upon the theme, how he felt the power of Christ in his soul!—a high tide filling up every bay and all along the shore, making one complete sea. He was enjoying a rest from all agitation of spirit—a rest in working for God, as He took care of him. Some time since watching was painful, but now it was done with a sweet instinct that watches itself, and he had the sweet consciousness of Christ in his soul.

HONOR THE HOLY GHOST.

Rev. George Hughes.—The emphatic word in the lesson read was the word "slip." Let what slip? Why, let the words of God slip. It is one of the easiest things imaginable to do. The words of a father or mother take hold of our hearts and we never let them slip, but we let the Word of God slip through our fingers. He was impressed with the thought, that the Church of God had been nearly nineteen hundred years learning how to believe, and to-day they were only in the A. B. C. class of faith. One of the verses read was almost beyond our thought, and in our weakness we almost stagger at it: "He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified, are all of one." He was cheered by the brother's testimony of the revelation of Christ to his soul by the Holy Ghost. Bro. Belden once said to him, "Honor the Holy Ghost," and his soul was never so blessed, as when he realized he was in the kingdom of the Holy Ghost. He believed the Holy Ghost was shaking His sceptre over every nation on the earth, and getting to a focus all the agencies and movements of the world for a final onset on the kingdom of darkness. The scientists are in His hands, making all discoveries which tend to the building up of the kingdom of Christ. He had never been so blessed as within the last few weeks, because of the presence and mightiness of the Holy Ghost as revealing Christ in him. May we seize upon the words of God and apprehend and apply them.

"IT IS GOOD."

Rev. Bro. Moore had two passages of Scripture in his mind. One was in Psalms—"They that know thy name will put their trust in thee." The other was in Job—"Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace." Those who know most of the character and resources of God, put their trust in Him, and they who

know God best have perfect peace. If we would have peace, we must get a view of God's character and attributes. God is love, and surely we will have peace if we know we have love to keep us. When God had finished the world, he said, "It is good." He made the garden of Eden, and Adam was placed there to abide; and there was plenty of everything, for life to flow on in peace and joy—enjoying what God had furnished. We come to the cross and hear Jesus say, "It is finished." As the work of creation was finished and Adam had only to enjoy it, so the work of redemption is complete, and we have only to enter and enjoy the Eden God has provided. Faith turns the unseen things into substances to us. Children often play "make believe," and they call sand, sugar, and paper, money; and for the time being it is as real as faith can make it. We don't take things that are not and say they are, but the unseen things appear real to us. Cultivate faith, for the stronger it is the more real will things be of which we speak. He knew that the blood of Jesus cleansed him from all sin, and the Spirit of God sanctified his soul.

PRAY FOR THE BAPTISM.

Dr. Ward, in response to the testimony of the brother touching the power of the Spirit as manifesting Christ to him, said, that he had noticed in the last number of the "Divine Life" a notice of a concert of prayer for one specific thing, namely the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon themselves personally and upon the world. His heart was in such accord with them, that he joined the circle and had since marked the effect in the strides of progress he had made in the divine life, and though pressed by worldly cares, he found a spirit of praise continually in his heart. We must not ignore the fact that He has already come, but we must realize His presence with us revealing Christ.

THE EXECUTOR OF GOD.

Rev. Henry Belden referred to a tract written by Dr. Hodge, entitled, "The Holy Ghost, the Executor of the Godhead," in which he speaks of the Holy Ghost as carrying out the work of redemption, and moving upon the hearts of the people to receive Christ and live for Him. There is much mistake in seeking for the Holy Ghost, in misunderstanding His mode of operation. He does not merely produce feeling of delight, but operates more on the intelligence than on the sensibilities, and eliminates the Word, causing us to understand truth. Some pray for the Holy Ghost, and mean by that, to have their feelings aroused. The Holy Ghost is the Enlightener, as well as the Comforter and Sanctifier. He loved the Holy Ghost as tenderly and as distinctly as he loved Jesus. His voice was heard out of the furnace of affliction, but he saw God in the furnace. He felt the need of His presence all the time, and he loved to praise Him in every little event of life for His loving care over him.

THE SPIRIT SEARCHETH.

Bro. Johnson had been proving the work of the Spirit in his heart, deep and thorough—revealing to his sight the perfect holiness that God requires. In the early morning hour, as he came to consciousness, something said to his heart—Ye are not circumcised to Christ. While he was not condemned by himself, nor perhaps by the world, yet he felt that God's omniscient eye so holy was upon him. Getting his Bible, he found all the texts under the words 'circumcision' and 'uncircumcision,' and was astonished at the light manifested by the searchings of the Spirit. He found that men had uncircumcised hearts, and uncircumcised lips, and uncircumcised hands, and uncircumcised spirits;—as he searched, he felt he was standing in the light of the Word of God. He found the searchings of the Spirit as continuous as the unfolding of the promises. We don't seek them for ourselves, but that we may know Him whom to know is life eternal, and that we may have love shed abroad in our

hearts of no less quantity than is found in 13th chap. 1 Cor.,—and we must come up to the truth as God shall reveal it.

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

Sister Rose.—If we are partakers of the divine nature, we must also be partakers of His sufferings. More wonderful than anything else, and incapable of explanation, is the truth—that we may be partakers of the sufferings of Christ and yet have rest of soul. Whatever physical agitation there may be, there is a spiritual life rushing through the soul that gives rest. We must be willing to keep still till God wants us, and sends us forth in the power of the Holy Ghost. God kept her; and while He chastened her with one hand and permitted Satan to use all the power he had, with the other hand He poured into her soul the oil of joy.

PRAY WHAT YOU MEAN.

Sister Hall exhorted us, when we pray not to go back on our prayers. She had an unconverted son, and had prayed that God would convert him at any cost. God was now laying His hand on his body and ruining his health, and he was going into a decline. He wouldn't obey God, but God is going to save him—though as by fire. She loved her boy, but she could not go back on her prayer —"save him at any cost."

In attempting to close the meeting, several arose to their feet wishing to speak, and were desired to wait until next Tuesday, A brother said: "I cannot be here next Tuesday; I leave for Texas to-morrow, and I want to leave my testimony that Jesus saves me fully." A sister also said: "I must testify to-day. Last Tuesday the blessed Jesus saved me so sweetly; I tried to get an opportunity to testify, but could not, and now I want to tell you to the praise of God—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin."

When asked, many rose to express their desire for, and purpose to have full salvation.

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

was sung with much spirit, with the chorus—

"Take me as I am."

And as at the close we sang—

"He takes me as I am,"

no doubt many entered "the land of rest from inbred sin."

After the people had nearly all dispersed, Mrs. P. was requested to speak to a weeping one, who seemed hardly conscious that the people had gone. On asking her, Why her tears? she said, "I must be saved." She was directed to look away from her sins, and look to Jesus, on whom her sins were laid. We knelt, asking the blessed Holy Spirit to reveal Christ the Savior. It was done. Almost instantly a heavenly smile lighted up that sad face, as she said, "I do believe Jesus saves me now. I have come thirty (or 130) miles to attend this meeting to find salvation. Now my husband must be saved,—do pray for him.

E. J. C.

Children's Department.

LITTLE THINGS.

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these,
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

Then let us watch these little things,
And so respect each other;
That not a word, or look, or tone,
May wound a friend or brother.

THEY SING IN HEAVEN.

Little Charley one day wanted his grandmamma to sing, when she said, "O Charlie, I cannot sing!"

The dear little four-year-old boy looked very sad, and said, "Dear grandmamma, I is so sorry; you can't go to heaven, for they sing in heaven."

Little children must learn to sing the new song, about the loving Jesus, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."—Rev. 1:5.

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